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THE FARMER IN THE SOUTH.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TYPES.

By Octave Thanet.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.

ONE afternoon, at the Fair, a friend and I strolled through the wooden sheds devoted to the use of horses of high degree. We paused a moment before a stall decked with tiny ribbon streamers so gayly that it resembled rather a bazaar at a church sale than a horse's chamber. We presently puzzled out the successful career of the horse from these prize ribbons, and were admiring the beautiful animal when a voice rose behind us, "If you ladies think that's a beauty, I'd like to show you a horse and see what you think of *him*." The man who spoke was from Kentucky. There is no mistaking the rural citizen of that proud State. He was thin and straight and tall. His black broadcloth had the air of newness overcome by circumstances. No doubt he had worn it fresh and glossy to the Fair, and the stock pavilion and the stables had made it what it was. His soft black hat was carefully dented close to the rim of the crown, which helped its general resemblance to the hat of a rural dean given away in charity after a season of bad weather. He was clean shaven, white-haired, and bright-eyed. His complexion was rubicund, but the tint was not a mottled scarlet (suggesting one of the famous products of Kentucky), but the clear, even, brick-red of a fair skin burned by the sun.

He walked with an elastic step, his shoulders well braced. It seemed natural to address him as Colonel.

We had not to go far before he halted before a modest stall. No ribbons fluttered from the bars. "Only a two-year old," said the Colonel.

He motioned for the black groom, who was rubbing the horse with a wisp of red flannel, to lead him out. The horse was a beautiful creature, with the

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perfect head of his race, the soft eye, the satin skin, and the superb muscles playing under the satin. When we

stood close to him and patted his flank, while he lashed out his left hind-leg, really after flies but apparently after us, the Colonel beamed on us.

"You ladies seem to be used to horses," said he.

"Oh, I *am* used to horses," said my friend; "I was born in Kentucky." After that there was nothing he did not wish to do for us. Of course he invited us to visit him on his farm. I wonder how many acquaintances of the moment he has invited to that same farm. What a regiment would pour over his pastures if they were all to come! And every one of them would get an honest welcome.

Walking away from the kindly gentleman I said to my friend, "Now, I dare say, there are hundreds like him in Kentucky."

"Thousands just as nice," said my friend.

That is one trait to be liked in the Kentuckian. Possibly in the intimate conversation of the family circle he admits that this and that Kentuckian has his faults; but never when away from home. And it will be admitted by anyone who has lived much in the South that the Kentuckian's claims are generally acknowledged. The Kentuckian is a farmer and a gentleman. The gentleman, indeed, has taken to agriculture in the South. Before the war the whole Southern social system rested on the planter. There has been an insidious and noiseless industrial revolution since; but the planter remains the main support of the taxes. We have no class among Northern farmers that quite answers to his. He resembles more the English country gentleman of a past generation, when country gentlemen did not go to town. All the same it will not do to count the planter out of our scheme; he is the most American farmer of them all, barely excepting the New Englander, who is disappearing every year. He furnishes a conservative, native-born influence of immense account. A class that still believes in God and women and honor, that may be led astray by hot-headed prejudices, but can neither be bought nor cowed, is a class to be valued, since it is as true to-day as in Goldsmith's time, that

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

The Southern farming system is unlike that of the North. It is more feudal. Whether this makes for good or evil I leave to the economists, only hazarding the remark that the landlord system, where the landlord is a resident on his estate, has one advantage worth keeping; the personal relation between owner and tenants is so close that it is likely to be kindly; and a spirit of friendly responsibility on the one hand, and friendly dependence on the other, is a common fact on plantations.

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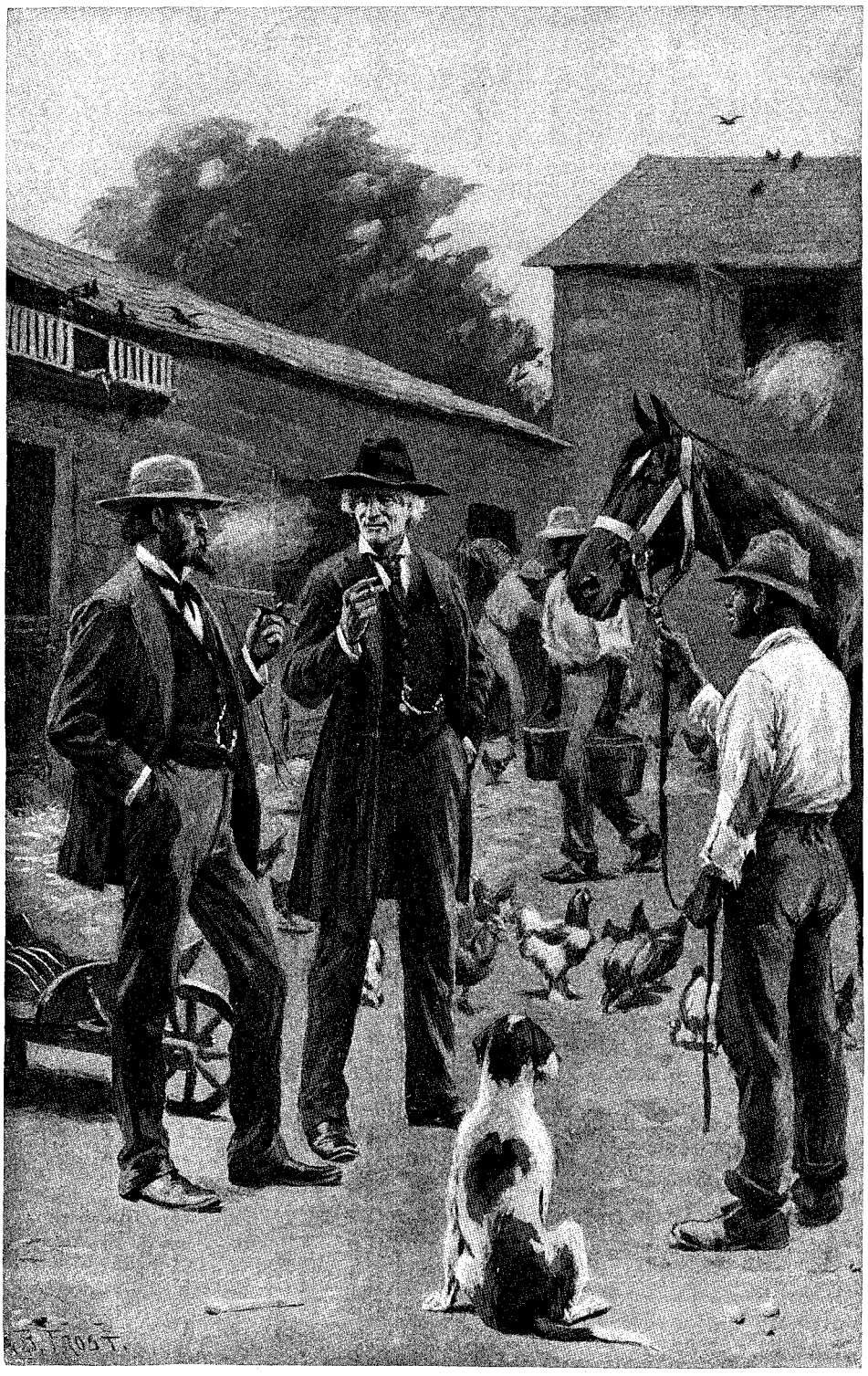

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

The Kentuckian.

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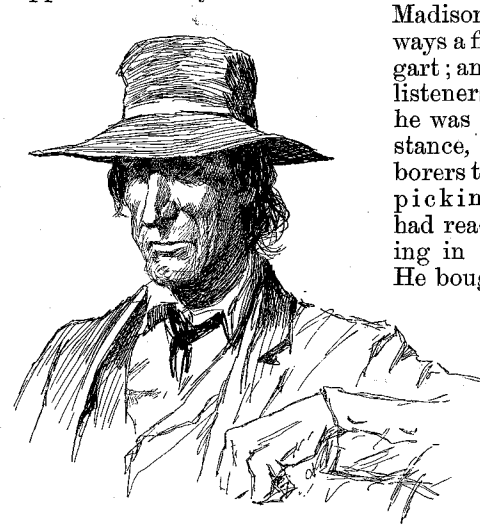
There are two kinds of farmers South: the planters and the small farmers who either rent from the planters or own little farms of their own. The tenants, who call themselves renters, "make a crop" on shares, that is, they pay their rent in cotton or corn. They are assured of a living, though often a bare and gaunt one. They sometimes save enough to buy a farm. The small farmer is a recent class in the South. Generally he is a man who has saved a few hundred dollars or who expects a pension from the Government. A surprisingly large number of ex-Federal soldiers appear to have settled in the South. I know one rural neighborhood in Arkansas where a quarter of the customers at the store either enjoy or hope for pensions from a grateful country.

There rises before me vividly the figure of such a soldier-farmer. Madison Monroe was born in Missouri. A Missourian is not rated so high in the South at large, as a Virginian, or Kentuckian, or South Carolinian, or Georgian, or Alabamian; but he is of better standing than the Mississippian. This is like to be rank injustice; but Southerners know that the discrimination exists.



Madison Monroe, I fear me, will not rescue the fair name of his State. He served in the Union army, and he has a pension of twelve dollars a month. Before the pension came, Madison was the general utility man of the plantation. He did nothing well, but a great number of things passably. He could build a chimney or a coffin; he was a slow, but not at all sure, blacksmith; he painted houses, and mended windows, and cobbled up furniture, and he knew more about rafting logs than any man on the plantation. He can ferry cattle across the river; he works on his farm, and he will ride ten miles or walk three every rainy day to the store, and steam about the stove in his wet garments; but he has something of an afflicting nature in his left leg. That is the cause of his pension. We did not know of the affliction until we heard of the pension.

I asked his former landlord whether there was anything really the matter with Madison Monroe except compound, complicated laziness. "Well, I expect he *is* a sick man," was the answer; "he paid up his account at the store, which I never did expect to get."

Having settled his bill at the store (extending over the last five years), Madison bought a new bedstead and a yoke of oxen, led a second starved yoke of oxen, reared by him, collected together the hardy banditti of swine that had foraged for themselves ever since he had put his mark on their ears, and a gang of turkeys that had miraculously wintered and summered with him and yet survived, loaded his large family and small stock of household gear into a wagon, and set forth for his new farm. There was a mortgage of a thousand dollars on it; but did he not get a pension of twelve dollars a month? For two years the world went very well with Madison. He was always a fine, fluent braggart; and now he found listeners to his talk, for he was a man of substance, employing laborers to do his cotton-picking, a man who had ready money coming in every month. He bought a saddle at the store and a new suit of clothes. Did he not have twelve dollars certain every month? And he listened to the melliflu-ous pleadings of a travelling stove-seller and bought a range, not "a common cook-stove such as ever' nigger kin have, but a right big range, like they use up North in rich folks' houses." He paid (by instalments, secured by mortgage on his hogs) eighty dollars for this range. The neighbors flocked in to see it. It was only equalled by its twin, sold by the

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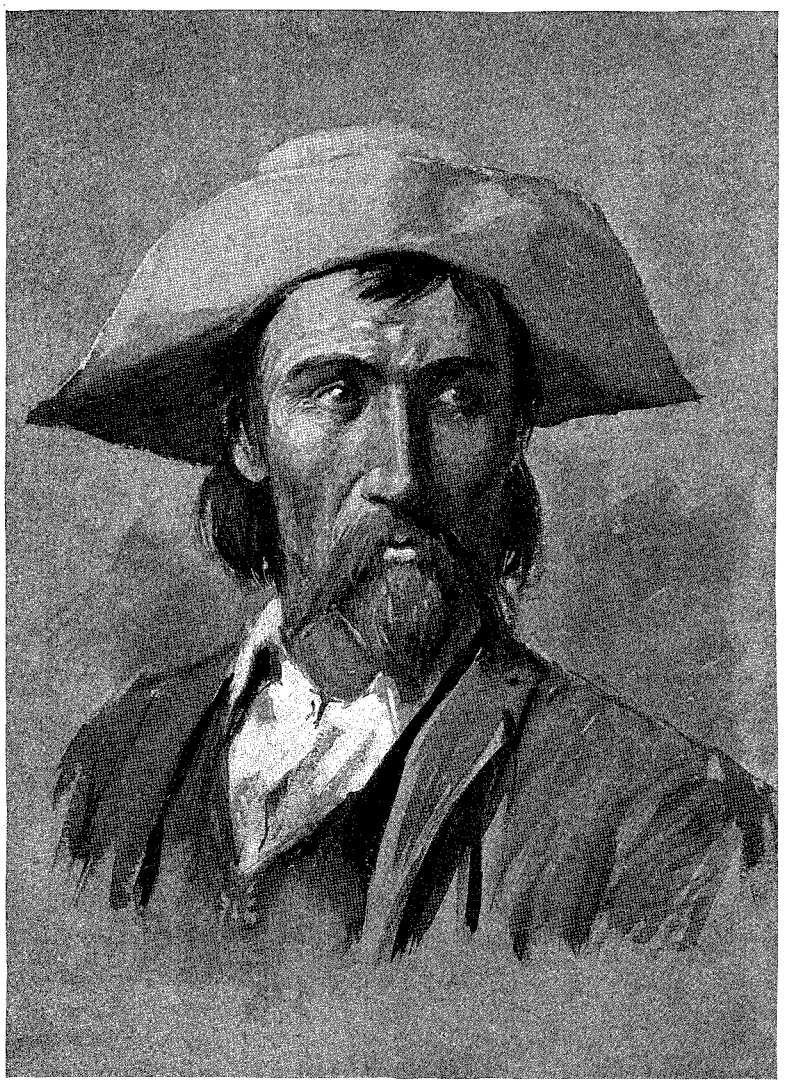

same agent to the richest negro farmer in the county. During those golden days Madison was often at the plantation store. He praised the Republican party, the soldiers' friend. He had been a Democrat, but he could see now that the Democratic party "hadn't no more sense than a fittified sheep."

Then came the short crop of 1892. Simultaneously the first payment on the mortgage fell due. It was only two hundred dollars; but so far as the prospect of raising the sum goes, it might as well have been two thousand. At last news, Madison was living through the year of grace and planning to come back to his old quarters. He says that the Republican party has "no more sense than a fittified sheep." What this country needs is more money in circulation; if the crime of '73 had not been committed he would still have his farm, because then he could have borrowed the money. His eloquence, now, is scorching hot, and he has joined the Populists.

Nevertheless, despite these unpropitious circumstances (to the Northern mind) I am sure that I discerned the lithe and muscular form, the hand-

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some, curly brown head and Southern-Greek features of Madison Monroe, one day in October, among a rustic crowd admiring the potted plants in the windows of the Grange Head-quarters, at the Fair. I presume he came on a cheap excursion. Minerva may have sold some of the turkeys. If he were wise, he was then lodging in one of the little camps near Jackson Park. In them he could be clean, retired, and quiet; but as Madison's mind does not incline to wisdom, and as he has never shown any cravings for either cleanliness or retirement, and abhors quiet, I suppose he was lodged at one of the twenty-five cents a room places. They had one compensation for dirt, noise, and danger: they could not make him dissatisfied with his cabin in the swamp. The caravansary not furnishing meals, Madison probably belonged to the vast army of frugal and fearless Americans at the Fair who lived on the Fair Sandwich. And of all the objects on exhibition was there one of more fearsome interest to a lover of honest eating than the Fair Sandwich? It was always the same—a large, pale roll, neatly cut as by machinery, smeared with an oleous substance having the rich hue of the carrot, and clasping a slice of what I heard a dissatisfied New England voice call "light-complected ham." The voice spoke from the nether dark around the glare of one of the Fair booths; I could not see the speaker, only a single sentence cut the air, "I never *was* partial to light-complected ham." The diet, I infer, had the same unintentional recommendation as the lodgings.

Let diet and lodgings be whatever they might, however, it is certain Madison had the time of his life at the Fair. He visited all the buildings and every free show on the Plaisance; and he will talk of the marvels thereof all the days that shall remain to him. When spring comes, Madison will have sunk from proprietor into renter; he will have lost his farm. But I am not passing round the hat for Madison. I do not see that either he or his will be especially unhappy. Mrs. Monroe says, frankly, that as she is so lonely on the farm she will "be plumb glad to get back to town." (She calls the little hamlet of the plantation "town.") The children are going to school, and Madison himself is already gleefully spending his twelve dollars a month in anticipation. There will be nothing in the flitting of that fierce revolt at failure, that fierce envy of those who have not failed, which stirs up a tragedy for a Northern farmer out of the loss of his farm. In fact, I foresee, the vanishing farm will simply supply a background to Madison's future boasts.

Madison came with a number of friends and neighbors. The Southern planter and his tenants are really villagers, since every plantation is a village. And there is not a great difference in appearance and habits between the villager and the farmer of the South. The village banker lives in the town; but South, the lawyer lives on his plantation. He does not only in name, but in reality, *follow* the law, since he goes from court to court, picking up his future cases as he pleads his cases of the pres-

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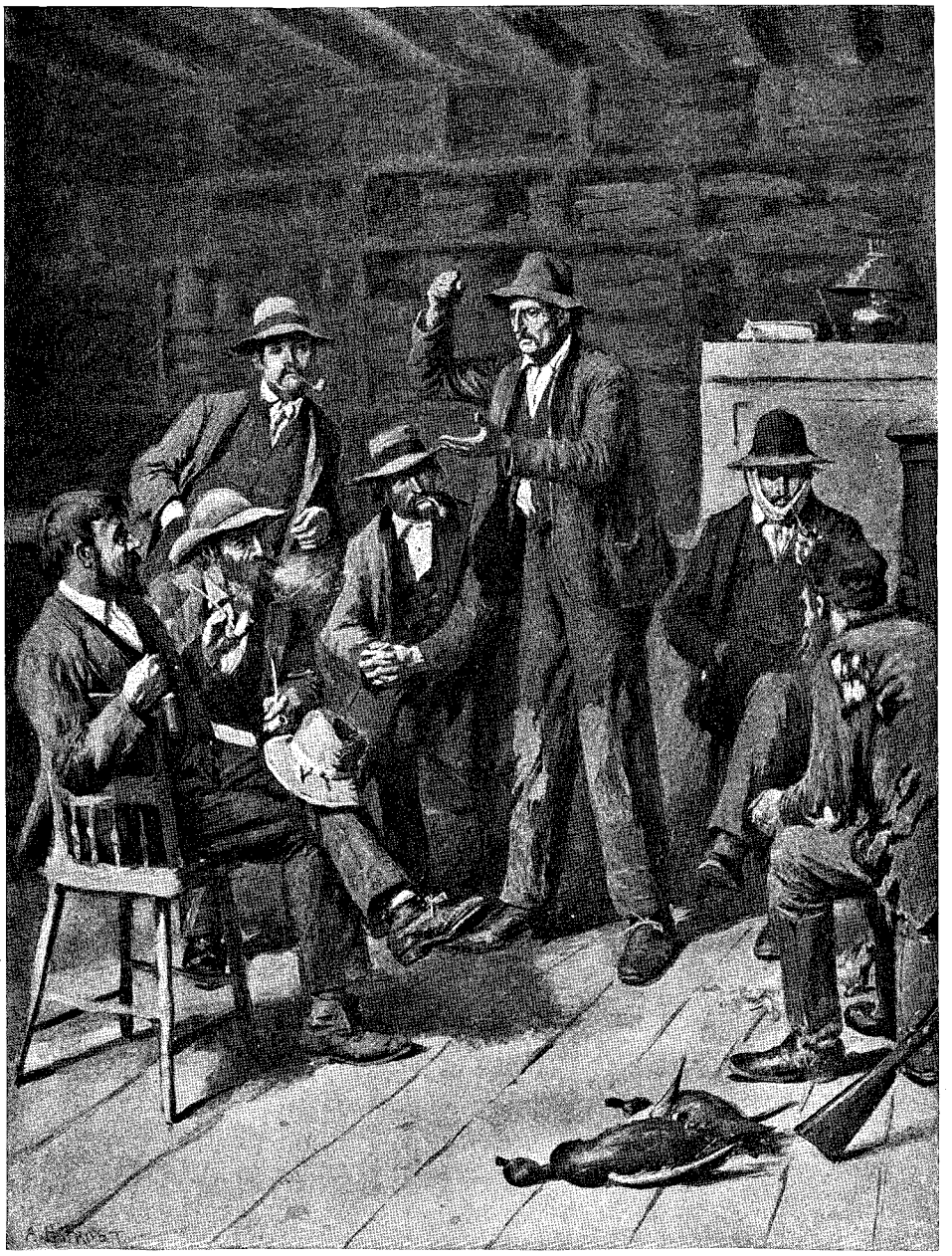

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

"Hadn't no more sense than a fittified sheep."—Page 403.

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ent. That tall man, of full habit and dusty black clothes, is the leading lawyer of Madison's county. He commanded a company in the Confederate army, and since the war has been promoted by courtesy.

The General.

He is Colonel B—— now. One observes a slouchiness not only of dress but of gait in the man. His coat climbs up the back, and his trousers wrinkle at the knee; but there is a fine, old-fashioned finish to his manner. A bit florid in its ornament, it is, yet withal, of a massive simplicity, reminding one of the colonial architecture of our grandparents. When he talks with a lady, he addresses her as "madam," using the word oftener, and with more of a flourish of respect than would a Northerner. He says sir, in the same way, to a man. His compliments have the ease of long wear. Talk with him and one will discover that he is a man of wide reading, almost of Dominie Sampson's erudition. But his reading is, like his garments, of the best materials, rather than of the newest cut. Yet he keeps in touch with the world; for he reads the daily journals of some great city only a day later than its citizens; and he does not merely subscribe for the magazines, he reads them from cover to cover.

He has studied the statues and the pictures both in the buildings and under the blue sky. It has never happened to him before to see so much of beauty created by the soul of man; *his* pictures have been softly fading sunsets by a lonely sweep of river and cypress brake, the opal lights and steel-dark

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shadows on a vast bayou—the terrible beauty of the swamp.

He finds an immense enjoyment in all the pictures out of doors. The grandiose statuary entrances him; he catches his breath in a poignant joy over the wonderful sky-lines and the Court of Honor; but although he has been conscientiously straining every energy of an acute mind to perceive the right relations of painted form to real, he is hopelessly distracted by the "lavender school."

"Do you know, madam," a man of his class and education desperately asked a lady in the presence of a group of impressions of religious art, "*how* these unfinished pictures came to be admitted?"

But I found him one day (for I know him well) staring at French's "Death and the Sculptor" in a rapt delight. "That's poetry," said he, "and that is Death as it should be, solemn, mysterious—but kind, but kind!"

Often have I wondered what memories he will carry home. We only secure a few pictures, a few statues from the hugest collection. He took his home and will look at them innumerable times. He has bought photographs of them, and will study them anew in those slight translations. It is the prerogative of a quiet and simple life to keep its vivid impressions undefaced. A mob of new thrills, new charming shivers, new noble emotions does not rush over them, trampling the soul out of them, only to be trampled in turn themselves. On many a moonlit night as the farmer-lawyer rides through the gum woods, no sound in his ears but the muffled beat of his horse's hoofs on the turf, and the stir of the forest, he will see them one by one. They will be painted before his eyes when he shall seem to be dozing in stuffy little court-rooms; he will seek them in the glowing depths of his own fireplace.

Perhaps, some day, watching the shadows of neighbors and kindred shift on the wall by the night-lamp, and conscious that the hush in the room is because he lies there about to start on the journey every human soul must take, one picture may return to him; he may see again a solemn, shadowed face, and repeat to himself, "but kind, but kind!"

The minds of men of his type are not sterile; they are like the rich, untilled soil of the prairies, and there will be a harvest from the sowing of the sights of the Fair. Thousands of the farmers, North and South, carried new ideals home with them, just as more sophisticated people took Venetian glass and Russian spoons. These are the people that will buy the cheap literature of the Fair and read it. The Northern farmer, who is in a smoulder of revolt with life because he begins to see how much more of the gilding and luxury certain men have than he, may get only a keener discontent; but the Southern farmer will "have glimpses that will make him less forlorn" of the "glory and the freshness of a dream."

He is a practical fellow in his way, and he will do something with his visions. The village architecture will reflect some of his new light; and the new county court-houses may have a redeeming modesty.

Colonel B—— brought his wife to the Fair. And I think it was his eldest girl that I saw clinging to her mother's hand. A large ticket, sewed strongly to her jacket, no doubt gave her name and address in the most legible of letters. Mrs. B—— wore a new outing-gown, so like the outing-gown of everyone else that I did not know her back at first. She told me she had written to two editors of fashion papers and to six friends about that gown, and on the whole she was satisfied. Mrs. B—— is a pretty creature, and she became the gown and excused the hat, which was not so successful as the gown. She is a vivacious little woman of French descent, and her conversation has nothing of the Southern languor. She had been everywhere and seen all the buildings, and her single unsatisfied desire was to see Mrs. Potter Palmer.

"My head's so full of new ideas I can't sleep nights!" she cried. "Did you see the embroidery in the Woman's Buildi[illegible]? I'm wild to do some like it; but [illegible] right reconciled to our old furniture, now; they do seem to think such a heap of old furniture up North. And did you ever see anything on earth

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The agent persuaded him that these arts could be acquired almost without effort on his machine.—Page 409.

like Field's? My head buzzed so I couldn't buy anything. I just told the gentleman who waited on me he'd have to excuse me, I was from the country and I couldn't think in such a racket. I do assure you, though I've had such a lovely time, and wouldn't have missed it for anything on earth, I shall be glad to be back in Arkansas and rest. I don't know how you all live up North!"

While we were talking we were joined by another Southern friend of mine, a planter from a State farther South. He bears a historic name, and his ancestral acres, which he farms, are of historic interest also, since both armies fought over them.

He is a planter of quite a different type from Colonel B——. Perfectly dressed, with a man of the world's manner, touched kindly with the Southern warmth, and a beautiful voice, he is the Southern aristocrat at his best. He represented his district for many years in Congress; but he went down before the Populist wave in South Carolina last year. He would not yield a jot, and the wave washed him off his moorings. When they brought him the news he shrugged his shoulders. "Very well," said he; "in the words of Catiline, 'I go —but I return.'" Meanwhile it is current gossip that his arm is long enough to reach to Washington, and that his partisans have been rewarded with post-offices and marshalships, while the Populist member has clamored in vain.

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My friend is a man of convictions; but he is not a civil-service reformer. He has a large and well-managed plantation. He is very kind to his tenants. Half a dozen worn-out darkies live in comfortable little cabins, rent free, cared for comfortably in their old age.

The colored vote on his estates is generally cast solidly. I dare say, were inquiry made in the right way, some cautious old black man would unbosom himself in some such fashion as this: "Yes, boss, we all does jess natchelly vote fo' de Gineral's man. Gineral, he does do a heap fo' we all; gives us credit in de bad yeah, holp my son Ben buy farm, do a *heap;* dis yeah President Harrison whut he gwine do fo' ole Unk' Ben, if I does mad de Gineral and vote fo' him? He ain't gwine liff a finger to keep me fum starvin'. An' I ain't gwine mad de Gineral fo' *him!*"

The General lunched with us that day. Behind his chair stood a black man, the image of a black Arkansas farmer. This farmer is he who owned the range like Madison Monroe's. His wife has a sewing-machine and an illustrated history of the Bible. He himself has a stout spring wagon for holidays, as well as a good farm wagon. He has horses and cattle and swine; and besides his rented land he owns a farm without a mortgage. He may be considered a successful negro. Yet the number of times that the neighboring planter, who gins his cotton and is, in consequence, his guide and protector, has rescued him from the financial pit, is beyond counting. He was saved from a typewriter agent last spring (he can neither read nor write; but the agent persuaded him that these arts could be acquired almost without effort on his machine), and only the fortunate circumstance that he cannot even print his name, prevented him affixing it to a recommendation of school charts which came back in the startling shape of promissory notes, to various signers. Half a dozen times would Uncle Jim have gone on the notes of utterly worthless vagabonds, for old acquaintance sake, had he not been forcibly restrained and saved. From each escape he has gone away sorrowful, the good-natured man. Such negroes as Jim need a guardian; and they are not the ones of their race that need it most.

"Old Man F——," in the same neighborhood, on the other hand, needs no assistance to hold his own with sharpers. He is black as stove-polish, but there is nothing dark about his wits. He unfortunately, though the best of tenants, is a wicked old man who beats his children with a hickory limb and has "parted" from three wives. A better specimen of the "good negro" is Uncle Bob H——, who has reared a large family honestly, and has accumulated a competence.

"It is an ugly question, this race business," says the General; "but it will be solved on the farms if it is solved at all. The plantation negro has some fine traits; but the town negro has gone all to pieces, morally, under the intoxication of freedom."

"But the plantation man?" said I.

"The plantation man is a good fellow," said the General; "he is the hope of his race, if he does go ragged and laugh like a steam-engine. The brightest colored man in the country sees it, too, and is going to work the right way. I mean that school-teacher in Alabama. He is a gentleman and a man of real genius; and he is turning out from his school, not dissatisfied school-teachers and preachers and general incendiaries, but honest, skilful farmers and mechanics. For one, I say, God speed to him."

Then, the luncheon being ended, we went our separate ways, nor have we seen each other since.

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THE BURIAL OF THE GUNS.

By Thomas Nelson Page.

LEE surrendered the remnant of his army, at Appomattox, April 9, 1865, and yet on April 11th, the old Colonel's battery lay intrenched right in the mountain-pass where it had halted three days before. Two weeks previously it had been detailed with a light division sent to meet and repel a force which it was understood was coming in by way of the southwest valley to strike Lee in the rear of his long line from Richmond to Petersburg. It had done its work. The mountain-pass had been seized and held, and the Federal force had not gotten by that road within the blue rampart which guarded on that side the heart of Virginia. This pass, which was the key to the main line of passage over the mountains, had been assigned by the commander of the division to the old Colonel and his old battery, and they had held it. The position taken by the battery had been chosen with a soldier's eye. A better place could not have been selected to hold the pass. It was its highest point, just where the road crawled over the shoulder of the mountain along the limestone cliff, a hundred feet sheer above the deep river, where its waters had cut their way in ages past, and now lay deep and silent, as if resting after their arduous toil before they began to boil over the great bowlders which filled the bed a hundred or more yards below.

The little plateau at the top guarded the descending road on either side for nearly a mile, and the mountain on the other side of the river was the centre of a clump of rocky, heavily timbered spurs, so inaccessible that no feet but those of wild animals or of the hardiest hunter had ever climbed it. On the side of the river on which the road lay, the only path out over the mountain except the road itself was a charcoal-burner's track, dwindling at times to a foot-way known only to the mountain-folk, and which a picket at the top could hold against an army. The position, well defended, was impregnable, and it was well defended. This the general of the division knew when he detailed the old Colonel and gave him his order to hold the pass until relieved, and not let his guns fall into the hands of the enemy. He knew both the Colonel and his battery. The battery was one of the oldest in the army. It had been in the service since April, 1861, and its commander had come to be known as "The Wheel Horse of his division." He was, perhaps, the oldest officer of his rank in his branch of the service. Although he had bitterly opposed secession, and was many years past the age of service when the war came on, yet as soon as the President called on the State for her quota of troops to coerce South Carolina, he had raised and uniformed an artillery company, and offered it, not to the President of the United States, but to the Governor of Virginia.

It is just at this point that he suddenly looms up to me as a soldier; the relation he never wholly lost to me afterward, though I knew him for many, many years of peace. His gray coat with the red facing and the bars on the collar; his military cap; his gray flannel shirt—it was the first time I ever saw him wear anything but immaculate

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linen—his high boots; his horse caparisoned with a black, high-peaked saddle with crupper and breast-girth, instead of the light English hunting-saddle to which I had been accustomed, all come before me now as if it were but the other day. I remember but little beyond it, yet I remember, as if it were yesterday, his leaving home, and the scenes which immediately preceded it; the excitement created by the news of the President's call for troops; the unanimous judgment that it meant war; the immediate determination of the old Colonel, who had hitherto opposed secession, that it must be met; the suppressed agitation on the plantation, attendant upon the tender of his services and the Governor's acceptance of them. The prompt and continuous work incident to the enlistment of the men; the bustle of preparation, and all the scenes of that time come before me now. It turned the calm current of the life of an old and placid country neighborhood, far from any city or centre, and stirred it into a boiling torrent, strong enough or fierce enough to cut its way and join the general torrent which was bearing down and sweeping everything before it. It seemed but a minute before the quiet old plantation, in which the harvest, the corn-shucking, and the Christmas holidays alone marked the passage of the quiet seasons, and where a strange carriage or a single horseman coming down the big road was an event in life, was turned into a depot of war-supplies, and the neighborhood became a parade-ground. The old Colonel, not a colonel yet, nor even a captain, except by brevet, was on his horse by daybreak and off on his rounds through the plantations and the pines enlisting his company. The office in the yard, heretofore one in name only, became one now in reality, and a table was set out piled with papers, pens, ink, books of tactics and regulations, at which men were accepted and enrolled. Soldiers seemed to spring from the ground, as they did from the sowing of the dragon's teeth in the days of Cadmus. Men came up the high road or down the paths across the fields, sometimes singly, but oftener in little parties of two or three, and asking for the Captain, entered the office as private citizens, and came out soldiers enlisted for the war. There was nothing heard of on the plantation except fighting; white and black all were at work, and all were eager; the men contended for the honor of going with their master; the women flocked to the house to assist in the work of preparation, cutting out and making under-clothes, knitting socks, picking lint, preparing bandages and sewing on uniforms; for many of the men who had enlisted were of the poorest class, far too poor to furnish anything themselves, and the equipment had to be contributed mainly by wealthier neighbors. The work was carried on at night as well as by day, for the occasion was urgent. Meantime the men were being drilled by the Captain and his lieutenants, who had been militia officers of old. I was carried to see the drill at the cross-roads, and a brave sight it seemed to me. The lines marching and counter-marching in the field, with the horses galloping as they wheeled amid clouds of dust, at the hoarse commands of the excited officers, and the roadside lined with spectators of every age and condition. I recall the arrival of the messenger one night, with the telegraphic order to the Captain to report with his company at "Camp Lee" immediately; the hush in the parlor that attended its reading; then the forced beginning of the conversation afterward in a somewhat strained and unnatural key, and the Captain's quick and decisive outlining of his plans.

Within the hour a dozen messengers were on their way in various directions to notify the members of the command of the summons, and to deliver the order for their attendance at a given point next day. It seemed that a sudden and great change had come. It was the actual appearance of what had hitherto only been theoretical—war. The next morning the Captain, in full uniform, took leave of the assembled plantation, with a few solemn words commending all he left behind to God, and galloped away up the big road to join and lead his battery to the war, and to be gone just four years.

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Within a month he was on "the Peninsula" with Magruder, guarding Virginia on the east against the first attack. His camp was first at Yorktown and then on Jamestown Island, the honor having been assigned his battery of guarding the oldest cradle of the race on this continent. It was at "Little Bethel" that his guns were first trained on the enemy, and that the battery first saw what they had to do, and from this time until April 11th, 1865, they were in service, and no battery saw more service or suffered more in it. Its story was a part of the story of the Southern Army in Virginia. The Captain was a rigid disciplinarian, and his company had more work to do than most new companies. A pious churchman, of the old puritanical type not uncommon to Virginia, he looked after the spiritual as well as the physical welfare of his men, and his chaplain or he read prayers at the head of his company every morning during the war. At first he was not popular with the men, he made the duties of camp life so onerous to them; it was "nothing but drilling and praying all the time," they said. But he had not commanded very long before they came to know the stuff that was in him. He had not been in service a year before he had had four horses shot under him, and when later on he was offered the command of a battalion, the old company petitioned to be one of his batteries, and still remained under his command. Before the first year was out the battery had, through its own elements, and the discipline of the Captain, become a cohesive force, and a distinct integer in the Army of Northern Virginia. Young country recruits knew of its prestige and expressed preference for it of many batteries of rapidly growing or grown reputation. Owing to its high stand, the old and clumsy guns with which it had started out were taken from it, and in their place was presented a battery of four fine, brass, twelve-pound Napoleons of the newest and most approved kind, and two three-inch Parrotts, all captured. The men were as pleased with them as children with new toys. The care and attention needed to keep them in prime order broke the monotony of camp life. They soon had abundant opportunities to test their power. They worked admirably, carried far, and were extraordinarily accurate in their aim. The men from admiration of their guns grew to have first a pride in, and then an affection for them, and gave them nicknames as they did their comrades; the four Napoleons being dubbed, "The Evangelists," and the two rifles being "The Eagle," because of its scream and force, and "The Cat," because when it became hot from rapid firing, "It jumped," they said, "like a cat." From many a hill-top in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, "The Evangelists" spoke their hoarse message of battle and death, "The Eagle" screamed her terrible note, and "The Cat" jumped as she spat her deadly shot from her hot throat. In the Valley of Virginia; on the levels of Henrico and Hanover; on the slopes of Manassas; in the woods of Chancellorsville; on the heights of Fredericksburg; at Antietam and Gettysburg; in the Spottsylvania wilderness, and again on the Hanover levels and on the lines before Petersburg, the old guns through nearly four years roared from fiery throats their deadly messages. The history of the battery was bound up with the history of Lee's army. A rivalry sprang up among the detachments of the different guns, and their several records were jealously kept. The number of duels each gun was in was carefully counted, every scar got in battle was treasured, and the men around their camp-fires, at their scanty messes, or on the march, bragged of them among themselves and avouched them as witnesses. New recruits coming in to fill the gaps made by the killed and disabled, readily fell in with the common mood and caught the spirit like a contagion. It was not an uncommon thing for a wheel to be smashed in by a shell, but if it happened to one gun oftener than to another there was envy. Two of the Evangelists seemed to be especially favored in this line, whilst the Cat was so exempt as to become the subject of some derision. The men stood by the guns till they were knocked to pieces, and when the fortune of the day went against them, had with their own hands oftener than once saved

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them after most of their horses were killed.

This had happened in turn to every gun, the men at times working like beavers in mud up to their thighs and under a murderous fire to get their guns out. Many a man had been killed tugging at trail or wheel when the day was against them; but not a gun had ever been lost. At last the evil day arrived. At Fisher's Hill a sudden and impetuous charge with overwhelming numbers swept everything before it, and carried the knoll where the old battery was posted; but all the guns were got out by the toiling and rapidly dropping men, except the Cat, which was captured with its entire detachment working at it until they were surrounded and knocked from the piece by cavalrymen. Most of the men who were not killed were retaken in hospitals before many days were over; but the Cat was lost. She remained in the enemy's hands and probably was being turned against her old comrades and lovers. The company was inconsolable. The death of comrades was too natural and common a thing to depress the men beyond what such occurrences necessarily did; but to lose a gun! It was like losing the old Colonel; it was worse: a gun was ranked as a brigadier; and the Cat was equal to a major general. The other guns seemed lost without her; the Eagle especially, which generally went next to her, appeared to the men to have a lonely and subdued air. The battery was no longer the same: it seemed broken and depleted, shrunken to a mere section. It was worse than Cold Harbor, where over half the men were killed or wounded. The old Captain, now Colonel of the battalion, appreciated the loss and apprehended its effect on the men as much as they themselves did, and application was made for a gun to take the place of the lost piece; but there was none to be had, as the men said they had known all along. It was added—perhaps, by a department clerk, —that if they wanted a gun to take the place of the one they had lost, they had better capture it. "By —— we will," they said—adding epithets intended for the Department Clerk in his bomb-proof, not fit to be printed in this record—and they did. For some time afterwards in every engagement into which they got there used to be speculation among them as to whether the Cat were not there on the other side; some of the men swearing they could tell her report, and even going to the rash length of offering bets on her presence.

By one of those curious coincidences, as strange as anything in fiction, a new general had, in 1864, come down across the Rapidan to take Richmond, and the old battery had found a hill-top in the line in which Lee's army lay stretched across "the Wilderness" country to stop him. The day, though early in May, was a hot one, and the old battery, like most others, had suffered fearfully. Two of the guns had had wheels cut down by shells and the men had been badly cut up; but the fortune of the day had been with Lee, and a little before nightfall, after a terrible fight, there was a rapid advance, Lee's infantry sweeping everything before it, and the artillery, after opening the way for the charge, pushing along with it; now unlimbering as some vantage ground was gained, and using canister with deadly effect; now driving ahead again so rapidly that it was mixed up with the muskets when the long line of new and hasty breastworks was carried with a rush, and a line of guns were caught still hot from their rapid work. As the old battery, with lathered horses and smoke-grimed men, swung up to the crest and unlimbered on the captured breastwork, a cheer went up which was heard even above the long general yell of the advancing line, and for a moment half the men in the battery crowded together around some object on the edge of the redoubt, yelling like madmen. The next instant they divided, and there was the Cat, smoke-grimed and blood-stained and still sweating hot from her last fire, being dragged from her muddy ditch by as many men as could get hold of trail-rope or wheel, and rushed into her old place beside the Eagle in time to be double-shotted with canister to the muzzle, and to pour it from among her old comrades into her now retiring former masters. Still, she had a new carriage, and her record was

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lost, while those of the other guns had been faithfully kept by the men. This made a difference in her position for which even the bullets in her wheels did not wholly atone; even Harris, the sergeant of her detachment, felt that.

It was only a few days later, however, that abundant atonement was made. The new general did not retire across the Rapidan after his first defeat, and a new battle had to be fought: a battle, if anything, more furious, more terrible than the first, when the dead filled the trenches and covered the fields. He simply marched by the left flank, and Lee marching by the right flank to head him, flung himself upon him again at Spottsylvania Court House. That day the Cat, standing in her place behind the new and temporary breastwork thrown up when the battery was posted, had the felloes of her wheels which showed above the top of the bank entirely cut away by Minie-bullets, so that when she jumped in the recoil her wheels smashed and let her down. This covered all old scores. The other guns had been cut down by shells or solid shot; but never before had one been cut down by musket-balls. From this time all through the campaign the Cat held her own beside her brazen and bloody sisters, and in the cold trenches before Petersburg that winter, when the new general—Starvation—had joined the one already there, she made her bloody mark as often as any gun on the long lines.

Thus, the old battery had come to be known as its old commander, now colonel of a battalion, had come to be known by those in yet higher command. And when in the opening spring of 1865 it became apparent to the leaders of both armies that the long line could not longer be held if a force should enter behind it, and, sweeping the one partially unswept portion of Virginia, cut the railways in the southwest, and a man was wanted to command the artillery in the expedition sent to meet this force, it was not remarkable that the old Colonel and his battalion should be selected for the work. The force sent out was but small; for the long line was worn to a thin one in those days, and great changes were taking place, the consequences of which were known only to the commanders. In a few days the commander of the expedition found that he must divide his small force for a time, at least, to accomplish his purpose, and sending the old Colonel with one battery of artillery to guard one pass, must push on over the mountain by another way to meet the expected force if possible and repel it before it crossed the farther range. Thus, the old battery on the evening of April 8, 1865, found itself toiling alone up the rocky, mountain road which leads above the river to the gap, which formed the chief pass in that part of the Blue Ridge. Both men and horses looked, in the dim and waning light of the gray April day, rather like shadows of the beings they represented than the actual beings themselves. And anyone seeing them as they toiled painfully up, the thin horses floundering in the mud and the men, often up to their knees, tugging at the sinking wheels, now stopping to rest, and always moving so slowly that they seemed scarcely to advance at all, might have thought them the ghosts of some old battery lost from some long gone and forgotten war on that deep and desolate mountain road. Often, when they stopped, the blowing of the horses and the murmuring of the river in its bed below were the only sounds heard, and the tired voices of the men when they spoke among themselves seemed hardly more articulate sounds than they. Then the voice of the mounted figure on the roan horse half hidden in the mist would cut in, clear and inspiring, in a tone of encouragement more than of command, and everything would wake up: the drivers would shout and crack their whips; the horses would bend themselves on the collars and flounder in the mud; the men would spring once more to the mud-clogged wheels, and the slow ascent would begin again.

The orders to the Colonel, as has been said, were brief: To hold the pass until he received further instructions, and not to lose his guns. To be ordered, with him, was to obey. The last streak of twilight brought them to the top of the pass; his soldier's instinct and a brief recognizance made earlier

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in the day told him that this was his place, and before daybreak next morning the point was as well fortified as a night's work by weary and supperless men could make it. A prettier spot could not have been found for the purpose; a small plateau, something over an acre in extent, where a charcoal-burner's hut had once stood, lay right at the top of the pass. It was a little higher on either side than in the middle, where a small brook, along which the charcoal-burner's track was yet visible, came down from the wooded mountain above, thus giving a natural crest to aid the fortification on either side, with open space for the guns, whilst the edge of the wood coming down from the mountain afforded shelter for the camp.

As the battery was unsupported it had to rely on itself for everything; a condition which most soldiers by this time were accustomed to. A dozen or so rifles were in the camp, and with these pickets were armed and posted. The pass had been seized none too soon; a scout brought in the information before nightfall that the invading force had crossed the farther range before that sent to meet it could get there, and taking the nearest road had avoided the main body opposing it, and been met only by a rapidly moving detachment, nothing more than a scouting party, and now were advancing rapidly on the road on which they were posted, evidently meaning to seize the pass and cross the mountain at this point. The day was Sunday; a beautiful Spring Sunday; but it was no Sabbath for the old battery. All day the men worked, making and strengthening their redoubt to guard the pass, and by the next morning with the old battery at the top it was impregnable. They were just in time. Before noon their vedettes brought in word that the enemy was ascending the mountain, and the sun had hardly turned when the advance guard rode up, came within range of the picket and were fired on.

It was apparent that they supposed the force there only a small one, for they retired and soon came up again reinforced in some numbers, and a sharp little skirmish ensued, hot enough to make them more prudent afterwards, though the picket retired up the mountain. This gave them encouragement and probably misled them; for they now advanced boldly. They saw the redoubt on the crest as they came on, and unlimbering a section or two, flung a few shells up at it, which either fell short or passed over without doing material damage. None of the guns was allowed to respond, as the distance was too great with the ammunition the battery had, and, indifferent as it was, it was too precious to be wasted in a duel at an ineffectual range. Doubtless deceived by this, the enemy came on in force, being obliged by the character of the ground to keep almost entirely to the road, which really made them advance in column. The battery waited. Under orders of the Colonel the guns standing in line were double-shotted with canister, and, loaded to the muzzle, were trained down to sweep the road at from four to five hundred yards' distance. And when the column reached this point the six guns, aimed by old and skilful gunners, at a given word swept road and mountain side with a storm of leaden hail. It was a fire no mortal man could stand up against, and the practised gunners rammed their pieces full again and before the smoke had cleared or the reverberation had died away among the mountains, had fired the guns again and yet again. The road was cleared of living things when the draught setting down the river drew the smoke away; but it was no discredit to the other force; for no army that was ever uniformed could stand against that battery in that pass. Again and again the attempt was made to get a body of men up under cover of the woods and rocks on the mountain-side, while the guns below utilized their better ammunition from longer range; but it was useless. Although one of the lieutenants and several men were killed in the skirmish, and a number more were wounded, though not severely, the old battery commanded the mountain-side, and its skilful gunners swept it at every point the foot of man could scale. The sun went down flinging his last flame on a victorious battery still crowning the

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mountain pass. The dead were buried by night in a corner of the little plateau, borne to their last bivouac on the old gun-carriages which they had stood by so often—which the men said would "sort of ease their minds."

The next day the fight was renewed, and with the same result. The old battery in its position was unconquerable. Only one fear now faced them; their ammunition was getting as low as their rations; another such day or half-day would exhaust it. A sergeant was sent back down the mountain to try to get more, or, if not, to get tidings. The next day it was supposed the fight would be renewed; and the men waited, alert, eager, vigilant, their spirits high, their appetite for victory whetted by success. The men were at their breakfast, or what went for breakfast, scanty at all times, now doubly so, hardly deserving the title of a meal, so poor and small were the portions of corn-meal, cooked in their frying-pans, which went for their rations, when the sound of artillery below broke on the quiet air. They were on their feet in an instant and at the guns, crowding upon the breastwork to look, or to listen; for the road, as far as could be seen down the mountain, was empty except for their own picket, and lay as quiet as if sleeping in the balmy air. And yet volley after volley of artillery came rolling up the mountain. What could it mean? That the rest of their force had come up and was engaged with that at the foot of the mountain? The Colonel decided to be ready to go and help them; to fall on the enemy in the rear; perhaps they might capture the entire force. It seemed the natural thing to do, and the guns were limbered up in an incredibly short time, and a roadway made through the entrenchment, the men working like beavers under the excitement. Before they had left the redoubt, however, the vedettes sent out returned and reported that there was no engagement going on, and the firing below seemed to be only practising. There was quite a stir in the camp below; but they had not even broken camp. This was mysterious. Perhaps it meant that they had received reinforcements, but it was a queer way of showing it. The old Colonel sighed as he thought of the good ammunition they could throw away down there, and of his empty limber-chests. It was necessary to be on the alert, however; the guns were run back into their old places, and the horses picketed once more back among the trees. Meantime, he sent another messenger back, this time a courier, for he had but one commissioned officer left, and the picket below was strengthened. The morning passed and no one came; the day wore on and still no advance was made by the force below. It was suggested that the enemy had left; he had, at least, gotten enough of that battery. A recognizance, however, showed that he was still encamped at the foot of the mountain. It was conjectured that he was trying to find a way around to take them in the rear, or to cross the ridge by the foot-path. Preparation was made to guard more closely the mountain-path across the spur; and a detachment was sent up to strengthen the picket there. The waiting told on the men and they grew bored and restless. They gathered about the guns in groups and talked; talked of each piece some, but not with the old spirit and vim; the loneliness of the mountain seemed to oppress them; the mountains stretching up so brown and gray on one side of them, and so brown and gray on the other, with their bare, dark forests soughing from time to time as the wind swept up the pass. The minds of the men seemed to go back to the time when they were not so alone, but were part of a great and busy army, and some of them fell to talking of the past, and the battles they had figured in and of the comrades they had lost. They told them off in a slow and colorless way, as if it were all part of the past as much as the dead they named. One hundred and nineteen times they had been in action. Only seventeen men were left of the eighty-odd who had first enlisted in the battery, and of these four were at home crippled for life. Two of the oldest men had been among the half-dozen who had fallen in the skirmish just the day before. It looked tolerably hard to be killed that way after

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passing for four years through such battles as they had been in; and both had wives and children at home, too, and not a cent to leave them to their names. They agreed calmly that they'd have to "sort of look after them a little" if they ever got home. These were some of the things they talked about as they pulled their old worn coats about them, stuffed their thin, weather-stained hands in their ragged pockets to warm them, and squatted down under the breastwork to keep a little out of the wind. But for the most part what they talked about was something to eat. They described meals they had had at one time or another as personal adventures, and discussed the chances of securing others in the future as if they were prizes of fortune. One listening and seeing their thin, worn faces and their wasted frames, might have supposed they were starving, and they were, but they did not say so.

Toward the middle of the afternoon there was a sudden excitement in the camp. A dozen men saw them at the same time: a squad of three men down the road at the farthest turn, past their picket; but an advancing column could not have created as much excitement; for the middle man carried a white flag. In a minute every man in the battery was on the breastwork. What could it mean! It was a long way off, nearly half a mile, and the flag was small: possibly only a pocket handkerchief or a napkin; but it was held aloft as a flag unmistakably. A hundred conjectures were indulged in. Was it a summons to surrender? A request for an armistice for some purpose? Or was it a trick to ascertain their number and position? Some held one view, some another. Some extreme ones thought a shot ought to be fired over them to warn them not to come on; no flags of truce were wanted. The old Colonel, who had walked to the edge of the plateau outside the redoubt and taken his position where he could study the advancing figures with his field-glass, had not spoken. The lieutenant who was next in command to him had walked out after him, and stood near him, from time to time dropping a word or two of conjecture in a half audible tone; but the Colonel had not answered a word; perhaps none was expected. Suddenly he took his glass down, and gave an order to the lieutenant: "Take two men and meet them at the turn yonder; learn their business; and act as your best judgment advises. If necessary to bring the messenger farther, bring only the officer who has the flag, and halt him at that stone yonder, where I will join him." The tone was as placid as if such an occurrence came every day. Two minutes later the lieutenant was on his way down the mountain and the Colonel had the men in ranks. His face was as grave and his manner as quiet as usual, neither more nor less so. The men were in a state of suppressed excitement. Having put them in charge of the second sergeant the Colonel returned to the breastwork. The two officers were slowly ascending the hill, side by side, the bearer of the flag, now easily distinguishable in his jaunty uniform as a captain of cavalry, talking, and the lieutenant in faded gray, faced with yet more faded red, walking beside him with a face white even at that distance, and lips shut as though they would never open again. They halted at the big bowlder which the Colonel had indicated, and the lieutenant, having saluted ceremoniously, turned to come up to the camp; the Colonel, however, went down to meet him. The two men met, but there was no spoken question; if the Colonel inquired it was only with the eyes. The lieutenant spoke, however, "He says," he began and stopped, then began again, "He says, General Lee—" again he choked, then blurted out, "I believe it is all a lie—a damned lie."

"Not dead? Not killed?" said the Colonel, quickly.

"No, not so bad as that; surrendered: surrendered his entire army at Appomattox day before yesterday. I believe it is all a damned lie," he broke out again as if the hot denial relieved him. The Colonel simply turned away his face and stepped a pace or two off, and the two men stood motionless back to back for more than a minute. Then the Colonel stirred.

"Shall I go back with you?" the lieutenant asked huskily.

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The Colonel did not answer immediately. Then he said: "No, go back to camp and await my return." He said nothing about not speaking of the report. He knew it was not needed. Then he went down the hill slowly alone while the lieutenant went up to the camp.

The interview between the two officers beside the bowlder was not a long one. It consisted of a brief statement by the Federal envoy of the fact of Lee's surrender two days before near Appomattox Court House, with the sources of his information, coupled with a formal demand on the Colonel for his surrender. To this the Colonel replied that he had been detached and put under command of another officer for a specific purpose, and that his orders were to hold that pass, which he should do until he was instructed otherwise by his superior in command. With that they parted, ceremoniously, the Federal captain returning to where he had left his horse in charge of his companions a little below, and the old Colonel coming slowly up the hill to camp. The men were at once set to work to meet any attack which might be made. They knew that the message was of grave import, but not of how grave. They thought it meant that another attack would be made immediately, and they sprang to their work with renewed vigor, and a zeal as fresh as if it were but the beginning and not the end.

The time wore on, however, and there was no demonstration below, though hour after hour it was expected and even hoped for. Just as the sun sank into a bed of blue cloud a horseman was seen coming up the darkened mountain from the eastward side, and in a little while practised eyes reported him one of their own men—the sergeant who had been sent back the day before for ammunition. He was alone, and had something white before him on his horse—it could not be the ammunition; but perhaps that might be coming on behind. Every step of his jaded horse was anxiously watched. As he drew near, the lieutenant, after a word with the Colonel, walked down to meet him, and there was a short colloquy in the muddy road; then they came back together, and slowly entered the camp; the sergeant handing down a bag of corn which he had got somewhere below, with the grim remark to his comrades, "There's your rations," and going at once to the Colonel's camp-fire, a little to one side among the trees, where the Colonel awaited him. A long conference was held, and then the sergeant left to take his luck with his mess who were already parching the corn he had brought for their supper, while the lieutenant made the round of the camp; leaving the Colonel seated alone on a log by his camp-fire. He sat without moving, hardly stirring until the lieutenant returned from his round. A minute later the men were called from the guns and made to fall in line. They were silent, tremulous with suppressed excitement; the most sunburned and weather-stained of them a little pale; the meanest, raggedest, and most insignificant not unimpressive in the deep and solemn silence with which they stood, their eyes fastened on the Colonel, waiting for him to speak. He stepped out in front of them, slowly ran his eye along the irregular line, up and down, taking in every man in his glance, resting on some longer than on others, the older men, then dropped them to the ground, and then suddenly, as if with an effort, began to speak. His voice had a somewhat metallic sound, as if it were restrained; but it was otherwise the ordinary tone of command. It was not much that he said: simply that it had become his duty to acquaint them with the information which he had received: that General Lee had surrendered two days before at Appomattox Court House, yielding to overwhelming numbers; that this afternoon when he had first heard the report he had questioned its truth, but that it had been confirmed by one of their own men, and no longer admitted of doubt; that the rest of their own force, it was learned, had been captured, or had disbanded, and the enemy was now on both sides of the mountain; that a demand had been made on him that morning to surrender too; but that he had orders which he felt held good until they were

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countermanded, and he had declined. Later intelligence satisfied him that to attempt to hold out further would be useless, and would involve needless waste of life; he had determined, therefore, not to attempt to hold their position longer; but to lead them out, if possible, so as to avoid being made prisoners and enable them to reach home sooner and aid their families. His orders were not to let his guns fall into the enemy's hands, and he should take the only step possible to prevent it. In fifty minutes he should call the battery into line once more, and roll the guns over the cliff into the river, and immediately afterwards, leaving the wagons there, he would try to lead them across the mountain, and as far as they could go in a body without being liable to capture, and then he should disband them, and his responsibility for them would end. As it was necessary to make some preparations he would now dismiss them to prepare any rations they might have and get ready to march.

All this was in the formal manner of a common order of the day; and the old Colonel had spoken in measured sentences, with little feeling in his voice. Not a man in the line had uttered a word after the first sound, half exclamation, half groan, which had burst from them at the announcement of Lee's surrender. After that they had stood in their tracks like rooted trees, as motionless as those on the mountain behind them, their eyes fixed on their commander, and only the quick heaving up and down the dark line, as of horses over-laboring, told of the emotion which was shaking them. The Colonel, as he ended, half-turned to his subordinate officer at the end of the dim line, as though he were about to turn the company over to him to be dismissed; then faced the line again, and taking a step nearer, with a sudden movement of his hands toward the men as though he would have stretched them out to them, began again:

"Men," he said, and his voice changed at the word, and sounded like a father's or a brother's, "My men, I cannot let you go so. We were neighbors when the war began—many of us, and some not here to-night; we have been more since then — comrades, brothers in arms; we have all stood for one thing —for Virginia and the South; we have all done our duty — tried to do our duty; we have fought a good fight, and now it seems to be over, and we have been overwhelmed by numbers, not whipped—and we are going home. We have the future before us — we don't know just what it will bring, but we can stand a good deal. We have proved it. Upon us depends the South in the future as in the past. You have done your duty in the past, you will not fail in the future. Go home and be honest, brave, self-sacrificing, God-fearing citizens, as you have been soldiers, and you need not fear for Virginia and the South. The war may be over; but you will ever be ready to serve your country. The end may not be as we wanted it, prayed for it, fought for it; but we can trust God; the end in the end will be the best that could be; even if the South is not free she will be better and stronger that she fought as she did. Go home and bring up your children to love her, and though you may have nothing else to leave them, you can leave them the heritage that they are sons of men who were in Lee's army."

He stopped, looked up and down the ranks again, which had instinctively crowded together and drawn around him in a half-circle; made a sign to the lieutenant to take charge, and turned abruptly on his heel to walk away. But as he did so, the long pent-up emotion burst forth. With a wild cheer the men seized him, crowding around and hugging him, as with protestations, prayers, sobs, oaths—broken, incoherent, inarticulate — they swore to be faithful, to live loyal forever to the South, to him, to Lee. Many of them cried like children; many offered to go down and have one more battle on the plain. The old Colonel soothed them, and quieted their excitement, and then gave a command about the preparations to be made. This called them to order at once; and in a few minutes the camp was as orderly and quiet as usual: the fires were replenished; the scanty stores were being overhauled;

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the place was selected, and being got ready to roll the guns over the cliff; the camp was being ransacked for such articles as could be carried, and all preparations were being hastily made for their march.

The old Colonel having completed his arrangements sat down by his camp-fire with paper and pencil, and began to write; and as the men finished their work they gathered about in groups, at first around their camp-fires, but shortly strolled over to where the guns still stood at the breastwork, black and vague in the darkness. Soon they were all assembled about the guns. One after another they visited, closing around it and handling it from muzzle to trail as a man might a horse to try its sinew and bone, or a child to feel its fineness and warmth. They were for the most part silent, and when any sound came through the dusk from them to the officers at their fire, it was murmurous and fitful as of men speaking low and brokenly. There was no sound of the noisy controversy which was generally heard, the give-and-take of the camp-fire, the firing backwards and forwards that went on on the march; if a compliment was paid a gun by one of its special detachment, it was accepted by the others; in fact, those who had generally run it down, now seemed most anxious to accord the piece praise. Presently, a small number of the men returned to a camp-fire, and, building it up, seated themselves about it, gathering closer and closer together until they were in a little knot. One of them appeared to be writing, while two or three took up flaming chunks from the fire and held them as torches for him to see by. In time the entire company assembled about them, standing in respectful silence, broken only occasionally by a reply from one or another to some question from the scribe. After a little there was a sound of a roll-call, and reading and a short colloquy followed, and then two men, one with a paper in his hand, approached the fire beside which the officers sat still engaged.

"What is it, Harris?" said the Colonel to the man with the paper, who bore remnants of the chevrons of a sergeant on his stained and faded jacket.

"If you please, sir," he said, with a salute, "we have been talking it over, and we'd like this paper to go in along with that you're writing." He held it out to the lieutenant, who was the nearer and had reached forward to take it. "We s'pose you're agoin' to bury it with the guns," he said, hesitatingly, as he handed it over.

"What is it?" asked the Colonel, shading his eyes with his hands.

"It's just a little list we made out in and among us," he said, "with a few things we'd like to put in, so's if anyone ever hauls 'em out they'll find it there to tell what the old battery was, and if they don't, it'll be in one of 'em down thar 'till judgment, an' it'll sort of ease our minds a bit." He stopped and waited as a man who had delivered his message. The old Colonel had risen and taken the paper and now held it with a firm grasp, as if it might blow away with the rising wind. He did not say a word, but his hand shook a little as he proceeded to fold it carefully, and there was a burning gleam in his deep-set eyes, back under his bushy gray brows.

"Will you sort of look over it, sir, if you think it's worth while? We was in a sort of hurry and we had to put it down just as we come to it; we didn't have time to pick our ammunition; and it ain't written the best in the world, nohow." He waited again, and the Colonel opened the paper and glanced down at it mechanically. It contained first a roster, headed by the list of six guns, named by name: "Matthew," "Mark," "Luke," and "John," "The Eagle," and "The Cat;" then of the men, beginning with the heading:

"Them killed."

Then had followed "Them wounded," but this was marked out. Then came a roster of the company when it first entered service; then of those who had joined afterward; then of those who were present now. At the end of all there was this statement, not very well written, nor wholly accurately spelt:

"To Whom it may Concern: We,

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the above members of the old battery known, etc., of six guns, named, etc., commanded by the said Col. etc., left on the 11th day of April, 1865, have made out this roll of the battery, them as is gone and them as is left, to bury with the guns which the same we bury this night. We is all volunteers, every man; we joined the army at the beginning of the war, and we's stuck through to the end; sometimes we aint had much to eat, and sometimes we aint had nothin', but we've fought the best we could 119 battles and skirmishes as near as we can make out in four years, and never lost a gun. Now we're agoin' home. We aint surrendered; just disbanded, and we pledges ourselves to teach our children to love the South and General Lee; and to come when we're called anywhar an' anytime, so help us God."

There was a dead silence whilst the Colonel read.

"'Taint entirely accarite, sir," said the sergeant, apologetically; "but we thought it would be playin' it sort o' low down on the Cat if we wuz to say we lost her onless we could tell about gettin' of her back, and the way she done since, and we didn't have time to do all that." He looked around as if to receive the corroboration of the other men, which they signified by nods and shuffling.

The Colonel said it was all right, and the paper should go into the guns.

"If you please, sir, the guns are all loaded," said the sergeant; "in and about our last charge, too; and we'd like to fire 'em off onct more, jist for old times' sake to remember 'em by, if you don't think no harm could come of it?"

The Colonel reflected a moment and said it might be done; they might fire each gun separately as they rolled it over, or might get all ready and fire together, and then roll them over, whichever they wished. This was satisfactory.

The men were then ordered to prepare to march immediately, and withdrew for the purpose. The pickets were called in. In a short time they were ready, horses and all, just as they would have been to march ordinarily, except that the wagons and caissons were packed over in one corner by the camp with the harness hung on poles beside them and the guns stood in their old places at the breastwork ready to defend the pass. The embers of the sinking camp-fires threw a faint light on them standing so still and silent. The old Colonel took his place, and at a command from him in a somewhat low voice, the men, except a detail left to hold the horses, moved into company front facing the guns. Not a word was spoken, except the words of command. At the order each detachment went to its gun; the guns were run back and the men with their own hands ran them up on the edge of the perpendicular bluff above the river, where, sheer below, its waters washed its base, as if to face an enemy on the black mountain the other side. The pieces stood ranged in the order in which they had so often stood in battle, and the gray, thin fog rising slowly and silently from the river deep down between the cliffs, and wreathing the mountain-side above, might have been the smoke from some unearthly battle fought in the dark pass by ghostly guns, yet posted there in the darkness, manned by phantom gunners, while phantom horses stood behind, lit vaguely up by phantom camp-fires. At the given word the laniards were pulled together, and together as one the six black guns, belching flame and lead, roared their last challenge on the misty night, sending a deadly hail of shot and shell, tearing the trees and splintering the rocks of the farther side, and sending the thunder reverberating through the pass and down the mountain, startling from its slumber the sleeping camp on the hills below, and driving the browsing deer and the prowling mountain-fox in terror up the mountain.

There was silence among the men about the guns for one brief instant and then such a cheer burst forth as had never broken from them even in battle, cheer on cheer, the long, wild, old, familiar rebel yell for the guns they had fought with and loved.

The noise had not died away and the men behind were still trying to quiet the frightened horses when the sergeant, the same who had written, received from the hand of the Colonel a

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long package or roll which contained the records of the battery furnished by the men and by the Colonel himself, securely wrapped to make them water-tight, and it was rammed down the yet warm throat of the nearest gun, the Cat, and then the gun was tamped to the muzzle to make her water-tight, and, like her sisters, was spiked, and her vent tamped tight. All this took but a minute, and the next instant the guns were run up once more to the edge of the cliff; and the men stood by them with their hands still on them. A deathly silence fell on the men, and even the horses behind seemed to feel the spell. There was a long pause, in which not a breath was heard from any man, and the soughing of the tree-tops above and the rushing of the rapids below were the only sounds. They seemed to come from far, very far away. Then the Colonel said, quietly, "Let them go, and God be our helper, Amen." There was the noise in the darkness of trampling and scraping on the cliff-top for a second; the sound as of men straining hard together, and then with a pant it ceased all at once, and the men held their breath to hear. One second of utter silence; then one prolonged deep splash sending up a mass of white foam as the brass-pieces together plunged into the dark water below, and then the soughing of the trees and the murmur of the river came again with painful distinctness. It was full ten minutes before the Colonel spoke, though there were other sounds enough in the darkness, and some of the men, as the dark, outstretched bodies showed, were lying on the ground flat on their faces. Then the Colonel gave the command to fall in in the same quiet, grave tone he had used all night. The line fell in, the men getting to their horses and mounting in silence; the Colonel put himself at their head and gave the order of march, and the dark line turned in the darkness, crossed the little plateau between the smouldering campfires and the spectral caissons with the harness hanging beside them, and slowly entered the dim charcoal-burner's track. Not a word was spoken as they moved off. They might all have been phantoms. Only, the sergeant in the rear, as he crossed the little breastwork which ran along the upper side and marked the boundary of the little camp, half turned and glanced at the dying fires, the low, newly made mounds in the corner, the abandoned caissons, and the empty redoubt, and said, slowly, in a low voice to himself,

"Well, by God!"

PERADVENTURE.

By Anna C. Brackett.

If one should say to me, "Lo, he is dead
And gone unto the silent land," no time
For grief would be, but swift my soul would climb
The breathless way thy lingering feet had sped,
Following thee dim and shadowy, far ahead,
Swifter than happy hours, till thou from far
Compelled, should'st waver, turn, slow like a star;
And I should cry, "One thing I left unsaid:
This—take it with thee, dear!—Farewell, farewell—"
Then creep back here forspent. And since I know
That this would be, searching all days I go,
That one elusive, royal thing to tell.
Hast thou not seen it, felt it, day by day—
Dear, the one word I always fail to say?

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OLD MEMORIES.

PAINTED BY FRANK BRAMLEY, A.R.A.*

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

IT is probable that the fame of what is known in England as the "Newlyn School" has already extended to America, since the painters belonging to it have been successful at Chicago; but as this magazine has a very large circulation, it seems not less probable that it may penetrate to many places where Newlyn has never been heard of. I may therefore do well to give some account of this little school or company of artists to which Mr. Frank Bramley belongs.

Newlyn is a most out-of-the-way little fishing town or big village, of about six thousand inhabitants, situated on the coast of Cornwall. Readers who are conscientious about the exactness of their geographical information may fail to discover so insignificant a place on the map of England, but its situation on county maps is about a mile and a half south of Penzance, both being in Mounts Bay. Newlyn is built on the side of a hill facing east. The material used in the construction of the houses is gray granite, with greenish slate for the roofing, and they are crowded very closely together. There are three principal streets, all going up the hill at right angles to the cliffs. From sketches kindly supplied to me by Mr. Bramley, I should infer that the dwellings are not in themselves picturesque, but simple, with severe straight lines, like the better class of cottages in the English mining and manufacturing districts. Evidently, the attraction for artists cannot be in the gray and plain masonry of the place. The little harbor, of course, is richer in variety of line and color. The roads down to it are very steep, and the boats offer the usual interest to be found in all the fishing stations of the Channel.

About twenty artists have fixed their residence in this remote corner of England, and the first question naturally asked is, "What can there be to attract them almost to the Land's End, and as far from London as they can get on the south coast?" To this question there are two or three answers. The first is that the winter climate is the mildest in Great Britain, and therefore the most favorable for working out of doors. Newlyn lies far to the south, and in the neighborhood of waters whose chill has been taken off by the Gulf Stream. "Snow," says the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "seldom lies for more than a few days. The lower vegetation, especially in the Penzance district, is almost southern in its luxuriance. Geraniums, fuchsias, myrtles, hydrangeas, and camellias grow to a considerable size and flourish through the winter at Penzance. All native plants display a perfection of beauty hardly to be seen elsewhere." Mr. Bramley tells me that the human plant attains the same exceptional perfection in that favored corner of England. He praises the physical appearance of the population, among which the painters find excellent models. Many of the girls and children are beautiful, and there is more color in their costumes than is usual in English villages. It is supposed that they have an infusion of Spanish blood from the Spaniards who landed in Mounts Bay at the time of the Armada.

The artistic colony of Newlyn has established itself, for the most part, in a meadow in the middle of the village,

* See Frontispiece.

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where it has erected studios of different materials. Other members of the same colony live at a little distance. The list of their names might include few known to American readers, but about half of them have reputations in England, and some belong to the leading artistic societies of London. The school was recognized by the Royal Academy in its election of Mr. Stanhope Forbes to an associateship in 1892, and the recognition is now repeated by Mr. Bramley's own election (1894) after his having come within a single vote of it in 1893. So far from being provincial or local in their education, these artists are cosmopolitan. It is a curious sign of the present tendency to cosmopolitanism in the fine arts, that they have all received a continental training.

The picture we have reproduced tells its own story. In advancing age, an affectionate couple are thinking of a past that has evidently no bitter associations. I regret the inevitable loss of color in the reproduction, not only because color, when good, is pleasant in itself, but especially because, in the present instance, color has an important signification by conveying the idea of health. Mr. Bramley admires the healthy race of people about Newlyn. The old man in this picture has good blood and a clear blue eye, and his wife looks like the mother of sound children. The picture is in all ways a cheerful one, and a far pleasanter companion in a room than those morbid things which have come into fashion lately in France, in which youth itself is old and bloodless and saddened by I know not what personal or hereditary vice, while the painters eschew color as too happy for their melancholy mood. Mr. Bramley's picture in the Royal Academy of 1893, "After Fifty Years," was also a cheerful representation of elderly existence, but this time associated with youth. Young people were celebrating, in a little out-of-doors festival at the sea-side, the fiftieth birthday of a personage who looked cheerful, but rather too elderly for his age.* It was this picture that almost procured Mr. Bramley's election at the Royal Academy.

He was born in 1857, at Sibsey, near Boston, in Lincolnshire, and began his artistic education at the age of sixteen under Mr. E. R. Taylor, the present headmaster of the Birmingham School of Art. And now comes that element of cosmopolitanism which I have noticed as a characteristic of the Newlyn group. Mr. Bramley went to Antwerp in 1879 and studied in the academy there under Verlat. Next year he came first in a painting competition. He tells me that in that school the advanced students usually painted their studies the size of life, a courageous and profitable practice. In 1882 he passed from Antwerp to Venice and painted there two years, exhibiting his Venetian subjects, "Weaving Nets" and "Bead Stringers," in the Royal Academy of 1884. Then he settled at Newlyn, and since that time, except in 1890, has been a regular exhibitor. His picture for 1888, "A Hopeless Dawn," is a most touching work in the sentiment, though not the manner, of Israëls. It shows the sad interior of a fisherman's cottage when the crew of his boat are believed to have perished at sea, and anxiety in the hearts of the women is giving place to a settled conviction of their loss. This picture was purchased by the trustees of the Chantrey fund. I may explain for American readers, that the annual income from this bequest is laid out in the purchase of modern pictures, which in course of time will form an important public gallery, representing the better work of the English school from age to age.† The fund will act as an unhurried but

* It is amusing to observe how painters usually seem to think that one must be extremely old at fifty. The subject of the fiftieth birthday, "La Cinquantaine," has been frequently represented in painting, and the hero of the occasion is usually made to look sixty at the least. Indeed, I met with a picture not long since in which a peasant and his wife were represented, according to the artist's intention, as being fifty years old, but he made them seventy and bowed with toil. It is true that in some countries rural life uses the peasantry up before their time.

Young painters particularly have the persuasion that fifty is a patriarchal age. I remember hearing two youths talking confidentially about a man known to one of them, who said, "He is very old indeed, extremely old; he must be *forty* by this time." Had he been ten years older the youth would have looked upon him as a *struldbrug*. (See Gulliver's Voyage to Luggnagg.)

† Some of the younger critics are now saying that the money from this fund is employed to purchase unsalable pictures by impecunious academicians. Mr. Bramley is not yet an academician, and it is hardly likely that a comparatively young artist, who has passed his best years either on the Continent or near the Land's End, can have much personal influence at Burlington House. My belief is that the picture was purchased simply for its merits.

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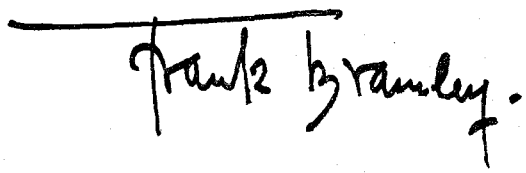

immortal and continuous collector. A replica of "A Hopeless Dawn," or the same subject painted over again from nature, appeared in the World's Fair at Chicago, where it gained a medal. Mr. Bramley's merits are also recognized in France, where the Société des Artistes Français (Champs-Elysées) awarded him a second-class gold medal in 1892, and the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts (Champ de Mars) elected him as an Associate in 1893, in recognition of the picture that we reproduce. Besides these marks of appreciation from the two leading societies of artists, Mr. Bramley has received one from the French Government, which offered to purchase both this picture and another, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," an offer most rarely addressed to an Englishman.* In the case of an American it would have been less surprising.

*Both pictures were sold already. Had they been in the market it is probable that one, at least, would now have been hanging in the Luxembourg.

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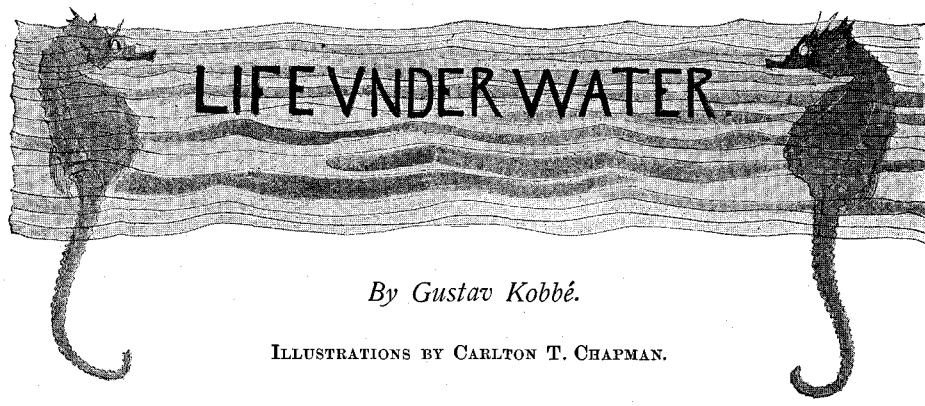

By Gustav Kobbé.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

THERE is something weird in the thought of a human being living, working, and even disporting himself a hundred feet or more under water. A diver carries out in his appearance this suggestion of the uncanny. For in his huge helmet, with its cyclopean eye, he looks more like a submarine monster than a human being. Down he goes to the bed of some river or lake, even to the bottom of the sea itself; and I am sure that of all the queer objects below there he is the queerest—a kind of man-fish unclassified by naturalists.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in his "Education of an Engineer," describes his own sensations in going under water in a diver's armor for the first, and, I believe, the last time. He tells of the merging of daylight into the twilight of the depths; of the gradual subsidence of the long surface swell into a heaving, choppy coverlet; and of his meeting with another weird creature like himself below. But there is more than weirdness in life under water. There is the romance of it—the search after treasure sunk perhaps more than a century ago; and the sensation of moving about in another world bound to one's own world only by so many fathoms of hemp and rubber, slender ties the severing of which means death.

A single descent, or even many descents into the depths, cannot give an adequate idea of the strangeness of this life. Only the cumulative experience of a lifetime can do that. Attracted by the air of mystery that hangs over it, yet realizing how futile would be any endeavor to reproduce by going below once or twice the sensations and observations of men who had for years made submarine diving their calling, I sought out one of the most experienced divers in this country, and through him obtained an insight into this strange existence. From what he told me I have thrown together a kind of diver's memoir, a series of singular experiences—at least singular to us—yet every-day occurrences in the life of a submarine diver. But let him tell his own story:

I judge from the fact that we New York divers are often sent for from abroad when there is very delicate or difficult work to be done that we are considered rather expert. We ought to know our trade, for here we have to ply it under great difficulties. The waters of New York Harbor are so dark that we might as well be working at dead of night. A man considers himself pretty handy if he can ply a trade in broad daylight. But we have to do all kinds of work; pipe-laying, building, drilling holes in rock and charging them with dynamite in darkness. Dynamite is dangerous to handle under the most favorable circumstances. It is especially so under the dark waters of New York Harbor, where you are apt to strike it against some unseen object. Fairchild, who was the head diver of the New York Dock Department, and a man of many years' experience, was killed by dynamite while he was charging a rock at New Pier 14, North River.

If a man came to me to learn diving I would first find out if he was naturally handy. The diver is called upon for the most various kind of work—recovering drowned bodies, or articles of

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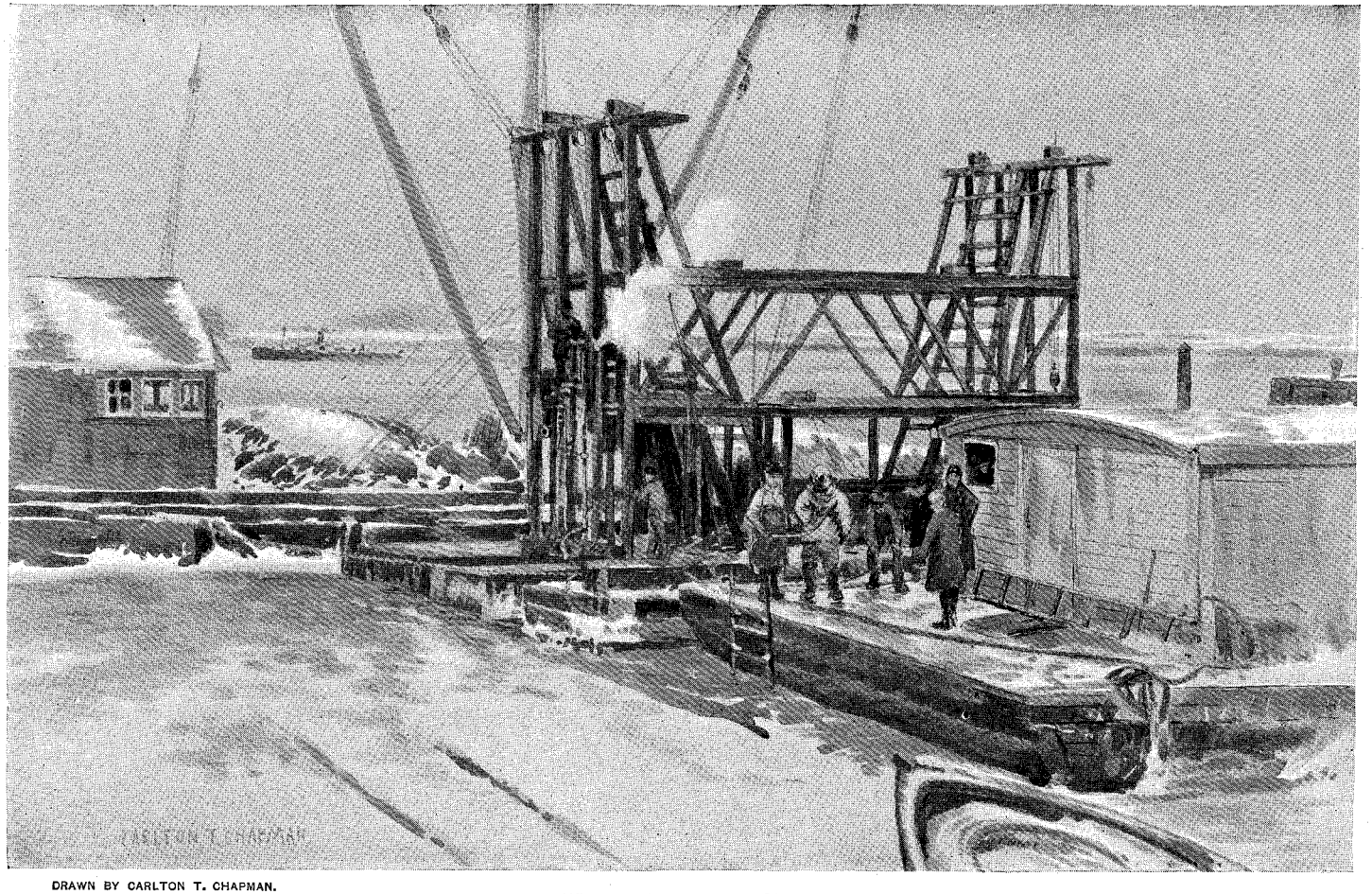

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Winter Work in the North River.

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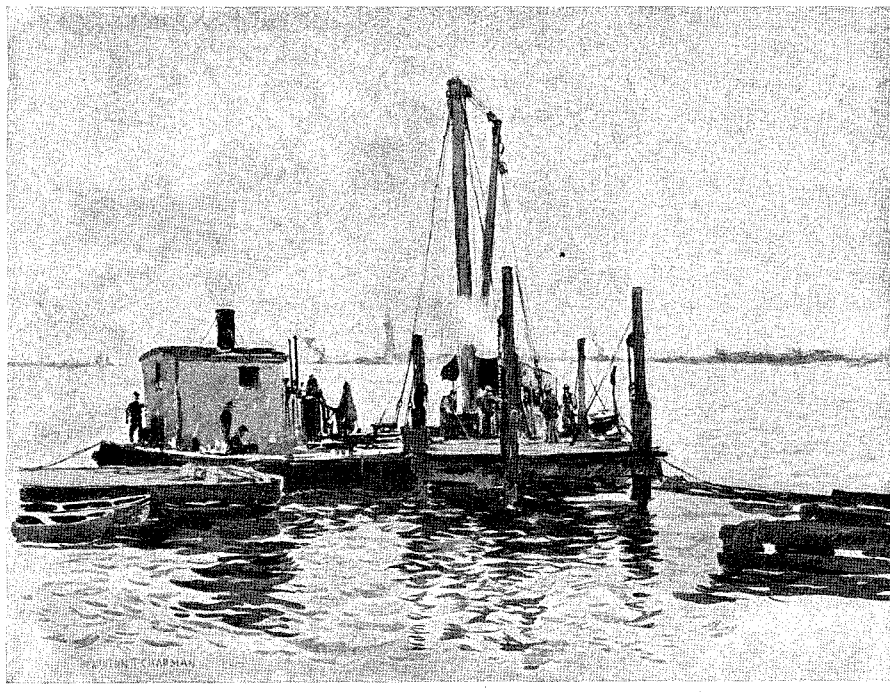
by a company which undertook to raise the machinery and boilers out of the wreck of the Commodore, which was sunk off Norton's Point, Long Island, in 1854. At the time the steamboat went down there were no derricks strong enough for the work. We anchored a little sloop about fifty feet off from the wreck, and, when all was ready, I went down. When I got below into the boiler-room I saw looking out at me, from one of the furnaces, two eyes as big as saucers. I stepped to one side, and out shot a huge shark. As he darted past me he gave me a flip with his tail that knocked me fifteen feet. That knock was not, however, as bad as it may seem; for it's easier to move objects under water than above. I myself could easily shove a man ten feet under water. Divers often encounter sharks, and huge fellows they seem too. But we don't take much stock in them. The diver is usually moving about, the escape valve gives a shrill whistling sound, and my experience is that sharks, like other large fish, are scared half out of their wits when we divers appear upon the scene.

A diver who went down to work on the steamship Viscaya, which was in collision and sunk off Barnegat light, had a grewsome experience. It was a difficult job, so two divers were sent down—one of them to remain on deck in sixty feet of water, to act as second tender to the other diver who went below. The latter had been below but a few minutes when three jerks came over the life-line. When he had been hauled up on to the deck he was so unnerved that he forgot he was still in sixty feet of water, and signalled to have his helmet removed. When both divers had been hauled to the surface, he said that while he was working through a gangway, he had seen two huge objects coming toward him; and nothing could dissuade him from the belief that he had seen two submarine ghosts—until the other diver went down and discovered that there was a mirror at the end of the gangway, and that the diver had seen the reflection of his own legs, vastly enlarged, coming toward him.



Building a Pier.

One day, when we were working on a rock in the East River, I met, as I

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I saw looking out at me, from one of the furnaces, two eyes as big as saucers.—Page 432.

stepped off the ferry-boat, a diver pale as a sheet. He was hurrying so that I couldn't stop him to ask what had happened. When I came to the spot they told me he couldn't more than have reached bottom before he signalled to be hauled up, and was so unnerved that he rushed off without telling what had happened. I said I'd go down and they lowered me—right on top of a dead body. It always gives me a disagreeable sensation to come suddenly upon a dead person under water, unless I happen to be diving for him. Then I'm glad to meet him, even if he does seem twice his natural size. But there are divers who will not have anything to do with bodies, and when they come upon them suddenly, will be unnerved and useless for the rest of the day. In the dark New York waters you do not know of the proximity of a body until you chance to touch it. A diver told me that once, when he was working at the foundation of a pier, he put his hand up for support on one of the piles

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and felt a small shoe. He knew right away what he had found—the body of a little girl. It was spring time and the body was beginning to rise.

In working a wreck we always get the bodies out first. It is bad enough to be "belting" around below, without having them about. The silence of the depths—unbroken but for the click of the pump—is too oppressive for us to care to have the dead staring at us. We can judge by the temperature of the water where to look for bodies in a wreck. If the water is cold they will be on the floor or lying in the berths. If the water is warm they will rise to the ceiling or against the bottom of the berth above. When we raised the tugboat Bronx from the East River I found the fireman sitting in a chair in the fireroom.

Divers, when ready to come up from a wreck, must exactly retrace their steps, otherwise they are apt to get tangled up. For instance, if in working his way to the hold the diver passed to starboard of a mast, he should pass on the same side in working his way back, otherwise his line and hose will catch around the mast. To get tangled up below is a terrible predicament for a diver. There is but one thing he can cut — the life-line, for they can lower him another. But I have known divers become so desperate when tangled up that they have lost their heads and cut the hose—which meant death. A cargo of barrels is dangerous to break out, because they are apt to float up when you have loosened them and get foul of your hose. I once had a barrel with an iron chine jam my hose against the ceiling, and for a time it was a question whether I or the barrel was master of the situation. Jute is also a bad cargo to handle, because it tangles itself about a diver's legs, so that often it will take him several hours to clear himself. When a sunken vessel is to be raised the diver passes the pontoon-chains under her bottom. Work on vessels sunk in New York Harbor is often dangerous on account of the swift tides. When the current runs over three miles it is unsafe for a diver to remain below. His hose may snap, or line or hose become entangled in the rigging. The channels about Governor's Island and Hell Gate are spots in the harbor where divers can work only at slack water.

Hell Gate, by the way, is a great field for divers when regular work is slack. Many a time I've "worked the Gate on spec," as we say. On one occasion I stumbled upon a valise that contained $56 in money and a number of fishing reels. One tour has yielded me a crop of twenty-four anchors; and on another I came across the wreck of a sloop loaded with scrap iron, that I sold. It was the wreck of the Warrior, and had lain peacefully at the bottom of Hell Gate since 1856. "Working old bottoms," like the Warrior, is another way divers have of putting in slack time. Every diver has a record of old bottoms. Some years ago, when copper was high, two divers got 700 bars out of a wreck that had been sunk off Saybrook about forty years. They also pumped out a hundred tons of coal. On the other hand, I worked thirty days with a crew on the old steamboat Isaac Newton, sunk off Fort Lee, and took out $3 as my share, the men receiving only seventy-five cents each. I had better luck with a cargo of broomsticks. Coal bottoms are the best for us because, wherever located, we can find a near market for the coal.

There are about half a dozen treasure-ships off our shores. They have been veritable treasure-ships to the divers who have been engaged to work them, though not perhaps to the employers. An old bottom off Peekskill is said to be one of Captain Kidd's vessels. A man once hired me and a crew to raise the treasure. We had a good time all summer, and he seemed to enjoy watching us work and paying us our wages. The best known treasure-ship hereabouts is the British frigate Hussar, which struck on Pot Rock, Hell Gate, in 1780. She went down with one hundred and seven men and, it is said, a great amount of gold coin intended for the British forces. This vessel has been worked for treasure since 1818. Parties have operated with a diving-bell, have grappled with ice-tongs, and in fact have endeavored ways as numerous as they were ridiculous, to raise the treas-

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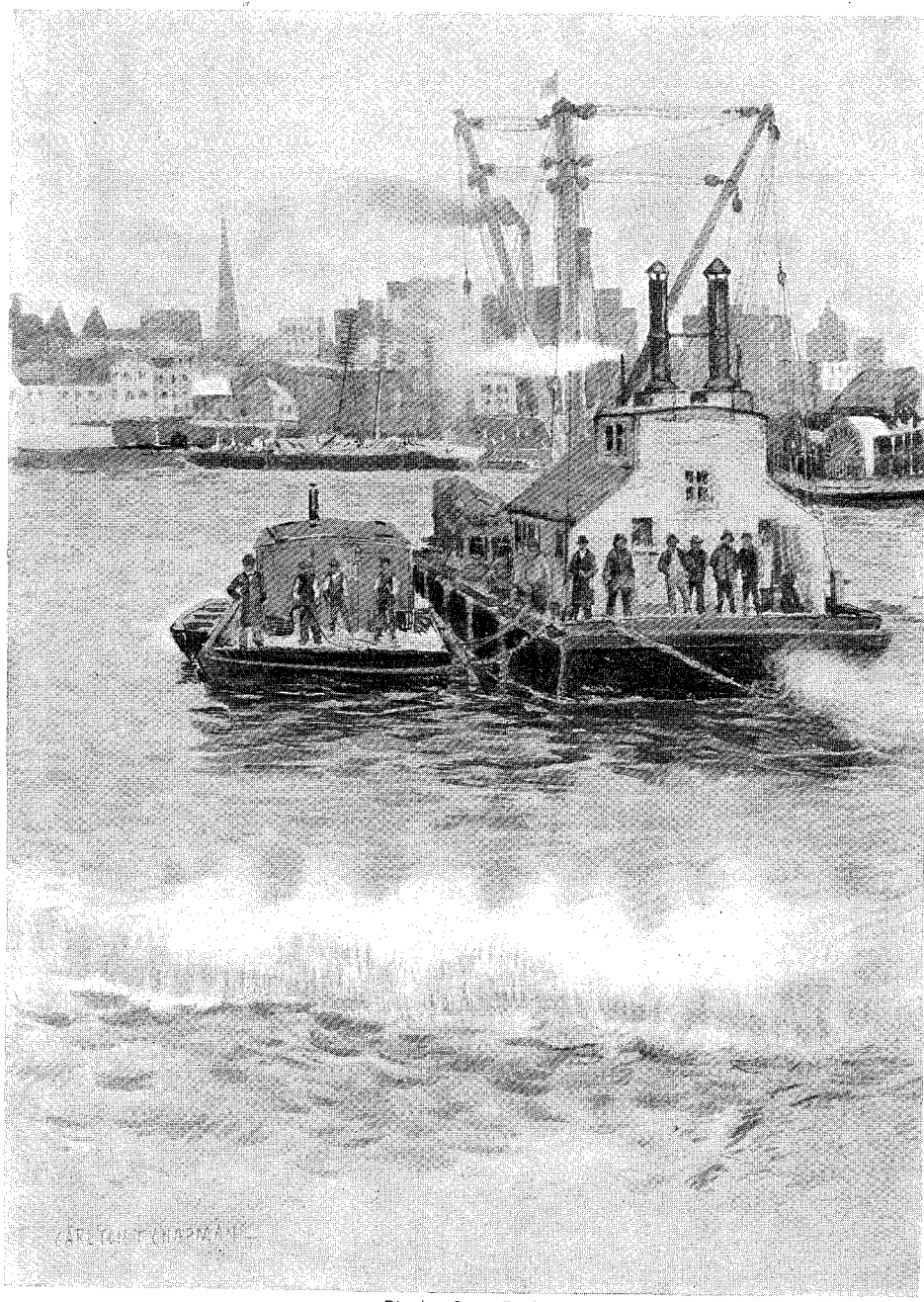

Blasting Out a Reef.

ure. But I never heard of anything of value being obtained since 1819—when her guns and upper sheathing were brought up—except the anchor, and I raised that a few years ago. There lies the Hussar just where she sank, only she has worked herself a nest thirty feet below the bed of the Gate—and, if there was treasure aboard her, it is there still. If there is truth in the story that has come down from 1780, the waters of Hell Gate are eddying over a treasure

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DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

A Submarine Ghost.

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of £200,000. Romantic possibilities attract people so strongly that a party was formed in New York, in 1881, to raise a treasure-ship in the Red Sea which was believed to have sunk about the time of Christ. The party sailed from here on the brig Gypsy, but I have never heard of them since. A wreck or other heavy objects remains where it sinks, except that it may work itself down into the bed; and, speaking of the Red Sea, it is my opinion that a diver could prove or disprove the narrative of the destruction of Pharaoh's host.

Not every treasure-ship turns out a bad venture if you go to work the right way. An English company tried to recover $40,000 in gold from the ship Golden Gate, sunk off the Pacific coast. When they had sunk all their money on English divers, they sold out to an American company which, in 1873, hired Sydney Cook, an old New York diver who had gone to California. Cook got the money within a month.

New York divers work so much in dark water — I presume it is the sewage that so fogs our water — that their sense of touch under water is wonderfully developed. If you will put brass and copper in a basin of water, you may blindfold me and I can tell them apart. Take them out of water and they'll feel alike to me. When we get into clear water, work is child's play to us. At any rate, New York divers are often sent for from abroad in especially difficult cases. I went over when the Cimbria sank in the North Sea with such great loss of life; and also to recover the body of an Englishman drowned from a yacht in the Channel. Soon after the Oregon sank off Long Island, I was engaged by a firm of New York lawyers, acting for their British correspondents, to ascertain the extent of the injury she had sustained. I found a great hole in her port-side a hundred and fifty feet abaft the foremast. The lawyers sent me to England to testify, but the suit was settled out of court. Robert Stannard, a New York diver, went to Europe in 1875 to raise a cargo of tin and lead in twenty-three fathoms of water. He there learned of an old bottom, laden with delft, that had been sunk for years. He bought it for a song, raised the delft, and came home with $20,000. In 1878 I was sent to the southwest coast of Africa to get $40,000 worth of platina out of the wreck of the Thomas Russell. I accomplished this, but it was a disagreeable job. Three of the seven men with me died on the way over, and we had, with storms and lack of provisions, a hard trip back. I was paid $4,000 for the job. A diver usually charges from $10 to $25 or $35 a day (four hours), according to the nature of the job.

I have organized a diving show. It is not absolutely the first exhibition of its kind ever given, but it is the first regularly organized diving show to make the tour of the summer resorts where deep enough water can be found. Two divers, Frank Paul and Fairchild, whose death I told of above, gave a similar exhibition one Fourth of July at Taunton Lake, Conn.; but it began and ended with that one performance. I have now been on the road several seasons.

When I am to show in a place I must first have my stage properly set; for, though it is all under water, and consequently out of sight, my success depends, nevertheless, upon the proper setting of the stage. The most important stage property is one-half of a puncheon, which I have had sawed in two. This half puncheon is my bell. I anchor it so that its head is at least six feet below the surface of the lake. From the lower and open end of this half puncheon I suspend a platform, which is kept in place by the anchor cables. This platform is about ten feet below the surface of the lake. A person standing on it would have his head well up in the half puncheon. The pumping apparatus I conceal on shore, a long hose leading to my improvised bell. To prevent bubbles rising to the surface from the escape-valve, I have another hose from shore attached to that. This is all done secretly, so that the public knows nothing about the diving-bell, whose top is only six feet below the surface. But it is a snug little spot, for the diver can stand on the platform with his head in the bell and breathe as comfortably as if he were ashore. I utilize this bell in what may, I think, be termed with propriety a theatrical act.

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My assistant represents a ferryman, I a traveller. In my linen duster, stove-pipe hat, and with my grip, I arrive at the edge of the lake and bargain to be ferried over. When the ferryman has rowed me out to a point above the bell he knocks me over the head with an oar, grabs my grip, goes through my pockets and ends by throwing my body into the water. Down I go — as far as the platform. Climbing on to this I first reach for a shelf in the bell where we keep pipes, tobacco, and matches, and light a pipe. Under my travelling clothes I wear a suit of fish-spangled tights. So, while I am having a quiet smoke, I take off my duster and trousers. I usually stay in the bell from five to seven minutes. It seems a long time to those on shore, many of whom know that a man can't live under water much longer than a minute. They begin to feel alarmed for my safety, and I have even known the band to stop playing. When I think I have been down long enough I take a couple of strong whiffs at my pipe, clap my hand over the pipe-bowl and bob up serenely, smoking and gayly clad. Sometimes we keep a live duck in the bell and send it up. It goes up with a rush, fairly shoots out of the water and flies off. I tried this trick with a dog, but nearly drowned the poor fellow.

I also go down in my armor. I have, weighted, at the bottom of the lake, three barrels of kindling-wood. Then I have a long pole so weighted that it stands upright. Attached to this is a sign-board on which "Coal and Wood Yard" is painted. By cutting a weighted string I cause this board to show above water. I then smash the barrel-head and up bubbles the kindling-wood. I am presumed to have sawed and split it during the short time since I went down; for I take a saw, an axe, and a buck with me. I sometimes go down with a little harpoon in my hand exclaiming, before I disappear, "Now I'll show you how a diver catches fish." At the bottom I have a basket of fish, and when I reappear they are spiked on my harpoon.

I hold the world's record for the fastest walking under water. Off Oak Point, at One Hundred and Fiftieth Street and East River, New York, I walked five miles in eight feet of water in two hours and twenty-seven minutes, defeating William Smith, the champion English submarine walker. We had a return race of five miles in the Thames over a half-mile course between two of the London bridges, in which I defeated him by eight minutes. From the foregoing you may judge that a diver, even when under water, is not as solemn as he looks. In fact we sometimes have considerable horse-play below. It may happen that we are working in gangs of two at raising a cargo of brownstone, and that I and my mate can work faster than the other two because one of these is inexperienced. If I and my mate were to send up all we could load it would reflect on the other gang. Our experienced friend would suffer as much as the greeny who is keeping him back. So we load only about as much as they. In the spare intervals we chase crabs and lobsters, or start them on races and spear fish. Sometimes one of us slings the hoist-chain around the other and gives the signal to hoist. Sometimes a diver will take a nap under water. I never believed that possible until it happened to me myself. One warm day I went down in the creek near Catskill. I suppose the cool water made me feel drowsy. At any rate I fell asleep and slept for over an hour. But with his life depending upon the watchfulness of his tender, with all things considered, the chances against him, it is just as well for a diver to remain awake and keep his wits about him.

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A POUND OF CURE.

A STORY OF MONTE CARLO.

By William Henry Bishop.

CHAPTER III.

"WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS, THERE WILL YOUR HEART BE ALSO."

EONARD gave the order to sell his securities, and received a liberal part of their value as a loan. Buttoning his coat securely over the funds, he went in search of his builder. But Barmasso was not to be found at his usual haunts. He was not at his shop in the Rue de France, where he kept his stock of timber piled on end in a court, nor was he at the demolitions in the Old Town, where light was being let into alleys that had not seen it in three hundred years and more. His foreman of the works said he had gone to Beaulieu for Lord Buntrock's new villa, and would certainly spend the entire afternoon there. Leonard hesitated a moment and determined to follow him thither. His better judgment prompted him not to keep about him the large sum of money he had drawn—subject to who knew what contingencies — but, since he had drawn it for Barmasso, to go and disembarrass himself of it without fail.

Beaulieu was but the next station beyond his own at Villefranche ; and as he went to take the train, he could not but wish, with a vague, uncertain trouble, that both had been in the westward direction, toward Cannes, instead of on the line to Monte Carlo. But in the waiting-room at the Station the first person he set eyes on was Miriam. She came toward him in her dark hat with plumes and the military-looking dark coat with little capes, that set off so well her slender, graceful figure, just beginning to be touched with matronly roundness, and she flushed and smiled in a deprecating way.

"No, I did not go home in the omnibus," she exclaimed. "You know I told you when *my* chance for an escapade came I was going to take it. It was an accident. I met the Skelmers and they *insisted* on my coming to help them shopping, and then to breakfast at their hotel. And then they wanted me so much to come with them to Monte Carlo as their guide. It was a sudden notion. They've never been, you know. And I knew Lucien was in perfectly good hands ; and——"

But Leonard, instead of being disposed to fault-finding, was positively relieved. He meant to tell Miriam, in a moment, what he was going to do at Beaulieu. Then she would be a witness to his having the money, understand the seriousness of his purpose, be there to see that he got off at Beaulieu, and thus no temptation could befall him. But certain complications prevented, the irruption of a lot of new acquaintances who had to be spoken to, and the like. They were in the train and he had not yet told Miriam. Then, just as they were settling themselves, more people still crowded boisterously into the compartment and filled up every available seat. Among these were two sprightly young girls, Amy Barr and Lillian Skobel, the same who had tried to attract Leonard's attention in the Promenade. They were over for the day from Cannes, with a chaperon.

"Is it *really* so dreadful at Monte Carlo?" asked the former. "Are there as many horrors as they say? You have been over often, of course ; have *you*, for instance, ever seen a suicide?"

"No, I've had rather bad luck in that way. It's always tiresomely dull and respectable when I go. They say the shrubbery is full of them, but there is a way of carting them off and tidying up the surroundings before anybody

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can get there." He chose to pretend that she had come over expressly for that purpose, and went on. "But if I were you I'd go straight to the Director and beg him, as strangers and fair ladies, to let you see just one suicide—'Please, Mr. Director, just one wee little suicide; it's perhaps our only opportunity'—I think he would manage it for you."

In such lively chatter the short distance to Villefranche passed very briefly; and the distance to Beaulieu was shorter yet. At Beaulieu, Leonard got up to alight. Some of the company thought it was only his joke, and held the door shut. Then the handle stuck, the conductor had gone on up the platform and could not open it, and, before anything could be done the train moved on again. Leonard fell back into his corner, benumbed by a sort of fatality. Miriam had looked at him in surprise.

"I am glad you are with us," she said, "but you won't play even a five-franc piece to-day, will you, dear?"

Then, as he did not answer, having indeed scarcely heard her, she said again, "Oh, there is Eze, way up in the sky. Do you remember the day we went there and our first walk on the Upper Corniche? It was the most delightful excursion," she explained to the others. "Oh, how hungry we were! we ate up all our picnic provisions, and then had to lunch at a restaurant besides. We got lost on the foot-path, climbing down to Monte Carlo, and thought we should have to sleep in one of the grottos, in the pine-grove. When we got there, Leonard threw down a piece and won a good deal more than our day's expenses. I thought it very 'cute of him at the time, for I have no objection to 'spoiling the Egyptians;' but sometimes I wish he hadn't. I think it would be better if everybody should lose the first time."

They rattled in and out of the numerous tunnels which have caused someone to say that riding on this railway is like travelling in a flute and looking out through the stops. They passed the rural station of La Turbie, Monaco, seat of the castle of what Newman Skelmer took particular pains to call the un-Principality, and in a very few minutes thereafter they got out at the bustling depot, immediately below the Casino of Monte Carlo. Instead of taking the elevator, they walked up the broad stone staircase to the upper platform, taking a foretaste of the admirable prospect as they went. On the terrace was a music-stand and a little theatre for children. Over chevaux-de-frise of cactus and aloes, and over the long balustrade, you saw a bit of the green semicircle of the pigeon-shooting ground; and you saw the little port with yachts; and the quarter of the Condamine, that is rapidly filling up the interval between the two rocks; and the ivy-grown battlements of mediæval Monaco, and the grand Tête de Chien towering above it, like the head indeed of a great dog, who would make but a mouthful of the place at a given signal. The excessive trimness and neatness everywhere struck the newcomers.

"They've got the virtue *next* to godliness, at any rate," said Skelmer. "I guess they're trying to give it first place."

"It's probably their way of washing their hands of whatever happens," added Leonard, dryly.

They joked more about the suicides, as people will who, seeing all so cheerful and decorous, find it hard to believe in any ghastly ideas. Leonard offered to pilot Miss Amy Barr, of Cannes, to the chief director, to prefer her request to see a suicide.

"It would take up too much of our valuable time, but if *you* would only do it," she replied, to punish him for his teasing, "it would be a great favor."

The soldiers of His Serene Highness's miniature army, in light blue and red, trimmer and neater too than elsewhere, paced near them.

"I think they are going to ask us to move on," said Lillian Skobel; "they say they don't even allow people to linger, for fear they are thinking of making away with themselves."

"Seven of us at once!" put in Miriam; "that *would* be a novelty."

They turned the corner, to the real front of the Casino, which faces landward. People, in summer costumes, were lounging on benches before it,

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watching the arrivals and departures. Skelmer declared the pretentious Casino not half as fine as it ought to be after all the praise lavished upon it, and promised to equal and surpass it with a good dozen of buildings in Chicago.

Still, they could not restrain a certain deference when within the lobby. It was a fine, large promenade, a sort of basilica, with polished marble columns, a gallery, and paintings all round the top. And again, after putting away their wraps in the cloak-rooms and going through the formal ceremony of getting their cards of admission for the day in the secretary's office, they could not forbear standing a while to admire the prospect seen through the clear glass doors like a delicious bit of tapestry hung there. The long strip of greenest turf in the centre of the esplanade, between the fine cafés, resembled an idealized play-table. Saddled donkeys were waiting to take people to the mountain, on the top of which the Roman watch-tower, a small spot of dark, drew attention to itself out of proportion to its mass. The old Roman tower had ceased to watch for the barbarians of Liguria and for Saracen pirates, and had now nothing better to do than look down upon the dubious practices of the pleasure-resort established here, when all the rest of Europe became too hot to hold it.

The visitors had been impressed in the lobby; when they entered the halls of play they were well-nigh awed. They saw a long vista of chambers stretching before them, florid in ornament, lofty, and lighted by chandeliers all sparkling with facets of crystal. Lighted thus at night—for now there reigned a grave daylight, coming through windows closed to any views of the outer world—a sort of reverential hush and whispering tone characterized the social intercourse. All heads respectfully uncovered; if any man did not remove his hat, a liveried attendant at once called his attention to the omission. It was evident that the deity of chance exacted of his worshippers a punctilious observance of propriety.

The whereabouts of the tables, spaced with liberal intervals between, were to be discovered by the crowds around them. The people stood three and four rows deep. It was difficult to get near enough even to lose one's money. There were chairs only for a favored few; and, on comfortable enshrined benches about the sides of the room and divans in the centre, rested wearily some individuals, chiefly women, tired with the long standing the amusement entailed. The dull click of coins arose over the heads of the crowd, with the spinning of the marble in the roulette-wheels, and the familiar cries of the croupiers that reecho in all the descriptions of play,

"*Faites vos jeux, messieurs!*" and "*Rien ne va plus.*"

They went at once to the nearest table and began their study of the play eagerly, fixedly. It seemed so strange a sight that it was not likely to last. If they left it, even to make an inspection of the rooms, it might cease and disappear. The real novices regarded the smooth croupiers with wondering, indignant eyes. They found the people very peculiar, and many of them disreputable. Incautiously they talked aloud. People looked around at them severely, and they lowered their voices again. The shining roulette-wheel was a sort of lake in the centre of the green table, and the green table was marked off into numbers corresponding to compartments in the wheel, and into a few simple geometrical devices, the whole brightened up with red.

Leonard explained the main points of the game. He showed how you could put down your five-franc piece, the smallest stake, so as to have it doubled, tripled, or increased thirty-five fold; how you could play odd or even, red or black, the first half of the numbers or the last half, the foot of the columns, or *carrés* and *transversales*. Meanwhile, the money he had brought with him was making itself felt in his pocket, as with a mystic life of its own. Leonard was assuring himself stoically that one could come to Monte Carlo, even with a very large sum, and keep it quite intact. It was not difficult at all.

The party drifted asunder. The two young girls went to a different table. It appeared that they were young rogues. This was not their first visit

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to the place; they had come over once before, one rainy day, by themselves. They alleged, in laughing excuse, that there was really nothing one could do, on a rainy day, at Cannes. Amy Barr had brought a five-franc piece which she was going to play for a friend, Evelyn Moore, who had not been able to accompany them. She came excitedly, in a moment, to say she had seen the well-known Owlsbys, who had so disgraced themselves.

"Were they winning?" demanded Leonard, unconsciously forgetful, and more interested in the question whether any notable changes of luck were at last on the carpet than in the morality of the precious pair.

At other tables there were yet new types and higher play. It was one of the conditions of the place that you elbowed matrons, young and old, of the sort from whom no marriage certificate could ever be successfully demanded; but the most battered harridans observed the proprieties in the general respect for the greed for gain. The respectable women who came ignored all this, and it is not at all likely that any protest on their part would have been of use, since the patronage of the others was worth vastly more than their own.

Some of the old dames and others, of the select society at Mrs. Ripland-Hokes, were tucked comfortably away at corners of the tables. The young beauties were there too, playing daintily, Madame d'Ourlet, of the complexion of lily and rose, and Madame de Jablousky, of the incredibly slim waist.

Fanny Skelmer especially marvelled at the old people who pursued this passion—forgetting that it is a passion peculiarly affected by age, since it survives almost all others. The venerable old men with silvery beards and one leg in the grave, should have been at home, she thought, making their wills, and grandmotherly old ladies should have been knitting stockings at their own firesides.

"Look at the harpy clutch with which their lean hands put away their gains," mused Miriam. "There are types that make one think of Beatrice Esmond in her old age."

Thackeray having been quoted, more literary reminiscences were, for the moment, in order. One, and then another, mentioned various characters from fiction that had bent over such tables as these, and that we always think of when the subject of play is mooted. Gwendolen and Daniel Deronda were recalled, and Guy Livingston, the wondrous Guy—who was said to have "flinched no more at a great moral law than at a big fence"—and Cynthia Waters, and Gerard, from the "White Rose."

But the real players soon recalled them from these imaginary ones. Those who played to the gallery, as it was called, were the most entertaining, as they naturally meant to be. These were certain persons who threw down reckless stakes, apparently for the mere pleasure of astonishing the by-standers. They spent prodigal sums only to enjoy the wonder of a few idlers, not one of whom probably they had ever seen before or would ever see again.

Newman Skelmer was especially scornful at the expense of this. Presently he wandered away to study out the game by himself. He was seen with his shrewd business eye fixed upon it, trying to see if there were not some way of getting the better of it, of "beating" it, as he himself would have said. Whereas Leonard Bond lost a louis or so by way of showing his friends how to play, Skelmer gathered up more than thrice that amount, tucked it into his pocket with a complacent grin, and not the slightest intention of recommencing.

"It's the kind of a game," he said, "to suit a man who would bet heavy on three kings."

"What kind of a man would bet heavy on three kings?" Miriam asked.

"Why, three kings is really no hand at all, but it's just hand enough to fill some men's heads full of big ideas. They bluff on it, and go all to pieces when the big cards come out. So I say this game too looks good. It lures a man on; but he's got no real chance at all."

The blue Mediterranean, the flower-gardens, the mountain panorama were without, all the world of natural healthful delights, but the curtains were close-

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drawn against all these. There must be no such distractions from the absorbing business of the time and place; scarce even a breath of the fresh outer air was admitted, to modify the hectic atmosphere of play.

"See what I have won for Evelyn," cried Amy Barr, returning anew, flushed and smiling, to show a considerable handful of money. She had Wall Street blood in her veins; perhaps it was this that made the place almost too congenial, and had developed the minx already into an enterprising little gambler.

"And how have you come out for yourself?" inquired Leonard. "As well, I trust."

"Oh! on my own account not quite so well, I'm about thirty francs behind."

"And yet we pretend that Monte Carlo is not the school of all the virtues," continued Leonard, ironically. "Where else would you find an opportunity for a high moral action like this? Amy's five-franc piece might have become easily mixed up with Evelyn's, and Evelyn's with Amy's, so that it would have been impossible to say which was played first or at any given time. In the outer world, very likely there would have been confusion, and Miss Amy Barr might have made a more equal division, a better showing of profits for herself; but here——"

"Don't be silly," promptly put in the object of this eulogy. "Tell us if anybody ever really does try to defend the place. Is anything good to be said of it?"

"Why, yes; let me see—they say that gambling is a primitive passion of human nature, and you'd better let people gamble in public than drive them away to do it in holes and corners. And then Prince Albert of Monaco goes off in a yacht and makes deep-sea dredgings and reports the same to learned societies. Prince Roland too is in science in some way or other. I don't know but all the other head stockholders are. We must make a note of it as a graphic illustration of the times."

"I don't know as I see what it illustrates," said Skelmer.

Science usurping the efficacy of religion, to be sure. The robber-baron nowadays eases his conscience by founding a laboratory or an aquarium instead of a monastery."

They came finally to a few tables at the upper end of the rooms, where the game of trente-et-quarante was in progress. The lowest stake was a twenty-franc piece, instead of five, and you might put twelve thousand francs on a single chance. Here was the veritably high play. They looked on at a very fashionably dressed individual regularly playing the maximums; the novices gazed almost open-mouthed. He handled his money and his pencil and marking-card with lemon-colored gloves. He did not even keep louis d'or beside him; he had nothing less than the splendid, large, gold hundred-franc pieces, and, for the rest of his provision a thick wallet of crisp new bank-notes, which they saw rapidly diminish.

So it was *true*, then? There *was* a place where fortunes were tossed about as nothing, gold and bank-notes were but merest trifles, vast sums were forfeited on the turning of a card or the spinning of a marble.

"I did not really believe it," said Mrs. Skelmer. "When you think what merely *one* of those coins would buy for deserving people. Oh, it is wicked, it is unendurable; why *don't* they stop it?"

Skelmer, methodically calculating the transactions of this player, checked her with a gesture.

"Well, I think *he's* got about the smallest amount of amusement on record out of forty thousand francs," he observed. "That's what he has lost in the last ten minutes."

Presently the same player began to dispute with the croupier four thousand francs of winnings which were not allowed him. Fat inspector Goldstein, looking on from a high chair of observation, sustained the croupier. The player got up in a rage, and made off, muttering maledictions. Even his maledictions, however, were hardly above a gentlemanly bated breath, which little disturbed the formidable hushed quietude of the place.

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A chief inspector was called and hastened after him, talking conciliatingly. "Yes, M'seu le Duc"—"No, M'seu le Duc," they heard him say. People gathered thickly around. It was a veritable "incident."

"Bah! they can afford to give him his four thousand francs," said a bystander. "It's the Duke of Dindon. He has often lost a hundred thousand at a sitting."

The Chief Inspector thought so too, for he brought M'seu le Duc back again and made the croupier yield to him the four thousand francs. But even then, M'seu le Duc would not sit down to his game again. He thrust the bills into his pocket, and went off in unabated temper. It appeared that he would not be mollified till the next day, for such scenes were not uncommon and such was his custom. Then, as if nothing had happened, he would return and resume the egregious hazards which put his name among the foremost of all those known to this kind of disastrous financiering.

"Where *does* he get the money?" exclaimed Fanny Skelmer.

"America pays," replied her husband. "I guess you'll have to take a course of Crédit Lyonnais newspapers yourself. He's got an American wife, even richer than the one snapped up latest by that German prince who is said to be the greatest gambler in Europe."

"That would be more severe if *we* had no scapegrace husbands at home," commented Fanny Skelmer. "Oh, dear! there are some in Chicago now, that—Well, I can't tell about them here."

Leonard, too, had really been only half-hearted in his denunciation. The fever of play was mounting to his brain, his money burned in his pocket. Each of the tables they stopped at had been a centre of temptation to him. He had drunk in eagerly the small successes, and endeavored to ignore, deny, reason away the only certainty, the dire inexorable losses. He said, as each time he came,

"Perhaps the luck has changed; perhaps *this* is, at last, the day on which all is to be entirely different. Shall I be foolish enough to throw away my opportunity?"

"If we're expecting to hear anything of the concert, it's time to go in," he said to his companions.

He led them to the beautiful, rich concert-room, decorated by the masters of Parisian art. Three of the wide, easy seats that afford such comfortable rest were vacant; just three and no more. The Skelmers and Miriam sank into them; Leonard took it as a manifest sign. He made as if he would go back and look for a seat elsewhere. Miriam made a final signal to him. "Don't play."

"No," he answered, plainly; but this promise was made only with the lips, not with the heart; yet he half hoped some unseen force would enable him to keep it.

The great orchestra, that played so learnedly, gravely, tenderly, without ever a jar upon the ear of the most fastidious critic—the grand orchestra was pouring out the rich strains of the "Thousand and One Nights." He passed into the lobby and thence to the gaming-rooms again. He met almost immediately Louise Bradbury, moving about capriciously over the polished floor. People walked there as on thin ice. Her party had been out to the neighboring Café de Paris for incidental refreshment, and had made a considerable stay.

"I'm looking for a *red* table," she exclaimed, waywardly. "There's nothing but black to-day. Don't you want to help me find one?"

He went along with her almost readily. They said she was extremely lucky, and her play might serve as a guide for his own.

"So you came alone? Our party wasn't good enough for you, it seems," she chattered.

"No, I came *en famille*. The rest are in the concert-room."

"Ah! I see. Happy in love, unhappy at—" But his looks did not encourage her to continue.

"Mr. Vancoort is predicting. He's in his best vein. It's really wonderful," cried Lady Greenock, calling them. Mr. Vancoort would cover his eyes for an instant with his hand, in reflection, then announce a number. It seemed that everybody had already lost on the mystic "9" he claimed to have dreamed, and

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the same result now attended all the rest.

"It is strange," the seer apologized, "I get them right in my own mind every time; I win invariably. But there seems to be something about playing in person or even in telling others that upsets the influence."

Thus he kept his reputation with his indulgent circle.

On the other hand, to stout, dignified old Mrs. Grandmore, too much of an invalid to go to the tables herself but reposing on a comfortable sofa, various obliging young people were all bringing her at once handfuls of money they had won for her.

This served to inflame Leonard Bond's infatuation. There were those who could win; why not he? He took a hundred-franc bill from his roll, changed it into silver, and staked it piecemeal, in cautious play, taking only the even chances. He tried a plan he let Miss Bradbury recommend to him. He would not put down his money till the ball had begun to spin; so that if there were really any chance that the croupiers could place it, he should be beyond the risk of those baleful arts at least. All the same, and in but a few minutes, he was at the end of this initial capital. Within, he raged furiously, though, for the sake of his company, he struggled to preserve his most impassive mien. Yet more carking care to take away with him, yet more of the bitter experience, yet more of the leaden weight each successive visit imposed upon mind and heart, in ever-increasing burden.

"*Can* I afford this?" he demanded, with an irrational sort of disgust. "With my losses purely to show the Skelmers the game, and railway tickets added in, it has cost me something like thirty dollars for the day's excursion. But this won't do; I must have it back."

He passed up a couple more bills to the croupier, and got gold. He threw down a louis, angrily, almost like throwing it in the croupier's face. It chanced to fall near the 19th. This was the date of the month on which he was born. It was something definite at least, so he took the rake and pushed it over on that number full. Then, as if this were not enough, he piled another, and yet two others, upon the first. Just at the last moment, when the ball was making its concluding turns and the croupier was about to cry his everlasting, "Nothing goes more," he quickly bent forward, with a last unreasoning movement, and placed four more louis at the corners, making the four *carrés* with 19. He seemed to hurl at destiny defiantly.

"There, take the gold, and lay double handfuls, from the man you so ill-use, and who yet deserved so well of happiness.—Only be quick about it."

"*Rien ne va plus,*" croaked the croupier.

The ivory marble danced on the incline of the wheel, caught in one compartment after another, and flew again to the outer edge. Its gyrations grew slower and slower; it knocked as it were against the very cockles of the players' hearts. It poised capriciously on the verge of 35, almost fell into 15, a hair's breadth would have made the difference, and, tottering feebly over, found rest in—19.

"*Dix-neuf, rouge, impair et passe,*" called the croupier's mechanical voice, and he began to sweep in the losings from all sides, leaving on the table the winning stakes, to be recompensed after their kind.

"Nineteen" had indeed won; it was about as improbable as being struck by lightning, but it had won. Leonard staggered, half dazed. Occupied with the effort to preserve his self-command, he could by no possibility have counted his gains. But Miss Bradbury did it for him. You were paid in proportion to your risks; and the result of his audacity was something prodigious.

"Thirty-five times for each of the louis on the number," she calculated deftly—"a hundred and forty. Eight for each of the four *carrés*—thirty-two; —a hundred and seventy-two. In all six hundred and eighty-eight dollars, American money. Not bad at all, for a single throw, *mon ami.* Keep it up!"

It was she too who supplied the enthusiasm. He affected a calm disdain for the lucky stroke, though in truth the revival of confidence within him was immense.

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Some obliging person, with the air of a mere stranger, now made a place for him to sit down. There were said to be persons who kept seats at the table to resign opportunely to those who seemed promising victims.

He recollected a saying that advised one to "play high with the money of the bank"—that is, with money one had gained—and he followed it.

An unerring vision seemed given him now to place his money to the best advantage. If he, momentarily, lost, he would play a martingale—with increasing stakes—and would recover in a final profit the sum of many losses.

"Will you mind if I play with you, *cher monsieur?*" tremulously demanded an old woman, in a very shabby gown.

She might have played as she pleased without consulting him; it was a superstitious way of trying to borrow his luck. But when she played with him they both lost, and she abandoned the attempt.

He was as much as two thousand dollars to the good. Then a slight nervous contraction, a foreboding, passed over him. He felt that this could not last; it was too good to be true; and he rose to go.

"*Id*-iot! you have perfectly unheard-of luck," protested Louise Bradbury, in excited whispers at his elbow. "You're not going to get up and throw it away now?"

He sat down again. All still went well. He doubled his money and more; he had some fifty-two hundred dollars in all. Then he *knew* it could not last. He pushed back his chair and got up briskly, without waiting to listen to any further expostulations. He had enough for Barmasso, all the deferred payments, enough to make good his impaired capital, and something over and above even that. *He*, the unlucky one, had done this, at last. It was too wonderful for belief. A *cocotte*, with remains of a half-innocent sort of good looks, beset him, as he went away, saying impudently:

"Give us a louis, for dinner, will you? It was me being next to you, that gave you good luck."

He did not stop to dispute her claim; he had enough for all now. He handed her out the coin, and she continued her rounds, to beg still other louis from still other winners. In the warmth of his gratitude, Leonard gave a fee to his croupier also. The man took it and sent a keen little glance at his patron from half-closed eyes. Perhaps he did not feel that the august Principality had seen the last of its money yet.

Leonard threw himself upon a sofa, to think. Louise Bradbury was leaning in a plastic pose against its well-cushioned back. Piqued with him already for having repulsed her invitation to come with her party, she was almost alarmed too at the way in which the entanglement in play, into which she so ardently desired to lead him, was unexpectedly turning out. If such success should continue he would be likely to escape entirely beyond her reach. He was indifferent and distrait again. She could not turn the exaltation of his success to any sentimental account in her own favor.

"What a strange man you are!" she complained, impatiently. "You not only do not answer me, you do not even hear me."

"In this place, one is not a man; he is a gambler," he replied.

CHAPTER IV.

DINING EN PRINCE.

"I TELL you what," burst out Leonard Bond, presently, "as the upshot of this I want to give a dinner. I want to give the biggest kind of a dinner the Hotel Metropole can lay its hand to. We must have a lot of people. You can help me about this."

Louise was very willing to do so; Mrs. Lanfoot, the lively woman with the very bright hazel eyes, still more so. She charged herself to go about and give some of the invitations. Her financial resources were slender, and she got credit in this way, after a fashion she had, for paying off some of her own social debts. Any slight informality there was was easily arranged. Some of the party had been watching his play, and they were all good-naturedly ready to eat a lucky gambler's

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dinner without feeling themselves under any great obligations for it.

When Miriam and the Skelmers came out from the concert-room, Leonard was brimming over with what he had done. He walked the lobby of marble columns with the port of a king. Though this luck at play should, logically, have been the very proof he was looking for of being unhappy in love, he found he could talk it over with Miriam better than with anybody else. He rattled on to her as eager as a school-boy, told her just how it happened, what hopes and fears he had had, what *coups* he had made. He felt himself the spoiled child of fortune, the favorite of all the fates. Others might lose; others might toil and drudge through life; but he was as one created apart, everything was to turn to good in his hands.

Miriam approved the project of the dinner. They could afford it, for once, at that rate; and it would be an outlet for his excited spirits. But she hoped they were going to take this money and go away from the place and never come back to it again. He took her along with him over to the beautiful new hotel to have the aid of her delicate insight in such matters in ordering it. On the way he hailed three or four other friends, or rather acquaintances, and retained them to dine with him.

"I countermand it absolutely," he cried to Amy Barr, Lillian Skobel, and their chaperon, who purposed to go off by the 6.20 train. "We insist upon your remaining, and we will see to your getting safely home later."

To the *maître d'hotel* in the expensive restaurant he said: "Make arrangements for a *lot* of people; see that there is enough for three or four more in case we should run over the list. Don't spare anything. And, mind you, nothing but your choicest performances; there are *gourmets* coming who will appreciate them. Give us a field-day."

It was arranged that Miriam with her friends should stay in the comfortable parlor of the hotel to rest a bit before dinner, and he would rejoin them in time to receive the guests.

"And you will not go back to the tables, will you, Leonard, dear?" asked Miriam, affectionately.

But this was, by no manner of means, in Leonard's ideas. He answered her with a certain astonishment.

"Why, Miriam, what are you dreaming of? I've got the hang of it. I've got the tide with me, at last, and do you suppose I'm going to stop? What is twenty-six thousand francs? I am perfectly capable of making a hundred and seventy thousand, like Lord Buntrock, or even a million, like the Prince de Berlingot."

"Oh, Leonard, how do you know they made it?"

"*Everybody* knows they did. All the newspapers state it."

He could not forbear a twinge of conscience to think how very lately he had taken the opposite view. And yet, perhaps, under the stimulus of winning, he now began to believe the stories himself.

"You have often told me the newspapers are subsidized to spread alluring tales, and keep quiet about all the dreadful things that happen here."

The young husband pooh-poohed all this, and was so positive in his opinion, that Miriam herself was almost convinced. He strolled over to the rooms again, leaving her behind.

It wanted then but half an hour to the time for the banquet. When all the guests had assembled, the host was not yet on hand. Much more than the polite delay that custom sanctions elapsed, and still he was not forthcoming. Miriam slipped away with Skelmer to bring him. She found him deep in play again at the same table as before. She put her hand on his shoulder, and he looked around with a haggard air, saying:

"Oh, yes, Miriam, to be sure. I'm not very hungry and I had almost forgotten the engagement."

He waited for the moving wheel to stop, gathered up some small winnings it brought him, and rose and accompanied her.

"And it still continues?" she asked, with misgiving.

"No, I'm sorry to say I've lost part of it."

"How much?"

"Let me see—about two thousand dollars, I should say."

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Miriam turned pale. Two thousand dollars of that most welcome money, that delightful money, after it was actually gained and was theirs to do as they pleased with! "Oh, Leonard, how could you let any of it go? You are always saying you must have money to make you happier. We needed it so much."

"It was that cursed zero. Twice I was on the point of making an immense stake, but the zero knocks out everything, you know. If it hadn't been for that we should have had enough to satisfy us for one while. But I'll make it good. I know the trick now."

"Oh, don't, don't play again," clinging to his arm, fluttered and frightened.

"The mistake I made was in playing in off-time, between daylight and dark. I ought to have waited. Full daylight is favorable to me, or else night. We must hurry up the dinner as much as we decently can. The train doesn't go till eleven, and I'll get in another hour or two of good work, and put the record back where it was."

"I should like it so, so much, if you wouldn't try any more. Only let us keep what we've got."

He continued to disregard her protests with an extremely superior air. "Another thing, Miriam," said he, "I notice I have peculiar physical sensations when I'm going to win—a sort of warm feeling and quickened pulse way down to the ends of my fingers. On the other hand, when I'm going to lose there's a sort of chill about me. I must make a study of that and attend to it. I got too confident, you see, and went on playing on mere whims of my own."

At the dinner he was involuntarily *distrait*, and under other circumstances it might have proved a constrained affair, instead of the jollification it should be *apropos* of such a peculiar occasion. But the people of the world exerted themselves and at least amused one another very well.

Scaithwaite, with the serious burden of his "systems" off his mind, was a good *raconteur*. So, too, was even bald old Vancoort, who knew everybody and everything, having been a comfortable ornament to society all his days. Bright-eyed Mrs. Lanfoot was currently known among her acquaintance as "great fun," and Miss Bradbury was scarce her inferior. Together, they stirred up the men. They made a yachtsman, who had just raced his craft across the Atlantic, promise breakfasts on his yacht, and a naval officer a ball on his cruiser in Villefranche Harbor.

"What! not know my story about the man hanging on under a railway-bridge who let go to get a better hold?" cried Louise Bradbury. "Where have you all been? You must hear it."

And Leonard thought the implication was for him, and meant that he should not have stopped his more fortunate play when he did.

Louise Bradbury's peculiar gifts fitted her better to shine in the entertainment of a circle than in quiet *tête-à-tête*. Her mother had let her—in truth been forced to let her—do about as she pleased. Of two kinds of virtue, it might be said of her that she had that which was founded on a thorough knowledge of evil instead of an ignorance of it. It may have been founded on expediency rather than high principle; yet it was, after all, an inflexible sort of virtue. She would associate affably with free livers, and perhaps had no great prejudice even against their doings; but, beyond a certain point, all that was not for her; she had no wish to go into it; it simply did not suit her.

Her mother talked of a plan they had of taking up their permanent abode at Nice. "It is more or less cosmopolitan," she argued. "You can see people if you want to, and you need not if you don't. It has climate, comforts, and you can drive somewhere every day. As we have nothing to fix us anywhere in particular, I don't see why we should not make Nice our headquarters."

Lady Greenock showed, at an adjoining table, a lady dining in a rather flirtatious way with a young man, at dessert even puffing a cigarette.

"She gives smart parties in London. I introduced those two people," she complained, rather innocently. "They stayed at my house in Surrey, and ever

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since they have completely left me out of it. They have treated me shamefully."

Leonard had said to Miriam, in arranging for the dinner, that he wanted for once to see how it would feel to do things *en prince*. He had duly impressed the restaurateur with his ideas of magnificence, and the bill-of-fare showed it. They had *huîtres de Marennes au gratin*, with Chablis; they had *côtelettes de grives*, with Chambertin; they had *chaud-froid de filets de poulets, à la Russe*, and *petits pois à l'Anglaise*, with Château Yquem of '58.

The viands won open admiration from the guests. "It's just simply *épatant, stupéfiant*," commented Vancoort. "It knocks you out."

Naturally, this excellence showed in the bill also. "If it comes within the odd two hundred dollars—out of the five thousand two hundred—I shall call it about right," said Leonard to Miriam. But this was when his capital was at the highest. And when the accounts were in, his dinner was much nearer three hundred dollars than two.

"Lucky we didn't have to chip in and pay the shot ourselves. Well out of it, eh?" Scaithwaite let fall to Vancoort at a favorable opportunity. They had divined perfectly well what was passing during Leonard's failure to appear.

The host had bunches of beautiful roses for the ladies, though, fortunately, this was not one of the luxuries that cost dear. The party sipped their coffee and *liqueurs* with epicurean deliberation; for all his impatience to be gone, Leonard could not politely hurry them away. The restaurant opened from the bright new arcade above the Casino park. As they stepped out into the arcade, they heard merriment from another restaurant of the same luxurious sort alongside. It was the toasts and jesting of a Punch of Honor given by young officers to celebrate the advancement of a comrade to a higher grade. The windows of the few shops were hung with fine gifts for full purses, ablaze in the electric light. They strolled to the end of the terrace before turning back to separate. The moonlight whitened, like a softer daylight, the little-frequented gardens in front of the sea, and the landscape of mountain and cliff. They could plainly see Roquebrune, a little village—all ready made to the water-color brush—which had slid part way down the mountain-slope. The legend was that it had been miraculously stopped in its course by a diminutive plant, a mere sprig of broom. Some of the smokers thought good to exercise their wit upon the legend and the village.

"Town heard the climate was better below, and took a tumble to the idea," said the yachtsman, in smart American slang.

"I guess it was a sort of co-operative toboggan-slide," suggested the navy-officer. "I don't see why they didn't make a go of it, as they came down so handsomely with the rocks."

"Lacked bowld-er-ness, after all, ha ha! ha ha!" laughed Mr. Vancoort. But even his lady admirers thought the pun much too atrocious and worthy of reproof.

Leonard had after all, therefore, but a brief while at the table before train-time—the train that adapts itself to the closing of the Casino, and takes back all who have waited to see the last of it. He won or lost a trifle in this short experience, but the grand result of the afternoon remained unchanged.

There was the same group in the compartment going back as in coming, with the addition of Hazlitt, the consul, who got in at Monaco. He had by no means come in connection with the reprobate casino, but to visit his consular agents, at the Prince's seat of government proper. He listened to the story of Leonard's winnings repeated in full.

"Now then, Bond," said he, "I'm going to talk to you. You've got a very comfortable little sum, snatched from the jaws of destruction. Everything they have got is the spoil of victims, and you needn't trouble your conscience about keeping it. Your title to it is good. If you stop now, you will be a man in a million. If you go back, you lose all, as certainly as you are alive. It is only a question of a little time. If I were you I'd be the one man to laugh at Monte Carlo on the right side of my mouth. I'd stow away that money and never go near the confounded man-trap again."

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"Hazlitt cultivates us only on condition that we let him give us advice," said Leonard, indulgently explaining the Consul to the party. "Well, it does us no harm and does him lots of good; so why not?"

"So it's preaching in the desert, and hammering on cold iron, is it?" almost a trifle offended.

"If I'm a man in a million, why not have a little advantage of it? It's pretty hard to stop without getting back to my best figure. If I were there, I'd be satisfied to call quits."

"The true gambler spirit. If he lose he bemoans his lot in the bitterest terms, if he wins, no matter how much, he's as doleful because he hasn't won more. I appeal to Skelmer, as a practical business man, to say if my views are not correct."

"Oh, yes, *do* talk to him, both of you," appealed Miriam, eagerly. "He's so dreadfully set in his way, sometimes."

"If you want straight common-sense, I tell you Hazlitt is sound."

"Consul, this makes us prouder than ever to know you."

"You may not think it, but I haven't been always the quiet sort of party you see me now," Skelmer proceeded. "When I was in business out Denver way, before the doctors got in so much of their fine work on me, I was about as wild as they make 'em."

"Were you, indeed?" put in his wife, but, as she must have known by long experience the thoroughness of his conversion, it is possible that she was hardly less pleased than shocked at his admission.

"I've seen some tall games, and I sum up for you as the result of it all that the successful gambler does not exist. If he has lost, then he must play to get even; if he has won, then he must play to win more; and so it goes till the end."

"Granting all that is claimed of honesty over here, it's a brace-game; a man-trap all the same," added the Consul. "The percentage is such in their favor that they are bound to get you, as sure as the sun shines. Otherwise, they couldn't keep open a season."

"You are too many for me. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll deposit the bulk of the money in the morning and keep out only the loose coin I've got about me," examining his pockets to see what it was—"five hundred francs, to start me again. You recollect I made all I've got from an original hundred francs."

And further concession than this he would not listen to.

For upward of a week after this Leonard Bond did not return again to Monte Carlo. He himself was cooler and calmer in his mind on the succeeding day. He looked with greater respect at even the diminished figure of his winnings, and manifested no desire to go and play the surplus he had reserved for that professed purpose. He even began to work with new courage, taking up several unfinished projects, and starting an important new one.

They waked betimes at the Villa Soleil. At the first light of dawn the bugles of the Chasseurs-à-pied were wont to sound the *reveille*, and the drill-sergeants to begin putting through the awkward squads, with their monotonous "*Un, deux!*" "*Un, deux!*" down on the parade of the Place d'Armes. Earlier yet, the whole battalion sometimes started for their target-practice, at the Var, at three o'clock in the morning, going over the old road of Villefranche with their pack-mules and mountaineering apparatus complete. Somewhat disturbed at first, they came to like these evidences that people were astir. They by no means rose at once; a whiff of fragrant smoke would come up to them, they knew Barbara was kindling the kitchen fire with pine-cones, and soon she brought them their coffee in bed.

This, too, was peculiarly the hour of Little Son. No soldier that the bugles roused was a tithe as active as he. Once it was done, he was irrepressible in play. Sometimes he pretended to drive "Jojo," with strings attached to the canopy of his large antique nut-wood cradle. More often, he pattered over the floor from his father's bed to his mother's, diving into either one like a little battering-ram, and calling chiefly for a game which consisted of his being thrown down upon his back

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time after time, and greeting this with shrieks of delight. If there had been misunderstanding between the parents of Little Son over-night, his unconscious innocent gayety was a solvent of unpleasantness, an influence in the direction of better feeling hard to resist.

Leonard was nicer, too, to Miriam these late days. So, one morning, when Lucien had been talking with much zest about "the big country," by which he meant the large open country away from the houses of men, Leonard proposed to her:

"Let's go over to the new cottage, to-day. We'll take our lunch, stay there, and boss Barmasso at our ease."

His work was at that cheerful preliminary stage where he saw his way with confidence to the end, and so thought he could well allow himself a holiday at present.

On their way, Miriam wished to stop to add something to their picnic provision from the little shop of the *laitier* who supplied them with butter, milk, and eggs. A frumpish old man, a member of the Knope family, which was said to have lived in grand style at Beaulieu, but now occupied a modest châlet just above the port, was concluding some friendly words to the young market-woman in the shop.

"*Vous comprenez bien ce que je vous dis là, n'est-ce-pas?*" he said, in French having a German accent. "You must not work too hard; you must take great care of your health. Tell your husband I said so. A young woman like that must not work too hard," turning to the new-comers. "*C'est une très brave femme.* We are very fond of her."

"*Mon dieu!* yes, that is all very well," commented the *laitière*, with a half-resigned sigh, when he had gone; "but I wish they would pay us the money they owe us. It is more than a hundred francs. They have finally given us a note for it, but that was all we could do."

"And where does their money go to?"

"To Monte Carlo. They take every cent of their income over there before anybody can get any good of it."

"That eternal Monte Carlo! it seems as if we heard of nothing else in the country but the losses it occasioned," said Miriam.

"That's because people don't know how to play," said Leonard, complacently. "If you had observed my play you would have noticed its prudence as well as boldness. I am satisfied, from my late experience, that I could go over there with a moderate capital and make, say, $200 a day, right along. I don't speak now of high play, you see, but only of a moderate policy."

"I don't know what more to say to you, Leonard; I've exhausted all my arguments."

"That's a dear good girl; that's quite right; don't say anything at all; leave it to me. Two hundred dollars a day, that's, say, $70,000 a year, to be made by devoting one's attention exclusively to it. A good deal better than sending over problematic designs to unappreciative publishers, or even to appreciative ones—eh? If I had but $70,000, better still $100,000, product of only a little over a year's work, I could afford to let the place alone for good. It isn't much, but it would be quite a modest fortune for people like us. We'd give dinners, and show Nice then what good taste with a little money really could do. I should also have double or quadruple prices for my work; for not being obliged to sell, people would have to come to my terms instead of my going to theirs. When you think, though, of the difficulty of finding good investments and the low rates of interest nowadays," he went on, in his sanguine process of counting his eggs, "I think I ought to make the limit $200,000, instead."

"No, no," exclaimed Miriam almost piteously. And her protest against the higher limit had, by implication, the air of permitting him to try for the lower.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOWERY AND BOHEMIA.

By H. C. Bunner.

ONE day a good many years ago an old gentleman from Rondout-on-the-Hudson—then plain Rondout—was walking up Broadway seeing the sights. He had not been in New York in ten or twelve years, and although he was an old gentleman who always had a cask of good ale in his cellar in the winter-time, yet he had never tasted the strange German beverage called lager-beer, which he had heard and read about. So when he saw its name on a sign he went in and drank a mug, sipping it slowly and thoughtfully, as he would have sipped his old ale. He found it refreshing—peculiar—and, well, on the whole, very refreshing indeed, as he considerately told the proprietor.

But what interested him more than the beer was the sight of a group of young men seated around a table drinking beer, reading—and—yes, actually writing verses, and bandying very lively jests among themselves. The old gentleman could not help hearing their conversation, and when he went out into the street he shook his head thoughtfully.

"I wonder what my father would have said to that?" he reflected. "Young gentlemen sitting in a pot-house at high noon and turning verses like so many ballad-mongers! Well, well, well, if those are the ways of lager-beer drinkers, I'll stick to my good old ale!"

And greatly surprised would that honest old gentleman have been to know that the presence of that little group of poets and humorists attracted as much custom to good Mr. Pfaff's beer-saloon as did his fresh, cool lager; and that young men, and for the matter of that, men not so young, stole in there to listen to their contests of wit, and to wish and yearn and aspire to be of their goodly company. For the old gentleman little dreamed, as he went on his course up Broadway, that he had seen the first Bohemians of New York, and that these young men would be written about and talked about and versified about for generations to come. Unconscious of this honor he went on to Fourteenth Street to see the new square they were laying out there.

Perhaps nothing better marks the place where the city of New York got clean and clear out of provincial pettiness into metropolitan tolerance than the advent of the Bohemians. Twenty-five years earlier they would have been a scandal and a reproach to the town. Not for their literature, or for their wit, or for their hard drinking, or even for their poverty; but for their brotherhood, and for their calm indifference to all the rest of the world whom they did not care to receive into their kingdom of Bohemia. There is human nature in this; more human nature than

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there is in most provincialism. Take a community of one hundred people and

An Old Gentleman from Rondout.

let any ten of its members join themselves together and dictate the terms on which an eleventh may be admitted to their band. The whole remaining eighty-nine will quarrel for the twelfth place. But take a community of a thousand, and let ten such internal groups be formed, and every group will have to canvass more or less hard to increase its number. For the other nine hundred people, being able to pick and choose, are likely to feel a deep indifference to the question of joining any segregation at all. If group No. 2 says, "Come into my crowd, I understand they don't want you in No. 1," the individual replies: "What the deuce do I care about No. 1 or you either? Here are Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 all begging for me. If you and No. 1 keep on in your conceit you'll find yourselves left out in the cold."

And as it frequently happens to turn out that way, the dweller in a great city soon learns, in the first place, that he is less important than he thought he was; in the second place, that he is less unimportant than some people would like to have him think himself. All of which goes to show that when New Yorkers looked with easy tolerance, and some of them with open admiration, upon the Bohemians at Pfaff's saloon, they had come to be citizens of no mean city, and were making metropolitan growth.

A Bohemian may be defined as the only kind of gentleman permanently in temporary difficulties who is neither a sponge nor a cheat. He is a type that has existed in all ages and always will exist. He is a man who lacks certain elements necessary to success in this world, and who manages to keep fairly even with the world, by dint of ingenious shift and expedient; never fully succeeding, never wholly failing. He is a man, in fact, who can't swim, but can tread water. But he never, never, never calls himself a Bohemian — at least, in a somewhat wide experience, I have known only two that ever did, and one of these was a baronet. As a rule, if you overhear a man approach his acquaintance with the formula, "As one Bohemian to another," you may make up your mind that that man means an

The First Bohemians of New York.

assault upon the other man's pocketbook, and that if the assault is successful the damages will never be repaired. That man is not a Bohemian; he is a

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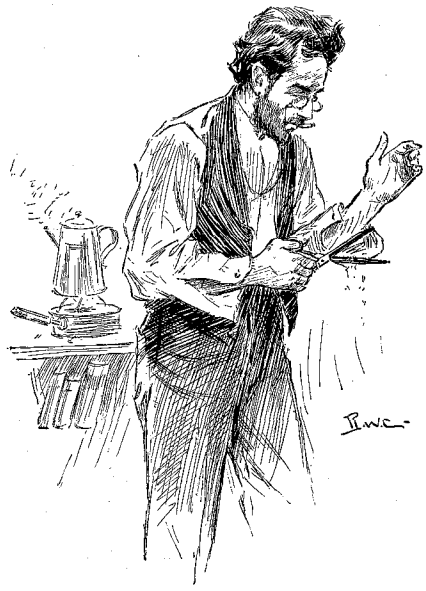
beat. Your true Bohemian always calls himself by some euphemistic name. He is always a gentleman at odds with fortune, who rolled in wealth yesterday and will to-morrow, but who at present is willing to do any work that he is sure will make him immortal, and that he



A Bohemian Toilet.

thinks may get him the price of a supper. And very often he lends more largely than he borrows.

Now the crowd which the old gentleman saw in the saloon—and he saw George Arnold, Fitz-James O'Brien, and perhaps N. P. Shepard—was a crowd of Bohemians rather by its own christening than by any ordinary application of the word. They were all young men of ability, recognized in their profession. Of those who have died, two at least have honor and literary consideration to-day; of those who lived, some have obtained celebrity, and all a reasonable measure of success. Murger's Bohemians would have called them Philistines. But they have started a tradition that will survive from generation unto generation; a tradition of delusion so long as the glamour of poetry, romance, and adventure hang around the mysteriously attractive personality of a Bohemian. Ever since then New York has had, and always will have, the posing Bohemian and his worshippers.

Ten or fifteen years ago the "French Quarter" got its literary introduction to New York, and the fact was revealed that it was the resort of real Bohemians —young men who actually lived by their wit and their wits, and who talked brilliantly over fifty-cent table-d'hôte dinners. This was the signal for the would-be Bohemian to emerge from his dainty flat or his oak-panelled studio in Washington Square, hasten down to Bleecker or Houston Street, there to eat chicken badly *braisé*, fried chuck-steak, and soggy spaghetti, and to drink thin blue wine and chiccory-coffee that he might listen to the feast of witticism and flow of soul that he expected to find at the next table. If he found it at all, he lost it at once. If he made the acquaintance of the young men at the next table, he found them to be young men of his own sort—agreeable young boys just from Columbia and Harvard, who were painting impressionless pictures for the love of Art for Art's sake, and living very comfortably on their paternal allowances. Any one of the crowd would think the world was coming to pieces if he woke up in the morning to wonder where he could get his breakfast on credit, and wonder where he could earn enough money to buy his dinner. Yet these innocent youngsters continue to pervade "The Quarter," as they call it; and as time goes on, by much drinking of ponies of brandy and smoking of cigarettes, they get to fancy that they themselves are Bohemians. And when they get tired of it all and want something good to eat, they go up to Delmonico's and get it.

And their Bohemian predecessors, who sought the French fifty-cent restaurants as *their* highest attainable luxury—what has become of them? They have fled before that incursion as a flock of birds before a whirlwind. They leave behind them, perhaps, a few of the more mean-spirited among them, who are willing to degenerate into fawners on the rich and habitual borrowers of trifling sums. But the true Bohemians, the men who have the real blood in their veins, they must seek some

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other meeting-place where they can pitch their never-abiding tents, and sit at their humble feasts to recount to each other, amid appreciative laughter, the tricks and devices and pitiful petty schemes for the gaining of daily bread that make up for them the game and comedy of life. Tell me not that Ishmael does not enjoy the wilderness. The Lord made him for it, and he would not be happy anywhere else.

There was one such child of fortune once, who brought his blue eyes over from Ireland. His harmless and gentle life closed after too many years in direst misfortune. But as long as he wandered in the depths of poverty there was one strange and mysterious thing about him. His clothes, always well brushed and well carried on a gallant form, often showed cruel signs of wear, especially when he went for a winter without an overcoat. But shabby as his garments might grow, empty as his pockets might be, his linen was always spotless, stiff, and fresh. Now everybody who has ever had occasion to consider the matter knows that by the aid of a pair of scissors the life of a collar or of a pair of cuffs can be prolonged almost indefinitely — apparent miracles had been performed in this way. But no pair of scissors will pay a laundry bill; and finally a committee of the curious waited upon this student of economics and asked him to say how he did it. He was proud and delighted to tell them.

"I-I-I'll tell ye, boys," he said, in his pleasant Dublin brogue, "but 'twas I that thought it out. I wash them, of course, in the basin—that's easy enough; but you'd think I'd be put to it to iron them, wouldn't ye, now? Well, I've invinted a substischoot for ironing—it's me big books. Through all me vicissichoods, boys, I kept me Bible and me dictionary, and I lay the collars and cuffs in the undher one and get the leg of the bureau on top of them both—and you'd be surprised at the artistic effect."

There is no class in society where the sponge, the toady, the man who is willing to receive socially without giving in return, is more quickly found out or more heartily disowned than among the genuine Bohemians. He is to them a traitor, he is one who plays the game unfairly, one who is willing to fill his belly by means to which they will not resort, lax and fantastic as is their social code. Do you know, for instance, what "Jackaling" is in New York? A Jackal is a man generally of good address, and capable of a display of good fellowship combined with much knowledge of literature and art, and a vast and intimate acquaintance with writers, musicians, and managers. He makes it his business to haunt hotels, theatrical agencies, and managers' offices, and to know whenever, in his language, "a new jay comes to town." The jay he is after is some man generally from the smaller provincial cities, who has artistic or theatrical aspirations and a pocketful of money. It is

Jackal and Jay.

the Jackal's mission to turn this jay into an "angel." Has the gentleman from Lockport come with the score of a comic opera under his arm, and two thousand dollars in his pocket? Two thousand dollars will not go far toward the production of a comic opera in these days, and the jay finds that out later; but not until after the Jackal has made him intimately acquainted with a very gentlemanly and experienced manager who thinks that it can be done for that price with strict economy. Has

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the young man of pronounced theatrical talent arrived from Keokuk with gold and a thirst for fame? The Jackal knows just the dramatist who will write him the play that he ought to star in. Does the wealthy and important person from Todunk desire to back something absolutely safe and sure in the line of theatrical speculation? The Jackal has the very thing for which he

Saturday Night on the Bowery.

is looking. And in all these, and in all similar contingencies, it is a poor Jackal who does not get his commission at both ends.

The Jackal may do all these things, but he may not, if he is treated, fail to treat in return. I do not mean to say at all that Jackaling is a business highly esteemed, even in darkest Bohemia, but it is considered legitimate, and I hope that no gentleman doing business in Wall Street, or on the Consolidated Exchange, will feel too deeply grieved when he learns the fact.

But where have the real Bohemians fled to from the presence of the too-well-disposed and too-wealthy children of the Benedick and the Holbein? Not where they are likely to find him, you may be sure. The true Bohemian does not carry his true address on his card. In fact, he is delicate to the point of sensitiveness about allowing any publicity to attach to his address. He communicates it confidentially to those with whom he has business dealings, but he carefully conceals it from the prying world. As soon as the world knows it he moves. I once asked a chief of the Bohemian tribe whose residence was the world, but whose temporary address was sometimes Paris, why he had moved from the Quartier Latin to a place in Montmartre.

"Had to, my dear fellow," he answered, with dignity; "why if you live over on that side of the river they'll call you a *Bohemian!*"

In Paris the home of wit in poverty has been moved across the Seine to the south side of the hill up which people climb to make pilgrimages to the Moulin Rouge and the church of St. Pierre de Montmartre. In New York it has been moved not only across that river of human intercourse that we call Broadway—a river with a tidal ebb and flow of travel and traffic, but across a wilder, stranger, and more turbulent flood called the Bowery, to a region of which the well-fed and prosperous New Yorker knows very, very little.

As more foreigners walk on the Bowery than walk on any other street in New York; and as more different nationalities are represented there than are represented in any other street in New York; and as the foreigners all say that the Bowery is the most marvellous thoroughfare in the world, I think we are justified in assuming that there is little reason to doubt that the foreigners are entirely right in the matter, especially as their opinion coincides with that of every American who has

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ever made even a casual attempt to size up the Bowery.

No one man can thoroughly know a great city. People say that Dickens knew London, but I am sure that Dickens would never have said it. He knew enough of London to know that no one human mind, no one mortal life can take in the complex intensity of a metropolis. Try to count a million, and then try to form a conception of the impossibility of learning all the ins and outs of the domicile of a million men, women, and children. I have met men who thought they knew New York, but I have never met a man—except a man from a remote rural district—who thought he knew the Bowery. There are agriculturists, however, all over this broad land who have entertained that supposition and acted on it—but never twice. The sense of humor is the saving grace of the American people.

In Mulberry Bend.

I first made acquaintance with the Bowery as a boy through some lithographic prints. I was interested in them, for I was looking forward to learning to shoot, and my father had told me that there used to be pretty good shooting at the upper end of the Bowery, though, of course, not so good as there was farther up near the Block House, or in the wood beyond. Besides, the pictures showed a very pretty country road with big trees on both sides of it, and comfortable farmhouses, and, I suppose, an inn with a swinging sign. I was disappointed at first, when I heard it had been all built up, but I was consoled when the glories of the real Bowery were unfolded to my youthful mind, and I heard of the butcher-boy and his red sleigh; of the Bowery Theatre and peanut gallery, and the gods, and Mr. Eddy, and the war-cry they made of his name—and a glorious old war-cry it is, better than any college cries ever invented: "*Hi*, Eddy-eddy-eddy-eddy-eddy-eddy-eddy-eddy-eddy!" of Mose and his silk locks; of the fire-engine fights, and Big Six, and "Wash-her-down!" of the pump at Houston Street; of what happened to Mr. Thackeray when he talked to the tough; of many other delightful things that made the Bowery, to my young imagination, one long avenue of romance, mystery, and thrilling adventure. And the first time I went in the flesh to the Bowery was to go with an elderly lady to an optician's shop.

"And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!"

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But the study of the Bowery that I began that day has gone on with interruption for a good many years, and I think now that I am arriving at the point where I have some faint glimmerings of the littleness of my knowledge of it as compared with what there is to be known. I do not mean to say that I can begin to size the disproportion up with any accuracy, but I think I have accomplished a good deal in getting as far as I have.

The Bowery is not a large place, for I think that, properly speaking, it is a place rather than a street or avenue. It is an irregularly shaped ellipse, of notable width in its widest part. It begins at Chatham Square, which lies on the parallel of the sixth Broadway block above City Hall, and loses its identity at the Cooper Union where Third and Fourth Avenues begin, so that it is a scant mile in all. But it is the alivest mile on the face of the earth. And it either bounds or bisects that square mile that the statisticians say is the most densely populated square mile on the face of the globe. This is the heart of the New York tenement district. As the Bowery is the Broadway of the East Side, the street of its pleasures, it would be interesting enough if it opened up only this one densely populated district. But there is much more to contribute to its infinite variety. It serves the same purpose for the Chinese colony in Mott, Pell, and Doyers Streets, and for the Italian swarms in Mulberry Bend, the most picturesque and interesting slum I have ever seen, and I am an ardent collector of slums. I have missed art galleries and palaces and theatres and cathedrals (cathedrals particularly) in various and sundry cities, but I don't think I ever missed a slum. Mulberry Bend is a narrow bend in Mulberry Street, a tortuous ravine of tall tenement-houses, and it is so full of people that the throngs going and coming spread off the sidewalk nearly to the middle of the street. There they leave a little lane for the babies to play in. No, they never get run over. There is a perfect understanding between the babies and the pedlers who drive their wagons in Mulberry Bend. The crowds are in the street partly because much of the sidewalk and all of the gutter is taken up with venders' stands, which give its characteristic feature to Mulberry Bend. There are displayed more and stranger wares than uptown people ever heard of. Probably the edibles are in the majority, certainly they are the queerest part of the show. There are trays and bins there in the Bend, containing dozens and dozens of things that you would never guess were meant to eat if you didn't happen to see a ham or a string of sausages or some other familiar object among them. But the color of the Bend—and its color is its strong point—comes from its displays of wearing apparel and candy. A lady can go out in Mulberry Bend and purchase every article of apparel, external or private and personal, that she ever heard of, and some that she never heard of, and she can get them of any shade or hue. If she likes what they call "Liberty" colors — soft, neutral tones — she can get them from the second-hand dealers whose goods have all the softest of shade that age and exposure can give them. But if she likes, as I do, bright, cheerful colors, she can get tints in Mulberry Bend that you could warm your hands on. Reds, greens, and yellows preponderate, and Nature herself would own that the Italians could give her points on inventing green and not exert themselves to do it. The pure arsenical tones are preferred in the Bend, and,

A Mulberry Bend Baker's Store.

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Here Dwell the Polish Jews with their Back-yards Full of Chickens.

by the bye, anybody who remembers the days when ladies wore magenta and solferino, and wants to have those dear old colors set his teeth on edge again, can go to the Bend and find them there. The same dye-stuffs that are popular in the dress-goods are equally popular in the candy, and candy is a chief product of Mulberry Bend. It is piled up in reckless profusion on scores of stands, here, there, and everywhere, and to call the general effect festal, would be to speak slightingly of it. The stranger who enters Mulberry Bend and sees the dress-goods and the candies is sure to think that the place has been decorated to receive him. No, nobody will hurt you if you go down there and are polite, and mind your own business, and do not step on the babies. But if you stare about and make comments I think those people will be justified in suspecting that the people uptown don't always know how to behave themselves like ladies and gentlemen, so do not bring disgrace on your neighborhood, and do not go in a cab. You will not bother the babies, but you will find it trying to your own nerves.

There is a good deal of money in Mulberry Street, and some of it overflows into the Bowery. From this street also the Baxter Street variety of Jews find their way into the Bowery. These are the Jew toughs, and there is no other type of Jew at all like them in all New York's assortment of Hebrew types, which cannot be called meagre. Of the Jewish types New York has, as the printers say, "a full case."

But it is on the other side of the Bowery that there lies a world to which the world north of Fourteenth Street is a select family party. I could not give even a partial list of its elements. Here dwell the Polish Jews with their back-yards full of chickens. The police raid those back-yards with ready assiduity, but the yards are always promptly replenished. It is the police against a religion, and the odds are against the police. The Jew will die for it, if needs be, but his chickens must be killed *kosher* way and not Christian way, but that is only the way of the Jews: the Hungarians, the Bohemians, the Anarchist Russians, the Scandinavians of all sorts who come up from the wharfs, the Irish, who are there, as everywhere, the Portuguese Jews, and all the rest of them who

Anarchist Russians.

help to form that city within a city—have they not, all of them, ways of their own? I speak of this Babylon only to say that here and there on its borders, and, once in a way, in its very heart, are rows or blocks of plain brick

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houses, homely, decent, respectable relics of the days when the sturdy, steady tradesfolk of New York built here the homes that they hoped to leave to their children. They are boarding- and lodging-houses now, poor enough, but proud in their respectability of the past, although the tide of ignorance, poverty, vice, filth, and misery is surging to their doors and their back-yard fences. And here, in hall bedrooms, in third story backs and fronts, and in half-story attics, live the Bohemians of to-day, and with them those other strugglers of poverty who are destined to become "successful men" in various branches of art, literature, science, trade, or finance. Of these latter our children will speak with hushed respect, as men who rose from small beginnings; and they will go into the school-readers of our grandchildren along with Benjamin Franklin and that contemptible wretch who got to be a great banker because he picked up a pin, as examples of what perseverance and industry can accomplish. From what I remember I foresee that those children will hate them.

I am not going to give you the addresses of the cheap restaurants where these poor, cheerful children of adversity are now eating *goulasch* and *Kartoffelsalad* instead of the spaghetti and tripe *à la mode de Caen* of their old haunts. I do not know them, and if I did, I should not hand them over to the mercies of the intrusive young men from the studios and the bachelors' chambers. I wish them good digestion of their goulasch: for those that are to climb, I wish that they may keep the generous and faithful spirit of friendly poverty; for those that are to go on to the end in fruitless struggle and in futile hope, I wish for them that that end may come in some gentle and happier region lying to the westward of that black tide that ebbs and flows by night and day along the Bowery Way.

All sorts who come up from the wharf.

AFTERWARD.

By Dorothea Lummis.

A DYING moon fell down the sky,
As one looked out to see
The place where once her soul endured
Its lengthened Calvary.

Of all the mem'ries gathered there,—
Their faces wan with tears,—
One only smiled—a baby's smile—
To rectify the years.

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JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

XXIII.

MR. RAVENEL SUGGESTS A "MORE EXCELLENT WAY."

RGED by all sorts and on all sides, the Northerners lingered a day or two more, visiting battle-fields and things. At Turkey Creek Halliday was talkative, Garnet overflowed with information, Captains Champion and Shotwell were boyish, and Colonel Proudfit got tight. They ate cold fried chicken and drank—"Whew!—stop, stop!—I can't take—Why, half that would"—etc.

"Where's Mr. Ravenel?"

"Who, Jeff-Jack? Oh, he's over yonder pickin' blackberries—no, he seldom ever touches—he has to be careful how he—Yes, sometimes he disremembers."

In town again, Halliday led the way to the public grammar and high schools. Garnet mentioned Montrose boastfully more than once.

"Why don't we go there?" asked one of the projectors, innocently.

"Oh—ah—wha'd you say, Colonel Proudfit? Yess, that's so, we pass right by it on ow way to Rosemont"—and they did, to the sweet satisfaction of the Misses Kinsington, who were resolved no railroad should come to Suez if they could prevent it.

At Rosemont Mr. Dinwiddie Pettigrew told each Northerner, as soon as he could get him from Mrs. Garnet's presence, that Virginia was the Mother of Presidents; that the first slaves ever brought to this country came in Yankee ships; that Northern envy of Southern opulence and refinement had been the mainspring of the abolition movement; and—with a smile of almost womanly heroism—that he—or his father, at least—had lost all his slaves in the war.

At Widewood, whither Garnet and Ravenel led, the travellers saw only Judge March and the scenery. He brought them water to the fence in a piggin, and with a wavering hand served it out in a gourd.

"I could 'a' served it in a glass, gentlemen, but we Southe'ne's think it's sweeteh drank fum a gode."

"We met your son at the cotillion," said one, and the father lighted up with such confident expectation of a compliment that the stranger added, cordially, "He's quite noted," though he had not heard of the affair with Leggett.

On the way back Garnet praised everything and everybody. He wished they could have seen Daphne Dalrymple! If it were not for the Northern prejudice against Southern writers, her poems would—"See that fox—ah! he's hid, now."

But the wariest game was less coy than the poetess. She wrote, that day,

> "O! hide me from the Northron's eye!
> Let me not hear his fawning voice,
> I heard the Southland matron sigh
> And saw the piteous tear that" . . .

Thus it ended; "as if," said Garnet to John, who with restrained pride showed him the manuscript, "as if grief for the past choked utterance—for the present. There's a wonderful eloquence in that silence, March, tell her to leave it as it is; dry so."

John would have done this had he not become extremely preoccupied. The affair at the old bridge was everybody's burning secret till the prospectors were gone. But the day after they left it was everybody's blazing news. Oddly enough, not what anybody had done, but what Leggett had said—in contempt of the color line—was the microscopic germ of all the

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fever. From window to window, and from porch to porch, women fed alarm with rumor and rumor with alarm, while on every sidewalk men collaborated in the invention of plans for defensive vengeance.

"Well, they've caught him—pulled him out of a dry well in Libertyville."

"I beg your pardon, he crossed the Ohio this morning at daylight."

John March was light-headed with much drinking of praise for having made it practicable to "smash this unutterable horror in the egg!"

Ravenel, near the *Courier* office, stopped at the beckon of Lazarus Graves and Charlie Champion. John was with them, laboring under the impression that they were with him. They wanted to consult Ravenel about the miscreant, and the "steps proper to be taken against him."

"When found," suggested Ravenel, and they pleasantly assented.

"Oh, yes," he said again, as the four presently moved out of the hot sun, "but if the color line hadn't been crossed already there wouldn't be any Leggett."

"But he threatens to cross it from the wrong side," replied John, posing sturdily.

Ravenel's smile broadened. "Most any man, Mr. March, could be enticed across."

The mouth of the enticer opened, but his tongue failed.

"A coat of tar and feathers will show him he mustn't even be enticed across," rejoined Lazarus.

Ravenel said something humorous about the New Dixie and a peace policy, and John's face began to show misgivings; but Captain Champion explained that the affair would be strictly select—best citizens—no liquor—no brawl—no life taking, unless violent resistance compelled it; in fact, no individual act; but——

"Yes, I know," said Ravenel, "you mean one of those irresistible eruptions of a whole people's righteous indignation, that sweeps before it the whining hypercriticisms of effeminated civilizations," and the smile went round.

"Gentlemen, there's an easier way to get rid of Cornelius; one, Captain, that won't hurt more by the recoil than by the discharge."

They were all silent. John folded his arms. Presently Graves said, meditatively,

"We don't care to hang him, just at——"

"This juncture," said Ravenel; "no, better give him ten years in the penitentiary—for bigamy."

Sunshine broke on Mr. Graves's face, and he murmured, "Go 'way!"

Champion, too, was radiant. "Hu-u-ush!" he said, "who'll get us the evidence?"

"Old Uncle Leviticus."

The more questions they asked the more pleased with the plan were John's two companions. "Why didn't you think of that?" asked each of the other in mock contempt. The youth felt his growing insignificance reach completeness as Ravenel said,

"In that case you'll not need Mr. March any longer."

"No, of course not," said John, quickly. "I was"—he forced a cough.

The other two waved good-by, and he turned to go with them, but—

"Don't you want to see me about something else, Mr. March?" said Ravenel, to detain him.

"No, sir," replied John, innocently. "Oh, no, I was——"

There came between them, homeward bound, an open parasol, a mist of muslin as sweet as a blossoming tree, a bow to Mr. Ravenel, and then a kinder one to John. "No, sir, I only——"

"Go," said Ravenel, softly. "Didn't you see? She wants you."

John overtook the dainty figure, lifted his military cap, and slackened his pace.

"Miss Fannie?" He caught step with her.

"Oh!—why, good-morning." She was delightfully cordial.

"Did you want to see me?" he asked. "Mr. Ravenel thought you did."

Fannie raised her brows and laughed. "Why, really, Mr. Ravenel oughtn't to carry his thinking to such an excess. Still, I'm not sorry for the mistake—unless you are." She glanced at him archly. "Come on," she softly added, "I do want to see you—only——"

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XXIV.

FANNIE SUGGESTS.

"Don't look so gruesome." She laughed.

John walked stiffly, frowned, and tried to twist the down on his upper lip. When only fenced and gardened dwellings were about them she spoke again.

"John, I'm unhappy."

"You, Miss Fannie?"

"Yes. As I passed you, you were standing right where you fell five years ago. For three days I've been thinking how deep in debt to you I've been ever since, and—how I've disappointed you."

The youth made no answer. He felt as if he would give ten years of his life to kneel at her feet with his face in her hands and whisper, "Pay me a little love." She laid her arm on her cottage gate, turned her face away, and added,

"And now you're disappointing me."

"I've got a right to know how, Miss Fannie, haven't I?"

Fannie's averted face sank lower. Suddenly she looked fondly up to him and nodded. "Come, sit on the steps a minute"—she smiled—"and I'll pick you a rose."

She skipped away. As she was returning her father came out.

"Why, howdy, Johnnie—Fan, I reckon I'll go to the office."

"You promised me you wouldn't!"

"Well, I'm better since I took some quinine. How's y' father, Johnnie?"

"Sir? Oh, she's not very well. She craves acids, and—Oh!—Father? he's very—I ain't seen him in a right smart while, sir. He's been sort o' puny for ——"

"Sorry," said the General, and was gone.

Fannie held the rose.

"Thank you," said John, looking from it to the kindness in her eye. But she caressed the flower and shook her head.

"It's got thorns," she said, significantly, as she sat down on a step.

"Yes, I understand. I'll take it so."

"I don't know. I'm afraid you'll not want it when"—she laid it to her lips—"when I tell you how you've disappointed me."

"Yes, I will. For—oh! Miss Fannie——"

"What, John?"

"You needn't tell me at all. I know it already. And I'm going to change it. You shan't be disappointed. I've learned an awful lot in these last three days—yes, and these last three hours. I've done my last sentimentalizing. I—I'm sure I have. I'll be too good for it, or else too bad for it! I'll always love you, Miss Fannie, even when you're not—Miss Fannie any more; but I'll never come using round you and bothering you with my—feelings." He jerked out his handkerchief, but wiped only his cap—with slow care.

"As to that, John, I shouldn't blame you if you should hate me."

"I can't, Miss Fannie. I've not done hating, I'm afraid, but I couldn't hate you—ever. You can't conceive how sweet and good you seem to anyone as wicked as I've been—and still am."

"You don't know what I mean, John."

"Yes, I do. But you didn't know how bad you were f-fooling me. And even if you had of—it must be mighty hard for some young ladies not to—to——"

"Flirt," said Fannie, looking down on her rose. "I reckon those who do find it the easiest and prettiest wickedness in the world, don't they?"

"Oh, I don't know. All my wickedness is ugly and hard. But I'm glad you expected enough of me to be disappointed."

"Yes, I did. Why, John, you never in your life offered me a sign of regard but I felt it an honor. You've often tripped and stumbled, but I—Oh, I'm too bad myself to like a perfect boy. What I like is a boy with a conscience."

"My guiding star!" murmured John.

"Oh! ridiculous!—No, I take that back! But—but—why, that's what disappoints me! If you'd made me just your first mile-board. But it hurts me—oh, it hurts me! and—far worse—it's hurting Cousin Rose Garnet! to—now, don't flush up that way—to see John March living by passion and not by principle!"

"H—oh! Miss Fannie!" He strained up a superior smile. "Is passion—are

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passions bound to be ignoble? But you're making the usual mistake——"

"How, John?" She put on a condescending patience.

"Why, in fancying you women can guide a man by——"

"Preaching?" the girl interrupted. Her face had changed. "I know we can't," she added, abstractedly. John was trying to push his advantage.

"Passion!" he exclaimed. "Passion? Miss Fannie, you look at life with a woman's view! We men—what are we without passion—all the passions? Furnaces without fire! Ships without sails!"

"True! John. And just as true for women. But without principles we're ships without rudders. Passion ought to fill our sails, yes; but if principles don't steer we're lost!"

"Now, are you not making yourself my guiding star?"

"No! I won't have the awful responsibility! I'm nothing but a misguided girl. Guiding star! Oh, fancy calling me that when your dear old——"

"Do—o—on't!"

"Then take it back and be a guiding star yourself! See here! D'you remember the day at the tournament when you were my knight? John March, can you believe it? I! me! this girl! Fannie Halliday! member of the choir! I prayed for you that day. I did, for a fact! I prayed you might come to be one of the few who are the knights of all mankind; and here you—John, if I had a thousand gold dollars I'd rather lose them in the sea than have you do what you're this day——"

"Miss Fannie, stop; I'm not doing it. It's not going to be done. But oh! if you knew what spurred me on—I can't expl——"

"You needn't. I've known all about it for years! I got it from the girls who put you to bed that night. But no one else knows it and they'll never tell. John," Fannie pushed her gaiter's tip with her parasol, "guess who was here all last evening, smoking the pipe of peace with pop."

"Jeff-Jack?"

"I mean besides him. Brother Garnet! John, what is that man mostly, fox or goose?"

"Oh, now, Miss Fannie, you're unjust! You're—you're partisan!"

"Hmm! That's what pop called me. He says Major Garnet means well, only he's a moss-back. Sakes alive! That's worse than fox and goose in one!" Her eyes danced merrily. "Why, that man's still in the siege of Vicksburg, feeding Rosemont and Suez with its mule meat, John."

"Miss Fannie, it's my benefactor you're speaking of."

"Aw! your grandmother! Look here. Why'd he bring Mr. Ravenel here—for Mr. Ravenel didn't bring him—to pow-wow with pop? Of course he had some purpose—some plan. It's only you that's all sympathies—no plans."

"Why, it's not an hour," cried John, rising, "since Jeff-Jack told me he wasn't a man of plans, other men's plans were good enough for him!"

Fannie's mouth opened and her eyes widened with merriment. "Oh—oh—mm—mm—mm." She looked up at the sky and then sidewise at the youth. "Sit down, sit down; you need the rest! Oh!" She rounded her mouth and laughed.

"Now, see here, John March, you've no right to make me behave so. Listen! I have a sneaking notion that, with some reference to your mountain lands, Brother Garnet—whom, I declare, John, I wouldn't speak to if it wasn't for Cousin Rose—has for years built you into his plans, including those he brought here last night. In a few days you'll at last be through Rosemont; but I believe he'd be glad to see you live for years yet on loves, hates, and borrowed money. Oh! for your father's sake, don't please that man that way! Why can't you plan? Why don't you guide? You plan fast enough when passion controls you; plan with your passions under your control. Build men—*build him*—into your plans. Why, John, owning as much of God's earth as you do, you're honor bound to plan."

"I know it, Miss Fannie. I've been feeling it a long time; now I see it." He started to catch up the rose she had dropped, but the laugh was hers; her foot was on it.

"You—don't you dare, sir! John,

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there's my foot's sermon. D'you see? Everybody should put his own rose and thorn, both alike, under his own foot. Shod or unshod, sir, we all have to do it. Now, why can't you bring Mr. Ravenel to see pop with a plan of your own? I believe — of course I don't know, but I suspect—Brother Garnet has left something out of his plan that you can take into yours and make yours win. Would you like to see it?" She patted her lips with her parasol handle and smiled bewitchingly.

"Would I?—what do you mean, Miss Fannie?"

"Why, I've got it here in the house. It's a secret, but"—lips and parasol again, eyes wickeder than ever—"it's something that you can see and touch. Promise you'll never tell, never-never-never."

He promised.

"Wait here." She ran into the house, trolling a song. As John sat listening for her return the thought came abruptly, "Hasn't Jeff-Jack got something to do with this?" But there was scarcely time to resent it when she reopened the door coyly, beckoned him in, passed out, and closed it; and, watchworn, wasted, more dead than alive, there stood before John the thing Garnet was omitting—Cornelius Leggett.

XXV.

UNLOADING ON JOHN.

So abject were the mulatto's smiles that John's quick loathing turned in upon himself as Leggett began, in a husky dejection——

"Mr. March, this is high tone, seh. I's proud to p'oclaim it. But I always allow this the kine o' gentleman you'd become to. Mr. March—is—is I safe?"

"You're safe from me."

"Yass, seh; thank you, seh. Of co'se you don't want to espress yo'seff of others, esceptin' this: Mr. March, is it Jedge Lynch, aw is it Jedge Law?"

"It's the Law."

In spite of himself the mulatto showed joy. "The Lawd's will be done," he sighed, giggled and sobered hurriedly.

"Mr. March, since we las' met, I's become a chile o' grace! An' therefore shell I not fear"—his tears flowed—"what the law shell do unto me! Oh, Mr. March, escuse these rivehs o' watehs—repentance is easy—salvation is light!" He stopped with a long grimace of bodily pain.

"It's my heart-complaint, p'ecipitated by the alarums an' downfall o' the other night. Death's at my do', Mr. March. Yit, I can't blame you, seh. I on'y begs yo' pahdon, seh, faw all betwix us." Tears again.

"Yass, Mr. March, I'll soon be pas' all pain. Faw I can't ass nobody to hide me fum the *Law*, an' one night in Clairwateh jail with this yeh heart-complaint 'll land me on Canaan's side. An' oh! that'll be joyful! An' yit I longs to live—jess a few days, a few days'——"

"I'll hide you," said John, gnawing his lip and tightening his folded arms.

But Cornelius soliloquized. "Yass, I longs to live to make the necessa'y repairs o' my sins. The law cayn't do that—'specially while Jedge Law jess on'y on the bench an' Jedge Lynch und' it. Oh, faw a few adhesive hours!"

"I say, I'll hide you."

"Where'bouts at, Mr. March?"

"Widewood, just inside the county line. I know a dry cave that no one else——"

Mr. Leggett's small eyes snapped. "But how kin you transpose me?"

"I'll contrive something," murmured John. "I'll be here by dark."

He passed out. Fannie saw purpose in his face and smiled.

"Well?—Can you build him in?—into your plans?"

The youth stared unintelligently. She laughed at him.

"My stars! you forgot to try! I'd like to bet he's built you into his. See here, John March, where's that rose I left on the walk, sir? John March, you're a thief and a hypocrite. Thess you get right out'n this yard befo' I sick my dog on you! there!—you made me say a bad word! I shan't stay here another second!" She flirted in, only sending back a playful glance before she shut the door with a clap, and tripped up-stairs to drop a glad line to Mr. Ravenel.

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John reached Rosemont on a badly heated horse, in time to make a rather poor show in one or two examinations, and receive written notice that he had violated certain stringent rules.

It was late at night when Lazarus Graves and Captain Champion, returning from Pulaski City, where they had been hurrying matters into shape for the prosecution of Leggett, rode down the Susie and Pussie Pike toward Suez. Where the Widewood road forked off into the forest on their left they stopped, having unexpectedly come upon a third rider bound the other way. He seemed quite alone and stood by his horse in deep shade, tightening the girth and readjusting blanket and saddle. Champion laughed and predicted his own fate after death.

"Turn that freckled face o' yo's around here, Johnnie March; we ain't Garnet and Pettigrew, an' th' ain't nothin' the matteh with that saddle."

"Howdy, Cap'm," said John, as if too busy to look up.

"Howdy yo'seff! What new devilment you up to now? None? Oh, then we didn't see nobody slide off fum behine that saddle an' slip into the bushes. Who was it, John? was it Johanna, so-called?"

"No, it was Leggett," said John.

"Oh, I reckon!" laughed the Captain.

"Come on," grumbled Graves, and they left him.

XXVI.

MR. LEGGETT'S CHICKEN-PIE POLICY.

THE youth whistled his charge out of the brush and moved on, sometimes in the saddle with the mulatto mounted behind, sometimes, where the way was steep, walking beside the tired horse. When both rode he had to bear a continual stream of tobacco-scented whisperings poured into his ear.

"Mr. March, that crowd wouldn't do me this a-way if they knowed the patri'tisms I feels to 'em. You see, it's they financialities incur the late rise in Clairwateh County scrip. Yass, seh; which I catch the fo'cas' o' they intentions in time to be infested in a good passle of it myseff."

"So that now your school-funds are all straight again?"

"Ezac'ly! all straight an' comp'ehensive. An' what shell we say then? Shell we commit sin that grace may aboun'? Supposin' I has been too trancadillious; I say jis' *supposin'* I may have evince a rather too wifely pretendencies; what does they care fo' that? No, seh, all they wants is to git shet o' me."

"And do you think they're wrong?"

"Mr. March, I does! Thass right where they misses it. Why, they *needs* me, seh! I got a new policy, Mr. March. I 'llowed to espound it las' week on the flo' of the house, same day the guvneh veto that bill we pass; yass, seh. The guvneh's too much like Garnit; he's faw the whole hawg or none. Thass not my way; my visions is mo' perspectral an' mo' clairer. Seh? Wha' d' you say?"

"Oh, nothing," laughed John. "Only a shudder of disgust."

"Yass, seh. Well, it is disgustin', ev'm to me. You see, I discerns all these here New Dixie projeckin'. I behole how they all a-makin' they sun'ry chicken-pies, which notinstanin' they all diff'ent, yit they all alike, faw they all tu'novers! Yass, seh, they all spreads hafe acrost the dish an' then tu'n back. I has been entitle Slick an' Slippery Leggett — an' yit what has I always espress myseff? Gen'le*men*, they must be sufficiend plenty o' chicken-pie to go round. An', Mr. March, if she don't *be* round, she won't *go* round. 'Tis true the scripter say, To them what hath shell be givened, an' to them what hath not shell be takened away that which seem like they hath; but the scripter's one thing an' chicken-pies anotheh."

"Listen," whispered John, stopping the horse; and when Mr. Leggett would have begun again—"Oh, do shut your everlasting——"

"P-he-he-he-he!" tittered the mulatto under his breath. John started again and Leggett resumed.

"Whew! I'm that thusty! Ain't you got no sawt o' pain-killeh about yo' clo'es? Aw! Mr. March, mos' sholy

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you is got some. No gen'leman ain't goin' to be out this time o' night 'ithout some sawt o' corrective—Lawd! I wisht you had! Cayn't we stop som'er's an' git some? Lawd! I wisht we could! I'm jest a-honin' faw some sawt o' wetness.

"But exhumin' my subjec', Mr. March, thass anotheh thing the scripters evince—that ev'y man shell be jedge' by his axe. Yass, seh, faw of co'se ev'y man got his axe to grime. I got mine. You got yo's, ain't you?—Well, o' co'se. I respec' you faw it! Yass, seh; but right thar' the question arise, is it a public axe? An' if so, is it a good one? aw is it a private axe? aw is it both? Of co'se, ef a man got a good public axe to grime, he espec'—an' you espec' him—to bring his private axe along an' git hit grime at the same junction. Thass natchiul. Thass all right an' pufficly corrosive. On'y we must take tu'ns tunnin' the grimestone. You grime my axe, I grime yo's. How does that strack you, Mr. March?"

John's reply was enthusiastic. "Why, it strikes me as positively mephitic."

"Mr. March, thass what it is! Thass the ve'y word! Now, shell me an' you fulfil the scripter—'The white man o' the mountains an' the Etheropium o' the valleys shell jine they han's an' the po' man's axe shell be grime'?' Ain't them words sweet? Ain't they jess pufficly syruptitious? My country, 'tis of thee! Oh, Mr. March, ef you knowed how much patri'tism I got!—You hear them Suez fellehs say this a white man's country, an' cayn't eveh be a rich man's country till it is a white man's——"

"See here, now; I tell you for the last time, if you value your life you'd better make less noise."

"Yass, seh. Lawd, I cayn't talk; I'm that thusty I'm a-spitt'n' cotton!—No, seh! White man ain't eveh goin' to lif hisseff up by holdin' niggeh down, an' that's the pyo chaotic truth; now, ain't it?"

"Best way is to hang the nigger up."

"Aw, Mr. March, you a-jokin'! You know I espress the truth. Ef you wants to make a rich country, you ain't got to make it a white man's country, naw a black man's country, naw yit mix the races an' make it a yaller man's country, much less a yaller woman's; no, seh! But the whole effulgence is jess this: you got to make it a po' man's country! Now, you attenuate yo' reflections on that, seh!—Seh?"

"I say that's exactly what Widewood is."

"No, seh! no, seh! I means a country what's good faw a po' man, an' Widewood cayn't eveh be that 'ithout schoolhouses, seh! But thass what me an' you can make it, Mr. March. Why, thass the hence an' the whence that my constituents an' coefficients calls me School-house Leggett. Some men cusses me that I has mix' the races in school. Well, supposin' I has—a little; I'se mix' myseff. You cayn't neveh mix em hafe so fas' in school as they mixes 'em out o' school. Yit thass not in the accawdeons o' my new policy. Mr. March, I'm faw the specie o' schools we kin git an' keep——"

John laughed again. "Oh, yes, you're sure to keep all the specie you get."

Mr. Leggett giggled. "Aw! I means that *kine* o' school. An' jiss now that happ'm to be sep'ate schools. I neveh was hawgish like my frien' Gyarnit. Gyarnit's faw Rosemont an' State aid *toe* Rosemont, an' faw nothin' else an' nobody else, fus', las', an' everlastin'. Thass jess why his projeckin' don't neveh eventuate, an' which it neveh will whilse I'm there to *pre*eventuate! Whoever hear him say, 'Mr. School-house Leggett, aw Mr. March, aw Mr. Anybody-in-God's-worl', pass yo' plate faw a few pieces o' chicken pie?' What! you heard it? Oh, Mr. March, don't you be fool'! An' yit I favo's Rosemont——"

"Why, you've made it your standing threat to burst Rosemont wide open!"

"Yass, te-he! I has often prevaricate that intention. But Law! that was pyo gas, Mr. March. I favors Rosemont, an' State aid to Rosemont—perwidin'—enough o' the said thereof to go round, an' the same size piece faw ev'y po' man's boy as faw ev'y rich man's boy. Of co's with gals it's diff'ent. Mr. March, you don't know what a frien' you been a-dislikin'!"

"They say you're in favor of railroads."

"Why, o' co'se! An' puttickly the

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Pussie an' Susie an' Great South Railroad an' State mawgage bawns in accawdeons — perwidin ! — one schoolhouse, som'er's in these-yeh th'ee counties, faw ev'y five mile' o' road they buil' ; an' a Leggettstown braynch road, yass, seh. An', Mr. March, yit, still, mo'over, perwidin', the movin' the capital to Suez, away fum the corrup' influence of Pulaski City. Faw, Mr. March, the legislatu'e will neveh be pyo anywher's else esceptin' in Suez, an' not even myseff ! Whew ! I'm that thusty——"

XXVII.

CLIMBING LOVER'S LEAP.

THE woods grew dense and pathless, and the whispering gave place to a busy fending off of the strong undergrowth. Presently John tied the horse, and the riders stepped into an open spot on a precipitous mountain side. At their left a deep gorge sank so abruptly that a small stone, casually displaced, went sliding and rattling beyond earshot. On their right a wasted moon rose and stared at them over the mountain's shoulder ; while within hand's reach, a rocky cliff, bald on its crown, stripped to the waist, and draped at its foot in foliage, towered in the shadow of the vast hill.

"Why, good Lawd, Mr. March, this is Lover's Leap ! We cayn't neveh climb up here ! "

"We've got to ! D' you reckon I brought you here to look at it ? Come on. We've only got to reach that last cedar yonder by the dead pine."

The mulatto moaned, but they climbed. As they rose the black gorge seemed to crawl under them and open its hungry jaws.

"Great Lawd ! Mr. March, this is sut'n death ! Leas'wise it is to me. I cayn't go no fu'ther, Mr. March ; I inglected to tell you I's got a pow'ful lame foot."

"Keep quiet," murmured John, "and come on. Only don't look down."

The reply was a gasp of horror. "Oh ! mussy me, you spoke too late ! Wait jess a minute, Mr. March, I'll stan' up ag'in in a minute. I jess mus' set here a minute an' enjoy the view ; it's gr-gran' !

"Yass, seh. I's a-comin', seh. I'll rise up in a few minutes ; I'm sick at my stomach, but it'll pass off if I kin jiss set still a shawt while tell it passes off."

The speaker slowly rose, grabbing the face of the rock. "Mr. March, wait a minute, I w-want to tell you. Is-is-is you w-waitin' ? Mr. March, this is pufficly safe and haza'dous, seh, I feels that, seh, but I don't like this runnin' away an' hidin' ! It's cowardly ; le's go down an' face the thing like men ! I'm goin' to crawl down back'ards ; thass the skilfullest way."

"Halt ! " growled John, and something else added "tick-tick."

"Oh ! Mr. March, faw God's sake ! Ef you mus' shoot me, shoot me whah I won't fall so fuh ! Why, I was a-jokin' ! I wa'n't a-dreamin' o' goin' back ! Heah I come, seh, look out ! Oh, please put up that-ah naysty-lookin' thing ! — Thank you, seh !—Mr. March, escuse me jiss a minute whilse I epitomize my breath a little, seh, I jiss want to recover my dizziness—This is fine, ain't it ? Oh, Lawd ! Mr. March, escuse my sinkin' down this a-way ! Oh, don't disfunnish yo'seff to come back to me, seh ; I's jiss faint and thusty. Mr. March, I ain't a-scared ; I'm jiss a-parishin' o' thust ! Lawd ! I'm jiss that bole an' rackless I'd resk twenty lives faw jiss one hafe a finger o' pyo whiskey. I dunno what'll happ'm to me ef I don't git some quick. I ain't had a drap sence the night o' the ball, an' thass what make this-yeh flatulency o' the heart. Oh ! please don't tech me ; ev'm ef you lif' me I cayn't stan'. Oh, Lawd ! the icy han' o' death is on me. I'll soon be in glory ! "

"Glory ! " answered an echo across the gorge.

John laughed. "We're nearly to the cave. If I have to carry you it will double the danger."

"Oh, yass, seh ! you go on, I'll jine you. I jis wants a few minutes to myseff faw prayer."

"Cornelius," said the cautiously stooping youth, "I'm going to take you where I said I would, if I have to carry you there in three pieces. Here—wait —I'd better tote you on my back. Put

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your arms round my neck. Now give me your legs. That's it. Now, hold firm; one false step and over we go." He slowly picked his way. Once he stopped while a stone which had crumbled from under his tread went crashing through the bushes and into the yawning gulf. The footing was terribly narrow for several rods, but at length it widened. He crouched again. "Now, get off; the rest is only some steep climbing in the bushes."

"Mr. March, I ain't eveh goin' to git down to God's blessed level groun' ag'in!"

"Think not? You'll be there in five seconds if you take hold of any dead wood. Come on."

They climbed again, hugged the cliff while they took breath, climbed once more, forebore to look down, and soon, crowding into what had seemed but a shallow cleft, were stooping under the low roof of a small cavern. Its close rocky bounds and tumbled floor sparkled here and there in the light of the matches John struck. From their pockets the pair laid out a scant store of food.

"Now I must go," said John. "I'll come again to-morrow night. You're safe here. You may find a snake or two, but you don't mind that, do you?"

"Me? Law, no! not real ones. Di'mon'-back rattle-snake hisself cayn't no mo' scare me 'n if I was a hawg. Good-by, seh."

How the heavy-eyed youth the next day finished his examinations he scarcely knew himself, but he hoped he had somehow passed. He could not slip away from Rosemont until after bedtime, and the night was half gone when he reached the cliff under Lover's Leap. A light rain increased the risk of the climb, but he reached the cave in safety only to find it deserted. On his way down he discovered ample signs that the promiscuous lover, an hour or two before, had slowly, safely, and in the "skilfullest way" reached the arms of his most dangerous but dearest love; "cooned it every step," John termed it, talking to his horse as they trudged back toward Rosemont. "What the rattlesnakes couldn't do," he said, "the bottle-snake had done."

Mr. Leggett's perils might not be over, but out of the youth's hands meant off his indulgent conscience, and John returned to his slighted books quickened in all his wilful young blood by the knowledge that a single night of adventurous magnanimity had made him henceforth master of himself, his own purposes, and his own mistakes.

XXVIII.

A SUMMONS FOR THE JUDGE.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY. It was hot, even for Suez. The river seemed to shine with heat. Yet every convenient horse-rack was crowded with horses, more than half of them under side-saddles, and in the square neighing steeds, tied to swinging limbs because too emotionally noble to share their privileges with anything they could kick, pawed, wheeled, and gazed after their vanished riders as if to say, "'Pon my word, if he hasn't gone to *church*."

The church, Parson Tombs's, was packed. Men were not few, yet the pews and the aisles, choked with chairs from end to end, were one yeast of muslins, lawns, and organdies, while everywhere the fans pulsed and danced a hundred measures at once in fascinating confusion.

In the amen pews on the right sat all Montrose; facing them, on the left, sat all Rosemont, except the principal; Garnet was with the pastor in the pulpit. The Governor of Dixie was present; the first one they of the old *régime* had actually gotten into the gubernatorial chair since the darkies had begun to vote. Two members of the Governor's staff sat in a front pew in uniform; blue!

"See that second man on the left?" whispered Captain Champion to an old army friend from Charleston; "that handsome felleh with the wavy auburn hair, soft mustache, and big, sawt o' pawnderin' eyes?"

"What! that the Governor? He can't be over thirty or thirty-one!"

"Governor, no! *he* wouldn't take the governorship; that's Jeff-Jack Ravenel, editor of the *Courier*, ablest man in

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Dixie. No, that's the Governor next to him."

"That old toad? Why, he's a moral hulk, look at his nose!"

"Yes, it's a pity, but we done the best we could—had to keep the alignment, you know. His brother leases and sublets convicts, five stockades of 'em, and ought to be one himself.

"These girls inside the altar-rail, they're the academy chorus. That one? Oh, that's Halliday's daughter. Yass, beautiful, but you should 'a' seen her three years ago. No use talkin', seh—I wouldn't say so to a Yankee, but — ow climate's hard on beauty. Teach in the acad'? Oh! no, seh, she jus' sings with 'em. Magnificent voice. Some Yankees here last week allowed they'd ruther hear her than Adelina Patti—in some sawngs.

"She's an awful man-killeh; repo't-ed engaged to five fellehs at once, Jeff-Jack included. I don't know whether it's true or not, but you know how ow Dixie gyirls ah, seh. An' yet, seh, when they marry, as they all do, where'll you find mo' devoted wives? This ain't the lan' o' divo'ces, seh; this is the lan' o' loose engagements an' tight marriages.

"D' you see that girl in the second row of Montroses, soft eyes, sawt o' deep-down roguish, round, straight neck, head set so nice on it? That's Gyarnet's daughteh. That gyirl's not as old as she looks, by three years."

He ceased. The chorus under the high pulpit stood up, sang, and sat again. Parson Tombs, above them, rose with extended arms, and the services had begun. The chorus stood again and the church choir faced them from the gallery and sang with them antiphonally, to the spiritual discomfort of many who counted it the latest agony of modernness. In the long prayer the diversity of sects and fashions showed forth; but a majority tried hard not to resent any posture different from their own, although Miss Martha Salter and many others who buried their faces in their own seats, knew that Mr. Ravenel's eyes were counting the cracks in the plastering.

Barbara knelt forward—the Montrose mode. She heard Parson Tombs confess the Job-like loathsomeness of everyone present; but his long familiar, chanting monotones fainted and died in the portals of her ears like a nurse's song, while her sinking eyelids shut not out, but in, one tallish Rosemont senior who had risen in prayer visibly heavy with the sleep he had robbed from three successive nights. The chirp of a lone cricket somewhere under the floor led her forth in a half dream beyond the town and the gleaming turnpike, across wide fields whose multitudinous, tiny life rasped and buzzed under the vibrant heat; and so on to Rosemont, dear Rosemont, and the rose mother there.

Her fan stops. An unearthly sweetness, an unconditioned bliss, a heavenly disembodiment too perfect for ecstasy, an oblivion surcharged with light, a blessed rarefaction of self that fills the house, the air, the sky, and ascends full of sweet odors and soothing sounds, wafts her up on the cadenced lullaby of the long, long prayer. Is it finished? No.

"Oh, quicken our drowsy powers!" she hears the pastor cry on a rising wave of monotone, and starts the fan again. Is she in church or in Rosemont? She sees Johanna beckoning in her old, cajoling way, asking, as in fact, not fancy, she had done the evening before, for the latest news of Cornelius, and hearing with pious thankfulness that Leggett has reappeared in his official seat, made a speech that filled the house with laughter and applause, put parties into a better humor with each other than they had been for years, and remains, and, for the present, will remain, unmolested.

Still Parson Tombs is praying. The fan waggles briskly, then more slowly—slowly—slow-ly, and sinks to rest on her white-robed bosom. The head, heavy with luminous brown hair, careens gently upon one cheek; that ineffably sweet dissolution into all nature and space comes again, and far up among the dream-clouds, just as she is about to recognize certain happy faces, there is a rush of sound, a flood of consternation, a start, a tumbling in of consciousness, the five senses leap to their stations, and she sits upright fluttering her fan and glancing round upon the

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seated congregation. The pastor has said amen.

Garnet spoke extemporaneously. The majority, who did not know every line of the sermon was written and memorized, marvelled at its facility, and even some, who knew, admitted it was wonderful for fervor, rhetorical richness, and the skill with which it "voiced the times" without so much as touching those matters which Dixie, Rosemont's Dixie, did not want touched. Parson Tombs and others moaned "Amen," "Glory," "Thaynk Gawd," etc., after every great period. Only General Halliday said to his daughter, "He's out of focus again, claiming an exclusive freedom for his own set."

The text was, "But I was born free."

Paul, the speaker said, was as profound a believer in law as in faith. Jealous for every right of his citizenship, he might humble himself, but he never lightly allowed himself to be humbled. Law is essential to every civil order, but the very laying of it upon a man makes it his title-deed to a freedom without which obedience is not obedience, nor citizenship citizenship. No man is entirely free to fill out the full round of his whole manhood who is not in some genuine, generous way an author of the laws he obeys. "At this sacred desk and on this holy day I thank God that Dixie's noble sons and daughters are at last, after great tribulations, freer from laws and government not of their own choice than ever before since war furled its torn and blood-drenched banner! We have taught the world—and it's worth the tribulation to have taught the world—under God, that a people born with freedom in the blood cannot be forced even to do right! 'What you order me to do, alien lawmaker, may be right, but I was born free!' My first duty to God is to be free, and no freedom is freedom till it is purged of all indignity!

"But mark the limitation! Freemen are not made in a day! It was to a man who had bought his freedom that Paul boasted a sort that could not be bought! God's word for it, it takes at least two generations to make true freemen; fathers to buy the freedom and sons and daughters to be born into it! Wherefore let every one to whom race and inheritance have given beauty or talent, and to whom the divine ordering of fortune and social rank has added quality and scholarship, hold it the first of civic virtues to reply to every mandate of law or fate, Law is law, and right is right, but, first of all, I was born free, and, please God, I'll die so!

"Gentlemen of the graduating class:"

Nine trim, gray jackets rose, and John March was the tallest. The speaker proceeded, but he had not spoken many words before he saw the attention of his hearers was gone. A few smiled behind their hands or bit their lips; men kept a frowning show of listening to the address; women's faces exchanged looks of pity, and John turned red to his collar. For, just behind the Governor, the noble head and feeble frame of Judge March had risen unconsciously when his son rose, and now stood among the seated multitude, gazing on the speaker and drinking in his words with a sweet, glad face. The address went on, but no one heard it. Nor did any one move to disturb the standing figure; all Suez, nay, the very girls of Montrose knew that he who seemed to stand there with trembling knees and wabbling hands was in truth not there, but was swallowed up and lost in yonder boy.

Garnet was vexed. He shortened the address, and its last, eloquent sentence was already begun when Ravenel rose, and through room swiftly made for him stepped back to Judge March. He was just in time to get an arm under his head and shoulders as he sank limply into the pew, looking up with a smile and trying to say nothing was wrong, and to attend again to the speaker. Garnet's hearers were overcome, but the effect was not his. Their gaze was on the fallen man; and when General Halliday cleared his sight with an agitated handkerchief, and one by one from the son's wide open eyes, the hot, salt tears slipped down to the twitching corners of his mouth, and the aged pastor's voice trembled in a hurried benediction, women sobbed and few eyes were dry.

"Father," said John, "can you hear me? Do you know me?"

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A glad light overspread the face for reply. But after it came a shadow, and the physician said, softly,

"He's trying to ask something."

Fannie Halliday sat fanning the patient. She glanced up to Garnet just at John's back and murmured,

"He probably wants to know if——"

John turned an eager glance to his principal, and Garnet nodded "Yes."

"Father," cried John, "I've passed! I've passed, father; I've passed! Do you hear, dear father?"

The Major touched the bending youth and murmured something more. John turned back upon him a stare of incredulity, but Garnet smiled kindly and said aloud,

"I tell you yes; it will be announced to-morrow."

"Father," cried John, stooping close to the wandering eyes, "can you see me? I'm John! I'm son! Can you hear me, father? Father, I've got first honors—first honors, father! Oh, father, look into my eyes; it will be a sign that you hear me. Father, listen, look; I'm going to be a better son—to you and to mother—Oh, he hears me! He understands—" The physician drew him away.

They carried the sick man to the nearest house. Late in the afternoon Tom Hersey and two or three others were talking together near the post-office.

"Now, f'r instance, what right had he to give that boy first honors! As sho's you're a foot high, that's a piece o' pyo log-rollin'."—The physician came by.—"Doctor, I understand Mrs. March has arrived. I hope the Jedge is betteh, seh.—What?—Why—why, you suprise—why, I'm mighty sorry to heah that, seh.—Gentle*men*, Jedge March is dead."

XXIX.

THE GOLDEN SPIKE.

About a week beyond the middle of June, 1878, when John March had been something like a year out of Rosemont and nine months a teacher of mountain lads and lasses at Widewood, Barbara finished at Montrose. She did not read her graduation essay. Its subject was Time. Its spelling was correct, and it was duly rosetted and streamered, but it was regretfully suppressed because its pages were mainly given to joyous emphasis of the advantages of wasting the hours. Miss Garnet had not been a breaker of rules; yet when she waved farewell and the younger Miss Kinsington turned back indoors saying,

"Dearest, best girl!" the sister added, sweetly—

"That we ever got rid of."

On a day near the middle of the following month there began almost at dawn to be a great stir in and about Suez. The sun came up over Widewood with a shout, hallooing to Rosemont a promise for all Dixie of the most ripening hours, thus far, of the year, and woods, fields, orchards, streams, answered with a morning incense. Johanna stood whispering loudly at Barbara's bedside:

"Weck up, honey; sun high an' scoldin'! jess a-fussin' an' a-scoldin'!" One dark hand lifted back the white mosquito-net while the other tendered a cup of coffee.

Barbara winked, scowled, laid her wrists on the maid's shoulders and smiled into her black face. Johanna put away a brown wave of hair. "Come on, missie, dat-ah young Yankee gen'leman frien' up an' out."

Barbara bit her lip in mock dismay. "Has he de-part-ed?" She had a droll liking for long words, and often deployed them as skirmishers in the rear of her sentences.

Johanna tittered. "Humph! you know mawnstus well he ain't gone. Miss Barb, dass de onyess ma-an I eveh see wear a ba-ang. Wha' fuh he do dat?"

"I must ask him," said Barbara, sipping her coffee. "It's probably in fulfilment of a vow."

The maid tittered again. "You cayn't ast as much as he kin. But dass my notice 'twix Yankees an' ow folks; Dixie man say, Fine da-ay, seh! Yankee say, You think it a-gwine fo' to ra-ain? Dixie man—Oh, no, seh! hit jiss cayn't rain to-day, seh! Den if it jiss po' down Yankee say, Don't dis-yeh look somepm like ra-ain? An' Dixie

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man—Yass, seh, hit do; hit look like rain, but Law'! hit ain't rain. You Yankees cayn't un'stan' ow Southe'n weatheh, seh!"

Only Johanna laughed. Presently Barbara asked, "Have you seen pop-a?"

"Yo' paw? Oh, yass'm, he in de wes' grove, oveh whah we 'llowin' to buil' de new dawmontory. He jiss a-po'in' info'mations into de Yankee." Barbara laughed this time—at the Yankee—and Johanna mimicked: "'Mr. Fair, yo' come to see a beautiful an' thrivin' town, seh. Suez is change' dat much yo' fatheh wouldn' know it ag'in!'"

"Pop-a's right about that, Johanna."

"Oh, yass'm." Johanna was rebuked. But Barbara smiled and by and by—"Miss Barb, kin I ax you a favo'?—Yass'm. Make yo' paw put me som'ers in de crowd to-day whah I kin see you when you draps de hammeh on de golden spike—Law'! dass de dress o' dresses! You looks highly fitt'n' to eat!"

Young Fair had come to see the last spike driven in the Pulaski City, Suez and Great South Railroad.

At breakfast Mrs. Garnet poured the coffee. Garnet told the New Englander much about New England, touching extenuatingly on the blueness of its laws, the decay of its religion, and the inevitable decline of its industries. The visitor, with only an occasional "Don't you think, however"—seemed edified. It pleased Barbara to see how often, nevertheless, his eye wandered from the speaker to the head of the board to rest on one so lovely it scarce signified that she was pale and wasted; one whose genial dignity perfected the firmness with which she declined her daughter's offer to take her place and task, and had smiled her down while Johanna smoothed away a grin.

The hour of nine struck. Fair looked startled. "Were we not to have joined Mr. Ravenel's party in Suez by this time?"

"Yes, but there's no hurry. Still, we'll start. Johanna, get your lunch-baskets. Sorry you don't meet Mr. March, sir; he's a trifle younger than you, but you'd like him. I asked him to go with us, but his mother—why, wa'n't that all right, Barb?"

"Oh, it wasn't wrong." Barbara smiled to her mother. "It was only useless; he always declines if I don't. We're very slightly acquainted. I hope that accounts for it." She arched her brows.

As she and the young visitor stood by the carriage while Johanna and the luncheon were being stowed he said something so graceful about Mrs. Garnet that Barbara looked into his face with delight and the Major had to speak his name twice before he heard it.—"Ready? Yes, quite so. Shall I sit—oh! pardon; yes—in front, certainly."

The Major drove. The young guest would gladly have talked with Barbara as she sat back of him and behind her father; but Garnet held his attention. Crossing Turkey Creek battle-ground——

"Just look at those oats! See that wheat! Cotton, ah! but you ought to see the cotton down in Blackland!"

When the pike was dusty and the horses walked they were frequently overtaken and passed by cavalcades of lank, hard-faced men in dingy home-spun, and cadaverous women with snuff-sticks and slouched sun-bonnets. Major Garnet bowed to them.

"Those are our Sandstone County mountaineers; our yoemanry, sir. Suez holds these three counties in a sort o' triple alliance. You make a great mistake, sir, to go off to-morrow without seeing the Widewood district. You've seen the Alps, and I'd just like to hear you say which of the two is the finer. There's enough mineral wealth in Widewood alone to make Suez a Pittsburg, and water-power enough to make her a Minneapolis, and we're going to make her both, sir!" The monologue became an avalanche of coal, red hematite, marble, mica, manganese, tar, timber, turpentine, lumber, lead, ochre, and barytes, with signs of silver, gold, and diamonds.

"Don't you think, however——"

"No, sir! no-o-o! far from it——"

A stifled laugh came from where Johanna's face darkened the corner it occupied. Barbara looked, but the maid seemed lost in sad revery.

"Barb, yonder's where Jeff-Jack and I stopped to dine on blackberries the

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day we got home from the war. Now, there's the railroad cut on the far side of it. There, you see, Mr. Fair, the road skirts the creek westward and then northwestward again, leaving Rosemont a mile to the northeast. See that house, Barb, about half a mile beyond the railroad? There's where the man found his plumbago." The speaker laughed and told the story. The discoverer had stolen off by night, got an expert to come and examine it, and would tell the result only to one friend, and in a whisper. "'You haven't got much plumbago,' the expert had said, 'but you've got dead oodles of silica.' You know, Barb, silica's nothing but flint, ha-ha!"

Fair smiled. In his fortnight's travel through the New Dixie plumbago was the only mineral on which he had not heard the story based.

A military horseman overtook the carriage and slackened to a fox-trot at Garnet's side. "Captain Champion, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Fair. Mr. Fair and his father have put money into our New Dixie, and he's just going around to see where he can put in more. I tell him he can't go amiss. All we want in Dixie's capital."

"Mr. Fair doesn't think so," said Barbara, with great sweetness.

"Ah! I merely asked whether capital doesn't seek its own level. Mustn't its absence be always because of some deeper necessity?"

Champion stood on his guard. "Why, I don't know why capital shouldn't be the fundamental need, seh, of a country that's been impoverished by a great waugh!"

Barbara exulted, but Garnet was for peace. "I suppose you'll find Suez swarming with men, women, and horses."

"Yes," said Champion — Fair was speaking to Barbara—"to say nothing of yahoos, centaurs, and niggehs." The Major's abundant laugh flattered him; he promised to join the party at luncheon, lifted his plumed shako, and galloped away. Garnet drove into the edge of the town at a trot.

"Here's where the reservoir's to be," he said, and spun down the slope into the shaded avenue, and so to the town's centre.

"Laws-a-me! Miss Barb," whispered Johanna, "but dis-yeh town is change'! New hotel! brick! th'ee sto'ies high!" Barbara touched her for silence.

"But look at de new sto'es!" murmured the girl. Negroes—the men in dirty dusters, the women in smart calicoes, girls in dowdy muslins and boys' hats—and mountain whites, coatless men, shoeless women—hung about the counters dawdling away their small change.

"Colored and white treated precisely alike, you notice," said Garnet, and Barbara suppressed a faint grunt from Johanna.

Trade had spread into side-streets. Drinking-houses were gayly bedight and busy.

"That's the new *Courier* building."

The main crowd had gone down to the railway tracks, and it was midsummer, yet you could see and feel the town's youth.

"Why, the nig—colored people have built themselves a six-hundred dollar church; we white folks helped them," said Garnet, who had given fifty cents. "See that new sidewalk? Our chain-gang did that, sir; made the bricks and laid the pavement."

The court-house was newly painted. Only Hotel Swanee and the two white churches remained untouched, sleeping on in green shade and sweet age.

The Garnets' wheels bickered down the town's southern edge and out upon a low slope of yellow, deep-gullied sand and clay that scarce kept on a few weeds to hide its nakedness while gathering old duds and tins.

"Yonder are the people, and here, sir," Garnet pointed to where the green Swanee lay sweltering like the Nile, "is the stream that makes the tears trickle in every true Southerner's heart when he hears its song."

"Still 'Always longing for the old plantation?'" asked the youth.

"Yes," said Barbara, defiantly.

The carriage stopped; half a dozen black ragamuffins rushed up offering to take it in charge, and its occupants presently stood among the people of three counties. For Blackland, Clearwater, and Sandstone had gathered here

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a hundred or two of their gentlest under two long sheds on either side of the track, and the sturdier multitude under green booths or out in the sunlight about yonder dazzling gun, to hail the screaming herald of a new destiny; a destiny that openly promised only wealth, yet freighted with profounder changes; changes which, ban or delay them as they might, would still be destiny at last.

Entering a shed Barbara laughed with delight. "Fannie!"

"Barb!" cried Fannie. A volley of salutations followed: "Good-morning Major"—"Why, howdy, Doctor.—Howdy, Jeff-Jack.—Shotwell, how are you? Lemme make you acquainted with Mr. Fair. Mr. Fair, Captain Shotwell. Mr. Fair and his father, Captain, have put some money into our"—A tall, sallow, youngish man touched the speaker's elbow—"Why, *hell*-low, Proudfit! Colonel Proudfit, lemme make you," etc.—"I hope you brought—why, Sister Proudfit, I decl'—aha, ha, ha!—You know Barb?"

General Halliday said, "John Wesley, how goes it?"

Garnet sobered. "Good-morning, Launcelot. Mr. Fair, lemme make you acquainted with General Halliday. You mustn't believe all he says—ha, ha, ha! Still, when a Radical does speak well of us you may know it's so! Launcelot, Mr. Fair and his father have put some money"—Half a dozen voices said "Sh-sh!"

"Ladies and gentle*men!*" cried Captain Shotwell. "The first ha-alf—the fro'—the front ha-alf of the tra-ain—of the expected tra-ain—is full of people from Pula-aski City! The ster'—the rear ha-alf is reserved faw the one hundred holdehs of these red tickets." (Applause.) "Ayfter the shor'—brief puffawn'—cerem'—exercises, the tra-ain, bein' filled, will run up to Pula-aski City, leave that section of which, aw toe which, aw at least in which, that is, belonging toe—I mean the people contaaining the Pula-aski City section (laughter and applause)—or rather the section contained by the Pu—(deafening laughter)—I should sa-ay the city containing the Pula-as'—(roars of laughter)—Well, gentlemen, if you know what I want to say betteh than I do, jest say it yo'se'ves an'——"

His face was red and he added something unintelligible about them all going to a terminus not on that road, while Captain Champion, coming to his rescue, proclaimed that the Suez section would be brought back, "expectin' to arrive hyeh an hou' by sun. An' now, ladies and gentle*men*, I propose three cheers faw that gallant an' accomplished gen'leman, Cap'm Shotwell—hip-hip—" And the company gave them, with a tiger.

At that moment, faint and far, the whistle sounded. The great outer crowd ran together, looking, all one way. Again it sounded, nearer; and then again, near and loud. The multitude huzzaed; the bell clanged; gay with flags the train came thundering in; out in the blazing sunlight Captain Champion, with sword unsheathed, cried "Fire!" The gun flashed and crashed, the earth shook, the people's long shout went up, the sax-horns sang "Way Down upon the Swanee River"—and the tears of a true Southerner leaped into Barbara's eyes. She turned and caught young Fair smiling at it all, and, most of all at her, yet in a way that earned her own smile.

The speeches were short and stirring. When Ravenel began—"Friends and fellow-citizens, this is our Susie's wedding," the people could hardly be done cheering. Then Barbara, by him led forth and followed by Johanna's eager eyes, gave the spike its first wavering tap, the president of the road drove it home, and "Susie" was bound in wedlock to the Age. Married for money, some might say. Yet married, bound—despite all incompatibilities—to be shaped—if not at once by choice, then at last by merciless necessity—to all that Age's lines and standards, to walk wherever it should lead, partner in all its vicissitudes, pains, and fates.

The train moved. Mr. Fair sat with Barbara. Major Grant secured a seat beside Sister Proudfit—"aha—ha-ha!"—"t-he-he-he-he!" Fannie gave Shotwell the place beside her, and so on. Even Johanna, by taking a child in her lap, got a seat. But Ravenel and

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Colonel Proudfit had to stand up beside Fannie and Barbara. Thus it fell out that when everyone laughed at a moonshiner's upsetting on a pile of loose telegraph poles, Ravenel, looking out over the swarm of heads, saw something which moved him to pull the bell-cord.

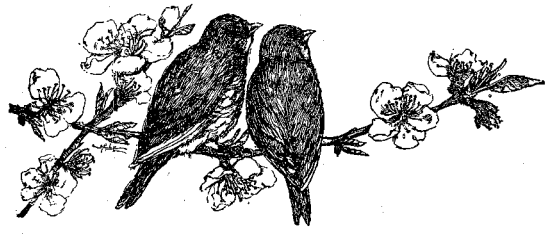
"Two people wanting to get on," said Shotwell, as Ravenel went to the coach's rear platform. "They in a buggy. Now they out. Here they—Law', Miss Fannie, who you reckon it is? Guess! You *cayn't* miss!"

Barbara, with studied indifference, asked Fair the time of day.

"There," said Shotwell, "they've gone into the cah behind us."

"Sister March and her son," observed Garnet to Mrs. Proudfit, and the train moved on.

(To be continued.)



SPRING SONG.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

Sing me a song of the early spring,
  Of the yellow light where the clear air cools,
Of the lithe willows bourgeoning
  In the amber pools.

Sing me a song of the spangled dells,
  Where hepaticas tremble in starry groups,
Of the violets swinging their golden bells
  As the light wind swoops.

Sing me a song of the shallow lakes,
  Of the hollow fall of the nimble rill,
Of the trolling rapture the robin wakes
  On the windy hill.

Sing me a song of the gleaming swift,
  Of the vivid Maryland-yellow-throat,
Of the vesper sparrow's silver drift
  From the rise remote.

Sing me a song of the crystal cage,
  Where the tender plants in the frames are set,
Where kneels my love Armitage,
  Planting the pleasant mignonette.

Sing me a song of the glow afar,
  Of the misty air and the crocus light,
Of the new moon following a silver star
  Through the early night.

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FRENCH CARICATURE OF TO-DAY.

By Arsène Alexandre.

IT is not as easy as one might suppose for a Frenchman to speak fittingly of French Caricature when he addresses foreign readers. His position is equally embarrassing whether he seeks to convince these readers that his compatriots are, as they say in France, "the most *spirituel* people on earth," or prefers to recognize at once that such a compliment is not always deserved.

"The most spirituel people on earth"—that is one of the things that it is very well to say among ourselves, but that come with a bad grace when we say them to other people who may also have plenty of wit. On the other hand, to set out to prove the contrary is by no means a pleasant rôle; we generally know our faults pretty thoroughly, but we do not like to confess them. The best course is to seek a happy medium, and until we can reach some real conclusion, not to say anything in advance either on one side or the other. The best eulogium that we can give French caricature, regarded as an art, will be to show the principal caricaturists as they are.

But first of all, is there, properly speaking, a French caricature? It is easy to point out what is the characteristic of German caricature, for example, or of English caricature. Among the Germans it is a peculiar inventiveness, a turn of wit at the same time ingenious and grotesque, unexpected and full of straightforwardness. The laugh it excites is hearty and broad. There is not much depth of observation in it, but it grasps in an instant whatever in a situation or in an individual can furnish the material for a transformation or an accident. In German caricature you will constantly find ideas which are in themselves absolutely absurd, but which are perfect discoveries of drollery, such as would only be expected from a dreamy and patient race. For things like this, Wilhelm Busch and Oberländer are minds absolutely without a rival. English caricature (and by this I mean especially that of the last century) is equally easy to define, with its masters like Hogarth, Rawlinson, and Gillray. Here there is great spirit in execution, largeness of design, an imagination almost startling, and the very *outrance* of the sentiment of burlesque.

All these powers, with more or less talent, are found too in the general body of English or German caricature. In the *average* of French caricature, on the contrary, we find almost none of those qualities which distinguish the great caricaturists born now and then in our country. Even those who imitate them almost never succeed in catching the least particle of their wit. One might be tempted to say that the more they imitate them the less they resemble them. There is nothing in common between the work of our masters in caricature and the ordinary run of the productions reputed comic with us.

In this ordinary run, facile and mediocre as it is, hardly anything can be called a characteristic except a certain light and superficial gayety, not always very generous in its spirit, and often of a taste not above mediocrity—but withal a certain dash, with which the average passer-by, if he is good-natured, may be content. This is not sufficient, perhaps, to give to French caricature any very personal or attractive physiognomy, and taken generally, its greatest fault is that it does not make you *think;* but with certain masters of the art all this changes. The observation deepens and penetrates into the most intimate human secrets, and the drawing takes on an epic, magisterial character. The laugh which it excites has a shade of true philosophy, the satire stings and burns. These are no longer jokes, but real scenes in comedy. In even enumerating these strong characteristics, which break over at once the narrow limits represented by the word "Caricature," I seem to call up the figure of

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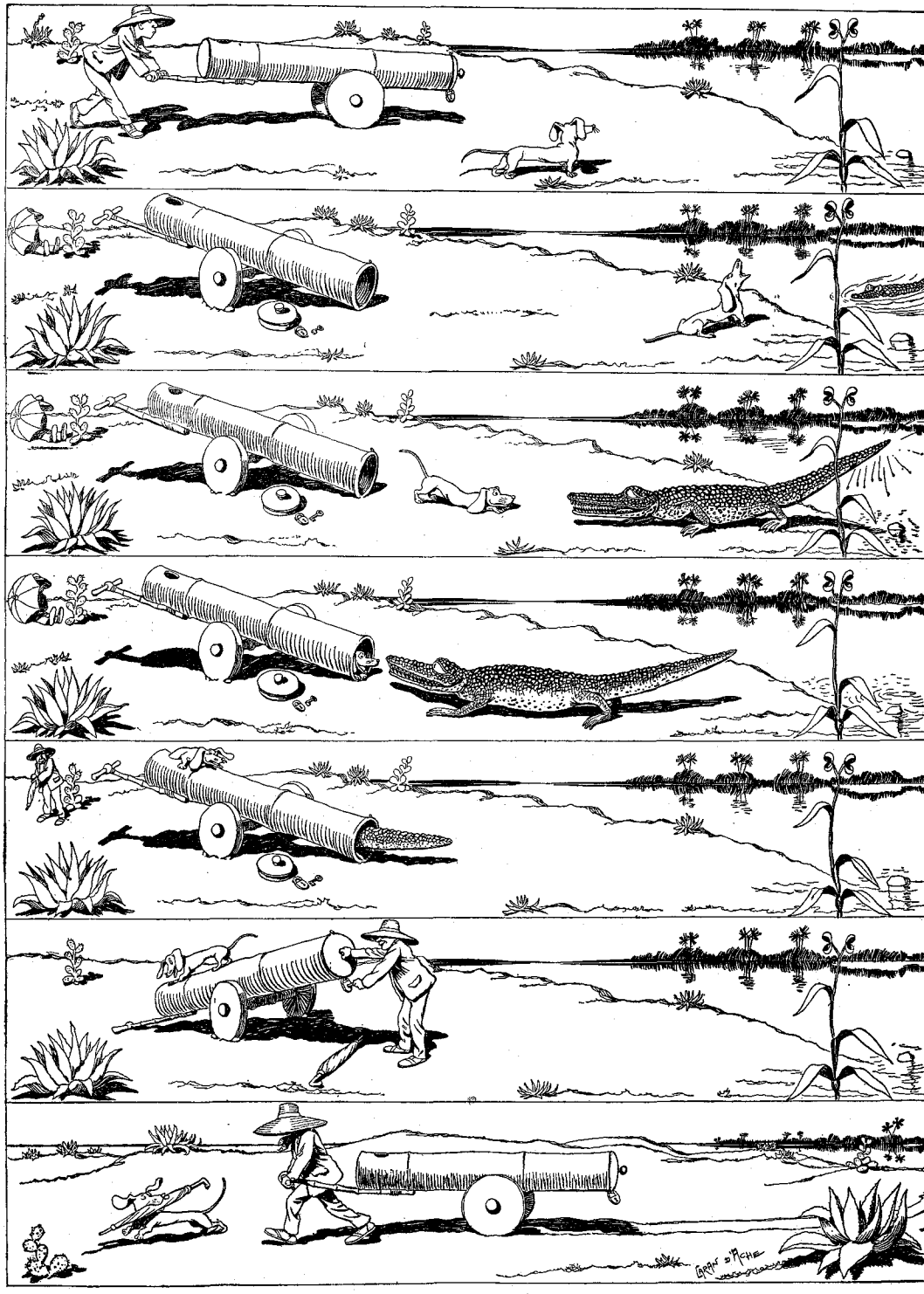

The Crocodile Hunt.

(Drawn by Caran d'Ache for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

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our great caricaturist and *peintre de mœurs*, Honoré Daumier. He was one of our finest painters, and one of the greatest caricaturists of any period.

Among others there is a graceful and winged fancy; a flashing *espièglerie;* an elegant impertinence, sometimes going so far that it could only be expressed in an untranslatable word—*rosserie;* especially a constant preoccupation with Woman, which, big children as we are, implies almost as much fear as raillery. But the artists in whom these different tendencies are embodied are hardly more than half a dozen (of course I speak of the present moment); those who, if it cannot be absolutely demonstrated that we have, like other nations, an excellent caricature, enable us to say that we have at least a few *caricaturists* of the first rank.

The general aspect of the *art du rire* in France and at the present time, may be studied from three points of view, politics, pure fancy, and the study of manners. It is interesting to notice the tone which fashion and circumstances have for some time past combined to give to each of these three genres. I have before me, while I write these lines, the original plaster of Daumier's *Ratapoil.* This is the statuette which the artist modelled about 1850, and which served him as a type in his vigorous series of satires against the political agents who worked for Prince Louis Napoleon, and finally assisted in the *coup d'état.* It is decidedly instructive, this statuette. In the first place, it is in itself a superb piece of work, both in action and conception. Further, it is the product of a moment of anger, an outburst of fiery passion. And it is a memorial of a time when such a caricature exposed its author to the greatest dangers. Judged by this triple distinction, it may certainly be said that, in comparison with this kind of satire political caricature no longer exists among us; or at least that it is at present in a state of lethargy.

As a matter of fact, the political caricatures of the present day have nothing remarkable in their execution. They are hardly ever inspired by any ardent passion; it seems as though the more benignant atmosphere of our day were less favorable than that of old to the hatching of ideas of vengeance. Strictly speaking, one could get on without the first condition; political caricature need not be very strictly held to keeping itself a work of art; there have been times, the French Revolution for example, where it has improvised most extraordinary productions. But *that* caricature breathed battle, hatred, vehement longings; and there are rude posters, drawn as though by a child, which are even now truly dramatic or full of a sanguinary buffoonery: they symbolize the cry of a whole nation.

But nowadays in the great body of French society hardly anyone believes in politics; the general belief is that they are a conflict of interests rather than a conflict of convictions; and therefore that, if business goes on fairly well, there is no special need of exciting one's self for or against either events or persons. Changes of ministry? there are two or three every year. It comes to be almost a matter of the almanac. The ministers themselves? they are generally good fellows enough, without any great brilliancy, neither handsome nor ugly, neither good nor bad, who come up from time to time, and from time to time retire for a chance to rest. When by the aid of a photograph they have been represented as Auvergnats, or monkeys, or bears, in a general's uniform or an acrobat's costume, there is no opportunity left for any special novelty; and it may be said that if in this sort of thing there still exists an art of political caricature, it is nothing more than an old habit. One of the skits which has had most success is that which consists in representing M. Carnot dressed in a black coat, making the angular gestures of a wooden manikin. The extreme correctness of *tenue* of the President and the seriousness of his bearing and movements have given some material for this joke; but there is no special malice in it, and it certainly could not pass for a very striking satire.

Some serious political events have happened in the last few years. Among those which brought about the most exciting crises may certainly be numbered the Boulanger affair and the

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Panama scandal. Yet neither of them gave birth to a really good satire, and no striking or permanent type was created by them. It may be said that the material offered itself, had it not been that the public was indifferent; satire thrives on the wrath of the multitude, but is destroyed by its indifference. It was not infrequent, in the time of Boulangism, to see caricaturists (and by no means the worst) first hostile, then enthusiastic, and then hostile again in their attitude toward the general. As for the Panama affair, it did, as a matter of fact, excite the fancy of our best two humorists, Forain and Willette. Forain from day to day invented a series of compositions which were collected in a small album, "Les Temps difficiles," where the persons who had been disturbed by "investigations" found themselves chaffed in a highly amusing fashion. There is a company of ladies at five o'clock tea, for example; one of them, as she takes her cup of tea, says, "Do you know they have in Mazas [the prison] a kind of little biscuit of black bread that is capital buttered?" or on another page the wife of a deputy is saying to her husband, "I am entirely of your son's opinion, you have dishonored us by taking the money, but then you are going to ruin us if you give it back;" and the drawing which we reproduce, one of the most comical of all. A personage of pompous and well-fed appearance is speaking, while he is finishing his morning shave, to a reporter who is sitting by diligently taking notes: "Say, if you please, to your readers that, desiring to see France respected and prosperous, I am about to send back to the liquidator of the Panama company the 75,711 francs which I never received." Another little album, also very funny, made by Caran d'Ache, had the form of a check-book; and on each of the checks was an episode of the curious adventures of a deputy who, the victim of the insistance of a single idea, ends at last by taking the money without knowing it, during his sleep. A comical thing in the philosophy of these caricatures relating to the Panama matter, was that the victims were no better treated than the guilty. Willette, in a series of typical sketches, showed his Pierrot strumming an ironical tune on a guitar to the shop-keepers who had invested, for speculative purposes the money that they had got by selling adulterated wine, cow beef for ox beef, etc.

Clearly all this showed more "blague" than real and bitter satire. Now and then, however, there are events which more than others stir the temper and the bile of certain caricaturists. Every time, for instance, that there are troubles in the Latin quarter, or that skirmishes take place in the street (as seldom happens), one is sure to see the excellent Willette emerge from his ironical calm and elegant reverie, from his perpetual romance between Pierrot and the stylish little Montmartre Parisienne (always so prettily dressed), to represent the magistrates in a light which is anything but flattering. Then you may see the little Montmartroise, who can fire a gun in time of need without losing her smile, climb on the barricade and make a charming *pied-de-nez* at the astounded authorities.

Madame Patrie.
"She eats her own children."
A design by Luce in an anarchist journal, *Père Peinard*.

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Foreign politics, thanks to Chauvinism—that narrower form of our patriotism—seem to supply a little more animation to current caricature. I do not think it would be interesting to enumerate for you the names or the pseudonyms of those who every week, in more or less crudely colored pictures, avenge on behalf of France the evil designs of the Triple Alliance; generally representing Italy by a Bersagliere or a Trasteverina with her short skirt and white cap, Germany by a more or less repulsive personage rigged out in a pointed helmet, etc. The rather habitual ignorance of the French about foreigners makes these jokes very seldom significant. It is true that the anti-French caricatures coming from the countries of the Triple Alliance are not of much more value, and perhaps the moral to be drawn is that international hatreds are rather poor sources of inspiration. On the day when we realize the United States of Europe this form of caricature will disappear, unless indeed before that time some terrible war shall bring to the front among us a truly great draughtsman, and give to art some noble pages like those which the events of 1870 inspired in Daumier, Cham, and even Grévin himself.

"The Cholera at Last!"

(Drawn by Willette for the *Chat Noir* in 1882.)

If hostility is not a good inspirer of international caricatures, sympathy has hardly produced a more brilliant result. The Franco-Russian fêtes only brought out, in my opinion, two good caricatures—one by Willette, in the *Courrier Français*—good on account of its elegance—a rather dishevelled little woman who is manifesting her enthusiasm by climbing a lamp-post; the other by Pépin, in the *Grelot*, on account of its frankness and good sense rather than its character: a Russian Admiral besieged with vivats and genuflexions, and underneath this legend: "But, *sacré bleu!* treat us like allies if you like, but not like saviours!" As this was the only caricature in this spirit, and as people affected not to notice it (doubtless because all truth isn't agreeable to hear), I have thought it well to point it out especially.

Without dwelling too long on this point, I ought to mention also that Anti-Semitism has occupied rather a large place in contemporary caricature. At the beginning it was the great *cheval de bataille* of Willette; but just now he is rather neglecting the Israelites. Forain, for his part, without bringing into the matter any particular bitterness or fighting spirit, has sometimes drawn them in a very biting way. Apart from these two artists, the gen-

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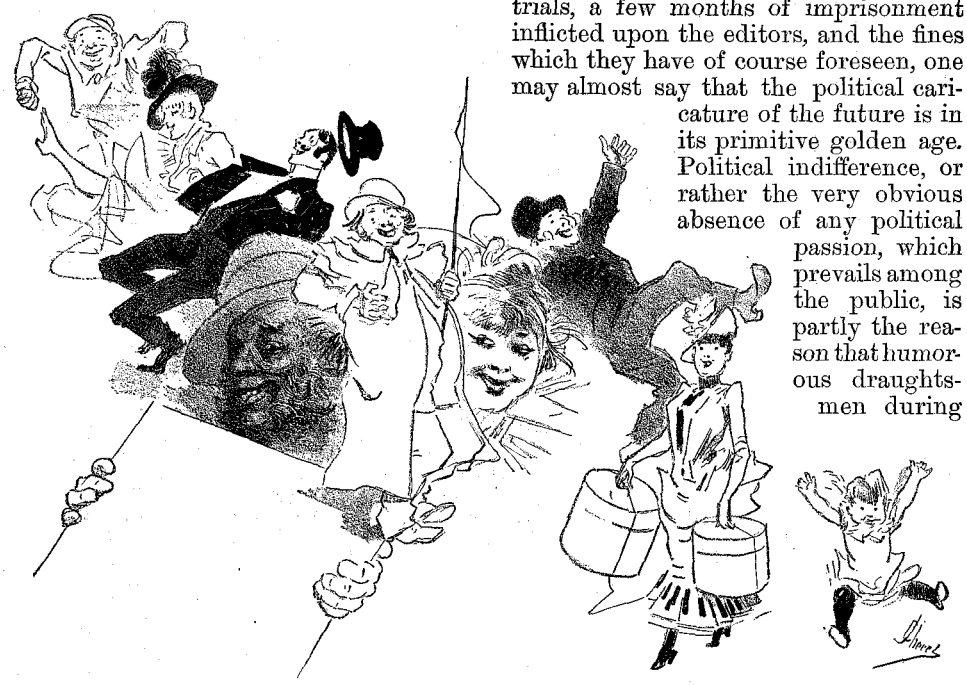
eral run of the antisemitic caricature is rather mediocre.

The real political struggle which seems likely to have its turn, and to inspire really rancorous and sharply characterized work, is that which is beginning between bourgeois and parliamentary society and the anarchist party. Without entering here into a political discussion, it is noticeable that the younger artistic schools have always shown sympathy with the most radical parties; and therefore it is not surprising to find at this moment young artists of real worth making their profession of faith in anarchy, and collaborating more or less openly with *Père Peinard*. The recent representation of the *Ennemi du peuple* has been very curious from this point of view, and the two or three anarchist caricatures which I send you indisputably show a certain bitter *gaudium certaminis* and rude vigor like those which formerly inspired in Daumier his celebrated lithograph of the "Rue Transnonain." But one may fairly say that even here the accent belonging to true caricature or satire has not reached its maximum intensity. It takes a sanguinary struggle and merciless persecution to bring out the strength of political caricaturists, and as just now it all comes to a few press trials, a few months of imprisonment inflicted upon the editors, and the fines which they have of course foreseen, one may almost say that the political caricature of the future is in its primitive golden age. Political indifference, or rather the very obvious absence of any political passion, which prevails among the public, is partly the reason that humorous draughtsmen during these last few years have devoted themselves much more willingly to pure fancy and to the study of manners. The French fancy has continued, beyond dispute, thanks to some of these artists, to be piquant, light, and fascinating. It may be said to exercise itself chiefly on three classes of subjects: the details of the moment from day to day, general subjects of life and sentiment, and finally the evocation of the past.



The Title-page of "Paris qui Rit" (Jules Lévy, Paris).
(Drawn by J. Cheret.)

In a paper as short as this it is literally impossible to give a complete idea of the thousand and one caprices which the imagination of our artists embellishes and multiplies. I can only give a few very summary indications. In the first place it must be said that the caricature of the moment, the *caricature-faits-divers*, as one might call it, such as Cham, for instance, practises, is tending gradually to disappear; as the

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chronique of "Mots" is disappearing, and of *nouvelles à la main* such as was formerly made brilliant by Villemot, Monselet, and Rochefort, and such as Aurélien Scholl still supports, always as brilliantly as at its beginning. It still exists, this *caricature d'actualité*, but under another form; and it might be said that Willette is one of those who have chiefly contributed to transform and elevate it. He introduced into it a gayety quite *sui generis*, capering and fantastic, a kind of cult of the elegance of the Parisian woman. His inspiration is like that of Pierrot—whom he has made his favorite character, by the way. But sometimes it has just a touch of bitterness and melancholy, such as poor Pierrot himself often has in his attacks of the blues. Pierrot is not only Willette's hero, he is Willette himself. His friends call him so familiarly; he has Pierrot's ways, almost his face, and he follows the same line of conduct in his life. He has his carelessness, and yet at the same time a mind which is restless and unhappy at bottom. It is more than ten years now since Willette made his début at the *Chat Noir*. Then he went to the *Courrier Français;* and then founded a journal of his own, the *Pierrot*, in which he poured out his most charming fancies. Finally he went back to the *Courrier Français*. The lack of persistence in Willette, his want of aptitude for business and advertising, his capricious and undisciplined spirit, account for his not having been favored by fortune in spite of his very important work, and of a talent always fertile in happy hits. The proverb says one cannot have everything; and without his faults Willette would not be Willette. However things may go, you will always find him in the front rank when it is a question of protesting against an injustice. His protests take a subtle form, and generally there is involuntarily mixed with them a certain sensuous grace. He showed us one day in a sketch his ideal of battle, in a drawing representing a deliciously pretty little grisette with short skirts on a barricade, loading a gun with the pen of a writer and draughtsman.

Jules Cheret is not exactly a caricaturist, neither is he a journalist; and yet in his way he, too, is tributary both to the moment and to the laugh-provoking art. In his *affiches* he announces the lighter events of the day, the popular plays, balls, and concerts, new productions, sales in the great shops, etc., and for each of these sub-

Some of Robida's Types.
(From *La Caricature.*)

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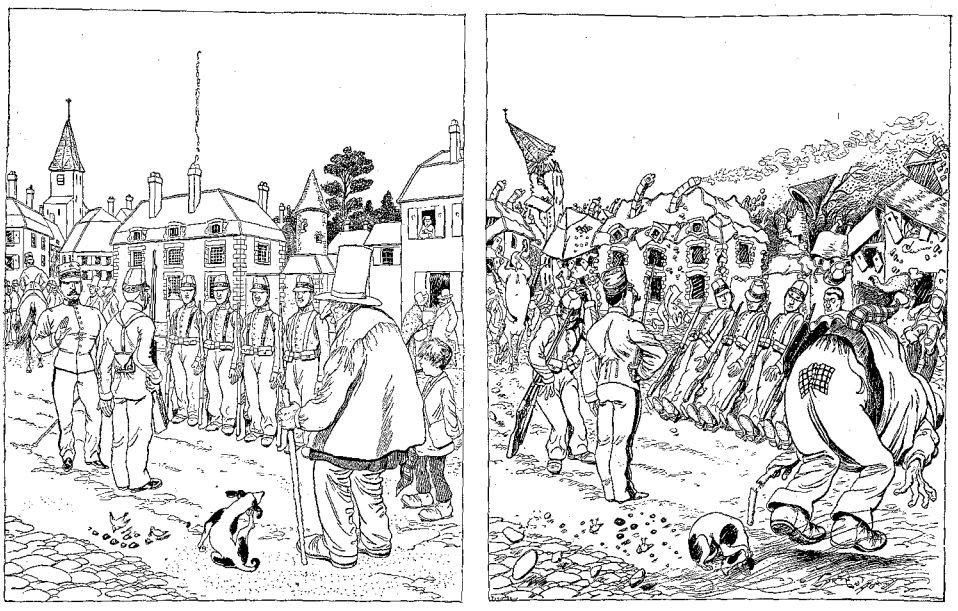

"A Voice of Thunder."

CORPORAL ZEPHYR (*giving an order*). — Attention! Carry ar-r-rms!

LIEUTENANT JERIQUOT.—That's not the way. Louder, corporal! Listen to me now. CARRY AR-R-RMS!!!

(From Caran d'Ache's Album "Bric-a-Brac," Plon.)

jects, dull enough apparently, he finds a most attractive scheme of colors, files, and merry groups of characters tumbling over one another, frisking women, comic maskers, all sorts of puppets which bring a smile to the lips and give to the very walls of the houses—that newspaper of the street—an effect of gayety.

This brings us to speak of the retrospective humorists; for it is not far from fairy myth to history. Henri Pille has been of late years one of the merriest revivers of the Bacchic fêtes of olden times. In the old cities whose architecture he knows so wonderfully, there is plenty of hard drinking. His personages are magnificently clad, armed, and equipped; but by a phenomenon curiously contrasted with that which I just pointed out, if Willette has identified himself with Pierrot, Henri Pille does not in the least resemble his magnificent seigneurs, his greedy and big-paunched bourgeois. Quite the contrary, he himself has rather a puny look, a *tenue* somewhat more than negligent and almost shabby; and this again is nothing but a contrast, for he is really rich and enjoys health like iron. There is no faith to be put in appearances or actions.

Among those who know how to make us laugh or smile by subjects drawn from those ancient times, Louis Morin must also be mentioned—he who especially affects Italian comedy and Venice in the last century, at the time of the carnival; Robida, too, one of the first to revive the rococo types of the beginning of this century, keeping just a little ahead of the fashion, which seems likely soon to go wild over the Restoration, as it did a little while ago over the First Empire. Robida, it is true, has also attacked the fashions of the *end* of the nineteenth century; and even to the twentieth century he has more than once devoted a series of hypothetical caricatures showing what life will be when regulated by electricity.*

In entering on the subject of pure fancy (*fantaisie*) applied to general topics, we run very close to the caricature of manners, which forms our third

* In this field he has drawn, for instance, the illustrations to accompany a bright bit of satire by Octave Uzanne, soon to appear in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, on the woes of book collectors, publishers, and amateurs, a century hence, when phonographs, etc., are in full play.

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subdivision. What distinguishes one from the other is that pure fancy, when it is applied to the types and scenes of life, does not recoil before the most improbable antics, the most unexpected shocks and catastrophes, the most grotesque situations; while the caricaturists of manners, properly speaking, have for their aim only to reproduce things actually seen, or the essence of things seen. The same difference exists which there is between ironical observation and droll imaginings.

In this conjuring fancy, in these clowns' pranks played by contemporary characters, Caran d'Ache is master of the field. In his drawings, demure and correct at first sight, you see after a moment's glance that the most audacious twists and farcical grimaces are given with this imperturbable gravity. Caran d'Ache has drawn caricatures of animals—lions, camels, giraffes—which are equal to the best of the German Oberländer. He it was from whom emanated that amazing invention of the benevolent boa-constrictor who, seeing that there is a fire in a negro village, and that the unhappy people have no hose to their engine, generously lends his body to perform this function. Caran d'Ache, who was a corporal in our army, has also studied military types and manners, and has not only pleasantly noted the poses and fads of our *Tourlourous*, but going back into the past, has drawn out for us in the Chinese shadows of the Chat Noir "the Epic," that is to say, a series of splendid cavalcades from the "Grand Army." Finally, this artist, who is a perfect gentleman, taking infinite care for his personal elegance and always dressed in the fashion of to-morrow, has even drawn the most spirited caricatures of his own elegancies.

There are still to mention the demi-mondaine and very décolleté fancies of Albert Guillaume; the stories without words of the fantastic artists of the *Chat Noir*, Fernand Fau, Berbeck, etc.; the philosophic caprices of the draughtsmen of the *Courrier Français*, such as Louis Legrand and Heidbrinck. And just space enough remains to speak too briefly, in closing, of the caricature or portraiture of manners.

This picturing of manners has gradually come to be synonymous with the picturing of *bad* manners. We have gone very far from the gently agitated bourgeois interiors once so charmingly studied by Henri Monnier and Daumier; and as for Gavarni's "Lorette," she is a good little doll of a thing beside the young ladies now studied by our caricaturists, and especially by Forain. This last is a name certainly not unknown to American readers; for the reports of the American papers last summer brought us frequent news of our artist, during the visits he made to New York, Chicago, and Newport. As my colleagues of the American press have no doubt not allowed you to remain in ignorance of any detail concerning his personality, there is little left for me to say. Yet I should like to dwell for a moment on two special traits which form the key of his talent.

"But it is in the book."—By Guillaume.
(From "Les bonshommes," published by Simonis Empis, Paris.)

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—— You shall have two francs.
—— Two francs! But I've come from Vaugiraud . . . and from your office they've sent me back here . . . and all that on foot!

(From Forain's Album. Simonis Empis, Paris.)

Before winning his reputation Forain led a life of great hardship, and made acquaintance with all imaginable surroundings. No one can form an idea of the extraordinary types and surroundings—types of blackguardism, and surroundings of viciousness—which the struggle for life in Paris reveals. On the other hand, being an artist possessed by a real passion for his art, Forain did not cease to study the masters of it; and his two favorites were Ingres and Goya—two geniuses, by the way, very widely separated. Now you can understand why Forain's observation is so bitter, and why his drawing is so masterly.

The name of Henri Monnier, the creator of Joseph Prud'homme, was on my pen a moment ago. Joseph Prud'homme, in spite of his extraordinary spread in caricature, is always a theatrical type made up of all manner of fragments, and consequently factitious. What is unique in Forain, on the other hand, is that the fool at whose expense he makes us laugh is always our neighbor. He is dressed like us, he talks like us, he has the same unconscious egotisms and the same ingenious basenesses. Forain has lashed vigorously both cynical daughters and complaisant mothers, but he has not been by any means more indulgent to Messieurs their victims.

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One day I was chatting with Forain about the general character of his work, and about a summary which I had been making of it in a book on "The Art of Laughter"—a summary and description which seemed to have annoyed him a little. "Oh, come, my dear Forain," said I, "it would be pretty hard work to portray you as a man of benevolence" (un bienveillant). He replied with an air of perfect candor, accompanied, it is true, by that singular smile and quick, sharp glance which give such a curious character to his face, "Benevolence?—I do not know what it is." There are writers who have made a grievance of his "ferocity," as they call the caustic tone of his wit. I do not feel like sharing their indulgent care for a society which does not deserve so much solicitude. Unfortunately, work like that of Forain cannot be described in a few lines; it would need a long essay, only to treat of the biting captions given to his drawings. In such an essay, which I should like to undertake more at leisure, I should have no difficulty in showing that the satirical observations of Forain on the world of speculators, snobs, gamblers, and low women, only avenge upon these people the wrongs of the intelligent and honest classes, and so much the worse for whoever happens to be his object of attack.

Types of Boulevardiers.
(Drawn by H. de Toulouse-Lautrec for *L'Escarmouche*.)

This caricature of *mauvaises mœurs* has even explored (with a visible satisfaction) regions much lower than those which Forain has visited. The gutter has become an artistic domain, and argot has reconquered a place in literature. Thus the balladist, cabaretier, and singer Aristide Bruant, has brought into fashion the chevaliers of the Outer Boulevards; and in his paper, the *Mirliton*, which has the same name as his cabaret, the artist Steinlen faithfully interprets his ideas, showing us these strange heroes in a very realistic aspect. It is decidedly amusing to notice that this class of work has had its day of very decided success in that

SUSPECTED DEPUTY (*to reporter*).—"Say, if you please, to your readers that, desiring to see France respected and prosperous, I am about to send back to the liquidator of the Panama company the 75,711 francs which I never received."

(From Forain's *Les Temps Difficiles*, Charpentier.)

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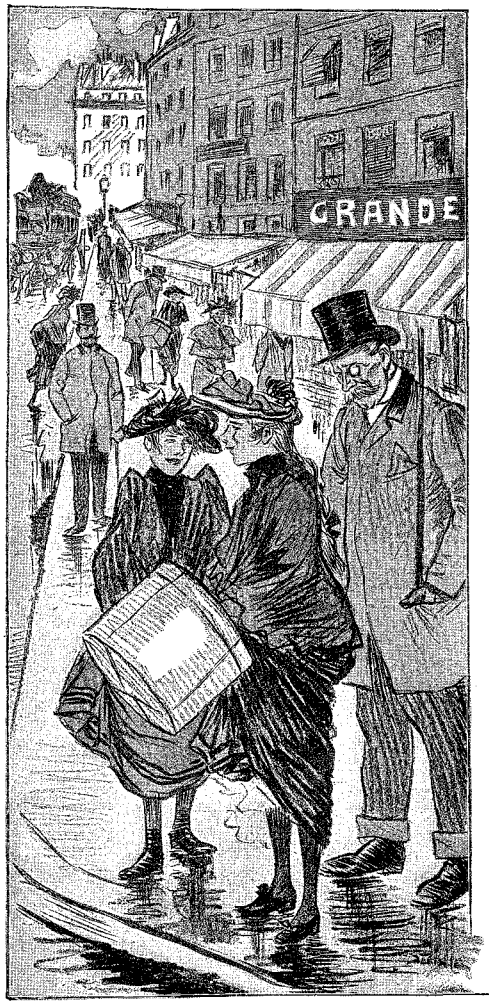
world which is considered especially distinguished. At all events there is an artistic tentative in the songs of Bruant and the drawings of Steinlen (which re-



"On the Sidewalk."

(Drawn by Steinlen for *Gil Blas Illustré*.)

semble a sort of clarified Rafaelli), but while I appreciate this I should not go so far as to advise giving the "coup du père François"* to such as do not like this class of art.

In concluding I am naturally led to say a few words of a third painter, who has gone even farther than these others. This is H. de Toulouse-Lautrec ("one of the finest names of France," as a well-known painter remarked). To describe decently the kind of explorations Lautrec makes, one would have to talk Japanese. It is well known that in the last century the great Japanese artist, Outamaro, studied the types and manners of the *Yoshiwara;* and that is what Lautrec has done, with this difference—that the Japanese *Yoshiwara* is elegant and poetic, while ours is brutal and low. Toulouse-Lautrec is one of the most curious figures of the younger school of painters and humorists. An enthusiast for the art of the extreme East, calling himself a disciple of Forain and Degas, very small in stature, full of life and activity, perpetually on the lookout for novelty (he found it possible to make novelties in posters even after Cheret); he has a well-trained taste and an extraordinary tendency toward the Ugly. Perhaps there never was an artist who had the gift of seeing things as ugly as he. It is certainly a quality for a caricaturist, and yet it can hardly be said that it should be the principal one.

Let me summarize again this review of contemporary French caricature—a review already long, and yet still incomplete. Formerly French caricature held itself especially at the disposal of the hottest political passion; it was very limited in its field in what concerned either observation or fancy; when it attempted the study of manners it was superficial and lacked sharpness. About the middle of this century political passion still existed in caricature, but human observation widened its field, though it still remained relatively good-natured; pure fancy was still but little developed. To-day political indifference has become very great, but fancy has found a free and rich career; and observation has taken a bitter and pessimistic turn. Obviously, it is hard to imagine a more complete evolution; but, bah! we shall change it all again ten years from now—and besides, what difference does it make if one is sad, if only one is amused?

* In the slang of criminals who practise nocturnal assaults this is a way of attacking belated passers-by from behind, and silencing them by gagging them with a scarf.

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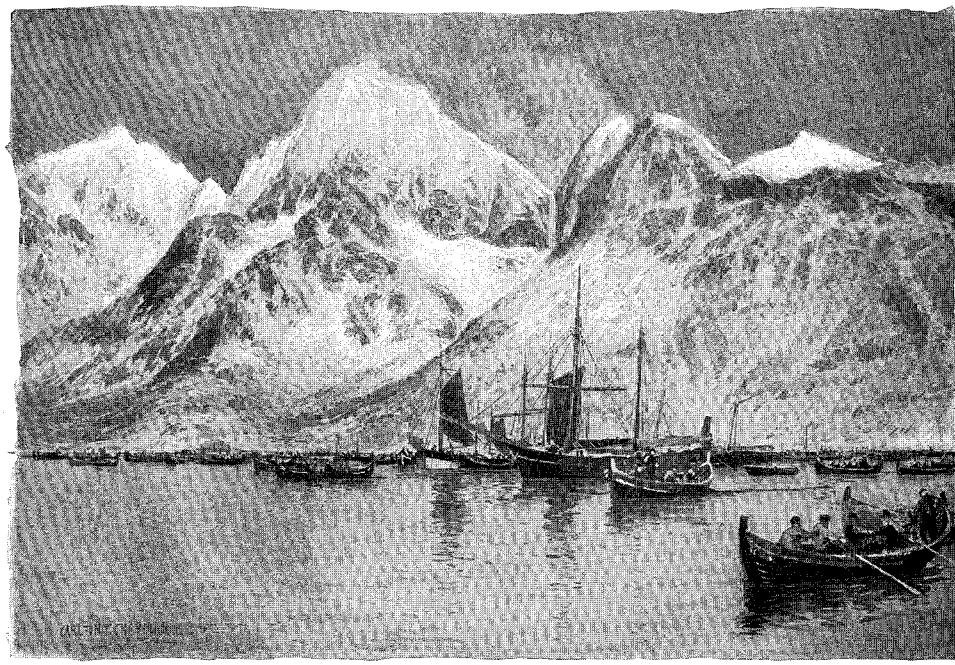

A Fishing Station—Svolvær, with Mount Svolværgjura in the Background.

A WINTER JOURNEY UP THE COAST OF NORWAY.

By Rasmus B. Anderson.

THE winter climate of Copenhagen is disagreeable in the extreme. The capital of Denmark is situated as far north as the central part of Labrador on our continent. The days are short during the winter, and the air is frequently filled with a dense fog, making it necessary to keep the lamps burning all day long. You live, as it were, in one continual night, and the sun oftentimes omits his short visits for days together. In addition to the darkness there usually blows a raw, disagreeable east wind from the Baltic, making everybody hack and cough. Many Danes spend this season on the shores of the Mediterranean, where they find balmy sunshine, brilliancy, life, and constant renovation, instead of the piercing winds, gloom, decay, and prolonged lethargy of the frozen North. In Copenhagen the season is turned into a siege of gayeties and festivities. There are dinners, receptions, and balls without end, and half a dozen large theatres are filled every night. I had fought my way through one season of Copenhagen's hospitalities, and had also tried a journey to the sunny South. It was midwinter, and I was sick and weary of the frequent attendance upon dinners and soirées. I was tired of Holberg's and Hostrup's comedies, nor did I care to see a new play by Björnson or Ibsen. In my despair I went to my good friend Dr. Möller, and asked him if he did not know some place whither an American diplomat might fly for a breath of pure air and wholesome ozone, as Robert Buchanan would express himself.

"That place may be found, if you will go with me," answered my friend. "We will travel northward in the footsteps of Thore Helgeson, of whom you recently read to me in the Flatey-book. We will traverse the great mountains and valleys of Norway, and not halt until, like Helge, we reach the Glittering

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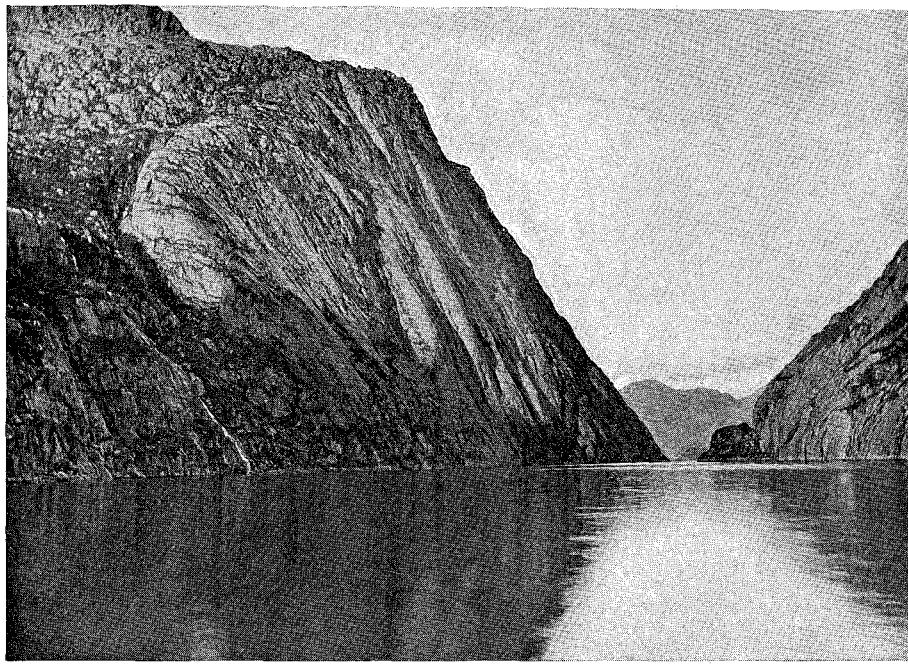

Troldfjorden (the Fjord of Trolls), a Branch of Raftsund.

Plains, where the wise and mighty Gudmund died after he had ruled Jotunheim half a thousand years. We will not stop until we look upon that slowly heaving Polar Ocean upon which, in the utmost North, the midday moon smiles. At Stamsund, in the Lofoden Islands, where my principal factory is located and where my business requires my attention, we will feast on reindeer meat instead of Danish beefsteaks, and we will substitute stewed cod-tongues and cod-livers for *pâté de foie gras de Strasburg*. There will be no Eddas or Sagas to read and no politics to bother you."

"But will it not be dreadfully cold up there?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said Dr. Möller. "You know Norway is indebted to your country, that is, to the Gulf Stream, for a far less rigorous climate than she would otherwise have, and we shall find, in the latitude of Baffin Land and the extreme north of Alaska, a climate much less severe than that you have been accustomed to in Wisconsin."

After a few necessary preparations we take a small steamer for Malmö, Sweden. Thence we travel by rail via Christiania, the picturesquely situated capital of Norway, to Throndhjem. Here we take berths in a little steamer bound for Vadsö, far around North Cape, in the Varanger Fjord, on the northeast coast of Norway. Vadsö, by the way, is situated a little beyond the 70° north latitude, supports a population of 2,200 inhabitants, and in this remote corner of our earth the late Dr. Johan Fritzner served as parish priest from 1838 to 1845. Here, far removed from libraries and intercourse with scholars, he continued his astonishing researches in Germanic philology, and gathered materials for his celebrated "Ordbog over det gamle norske Sprog," a monumental work and the greatest of all the dictionaries of the old Norse tongue. This same Vadsö was also for a long time the head-quarters of the great missionary Stockfleth, to whom the 30,000 small, slender, and dusky Lapps, with their broad faces, prominent cheek-bones, dark eyes, and black matted hair, are chiefly indebted for what knowledge they possess of the principles of Christianity and the arts of civilization. When Stockfleth came to Vadsö, in 1824, he was the only min-

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ister in a district of more than three hundred square miles, and on his constant journey from one little parish to the other he became deeply interested in the condition of the Lapps, for whom nothing had been done since the days of Thomas von Westen, who converted them to Christianity in the seventeenth century. Stockfleth dressed himself like a Lapp, lived with them in their huts, and ate their food, and in this manner became thoroughly familiar with their language and customs, and won their confidence and devotion. He created a new Lappish alphabet, and with it produced translations into Lappish of the principal religious and devotional works of the Lutheran Church. He produced a grammar and dictionary of the Lappish language, and after his return to Christiania, in the fifties, he lectured on Lappish at the University of Norway. There he became the teacher of Jens Andreas Friis, for whom a Lappish professorship was established in 1874. Stockfleth and Friis have not only been an incalculable blessing to the poor Lapps, but by their extensive travels and indefatigable researches they have furnished literature and science, in a series of publications of absorbing interest, with a well-nigh complete exposition of the antiquities, mythology, ethnography, folklore, dialects, life, customs, and habits of this remarkable little race. The part of Norway inhabited by the Lapps is called Finmarken. In spite of its vast stretches of desolate tundra and impassable swamps, it presents many spots of quiet beauty, and among its fjords and mountains there is a most charming variety of color and form. As compared with the ice-bound regions of the same latitude in America, the contrast is most striking. There is, of course, but little scope for farming, but the country is well supplied with much that is useful to man. The Norwegian Arctics have great stores of timber, and near Tromsö, at nearly 70° north latitude, I was taken into a birch forest as vigorous and luxuriant as any I have ever seen in America. The trees were above one hundred feet high, with trunks more than two feet in diameter!

The mountain Lapp is nomadic and is the chief representative of the race. In the summer he lets his reindeer loose to wander as they please to find the best pastures, but he usually has his *njalla* or hut, to which he periodically returns. His reindeer constitute his sole wealth, and they supply him with meat, cheese, and clothing. In the Lofoden Islands groups of Sea Lapps may be seen among the Norwegian fishermen, from whom they are easily distinguished by their dusky skin, diminutive size, and quaint dress. One of the chief characteristics of this northern country is the distribution of daylight and darkness. Thus at Hammerfest, the most northern city on the globe, situated at 70° 39′ N., and containing 2,300 inhabitants, the sun is

A Group of Mountain Lapps with their Reindeer.

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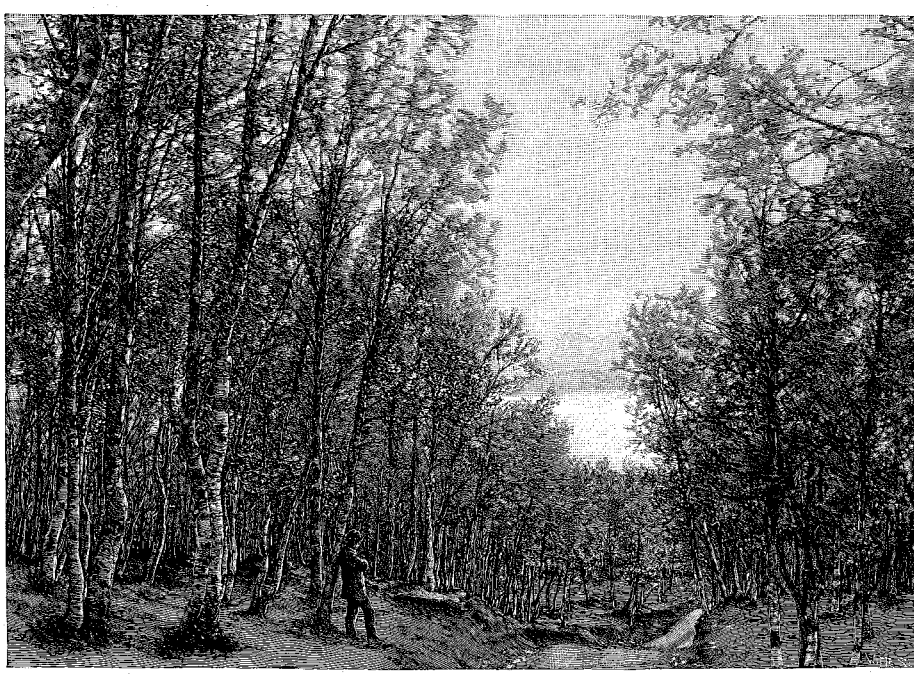

A Birch Forest near Tromsö, Norway, 69° 38′ North Latitude.

above the horizon from May 13th to July 26th, while, on the other hand, it does not appear at all from November 20th to January 26th. Aye, in those long winters all Norway wears a dark and severe mantle. No one can long more deeply for the light of summer, with its gentle breezes from the south, than the Norwegian. When he has pondered on his own thoughts during the long sunless season, when nothing but northern lights flickered and painted all the colors of the rainbow over his head, he welcomes the spring sun with enthusiastic delight. Was it not this deep longing for Balder that in olden times drove swarms of Norsemen on viking expeditions; when Norway poured those vast multitudes from her frozen loins over all Western Europe, through the Pillars of Hercules to every part of the Mediterranean, and even across the surging main to Iceland, Greenland, and Vinland? Take a look at the map of Norway, and observe all the islands and fjords on its extensive coast, and you will not fail to appreciate how naturally the Norsemen were tempted into boats, and how reasonable is the claim that the old vikings were the first to venture out of sight of land. Every scrap of history sustains me when I say that the vikings discovered pelagic navigation and taught it to the rest of the world; and in this sense, at least, we may say with perfect propriety that the Norsemen, and foremost among them Leif Erikson, prepared the way for the great Columbus. Is it not this same deep longing for Balder, that during the past half-century has brought thousands of Norwegians to alight upon the ancient Vinland's shores, and scatter themselves in their numberless American settlements? But no Norwegian emigrant ever forgets those weird, gigantic, snow-capped mountains that stretched their tall heads far above the clouds and seemed to look half angrily, half anxiously, after him as his bark floated toward the setting sun.

On approaching and crossing the Arctic circle there is revealed to the traveller a panorama of sea, islands, fjords, mountains, and valleys never to be forgotten. Look at that vast congregation of mountains! Is there any form known that they do not assume? Is not this the entrance to Jotunheim

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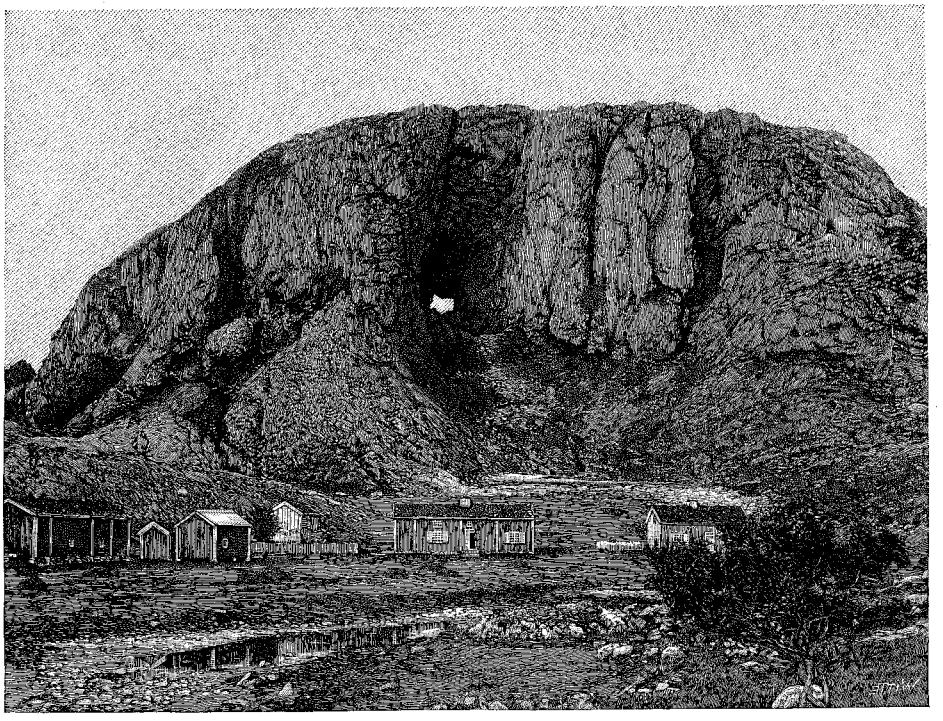

Torghatten (Torge's Hat).

itself? My friend, Dr. Möller, called me on deck immediately after breakfast to show me a landscape which all the romantic beauties of the sunny South can scarcely equal, certainly not surpass. I saw it disrobed by the cruel blasts of winter; but imagine it clothed in the profusely variegated garments of midsummer and lit up by the slanting rays of the midnight sun, and you will have a view to which not even a Sinding's brush or Wergeland's pen can do justice! Of course I did not neglect to pay my profoundest homage to the Maid of Lekö. Tradition tells of her, that in ancient times she was beloved by the Horseman, another mountain near by, but that his love was not returned. That giant of primeval times was taught the same lesson that has been learned so many times, that it is painful to love, and painful not to love, but that it gives the greatest pain to love and not to be loved again. What a powerful giant that Torge must have been, who rushed to the assistance of the Lekö Maid and flung his hat to ward off a shot from the angry Horseman! Imagine a man wearing a hat one thousand feet high! Think of the Horseman's arm and the quality of the arrow with which he pierced that hat! How sad for the actors in this great ancient drama, but how fortunate for history and for the scenery of Norway, that the sun should appear on the scene just at this moment and turn the entire group into stone! There is not a shadow of doubt in regard to the facts of this story. Seeing is believing. I saw the arrow in question. It stands there to this day as a huge obelisk, a veritable bauta-stone, on a little island not far from Torghatten.

The steamer glided slowly by Torge's Hat, and I saw the blue sky through the large tunnel made by the arrow. In its grand outlines Torghatten looked to me very much like the peaked sou'-wester worn by the sailors on board our steamer. And farther on I saw the jilted Horseman. He stands there, almost upon the Arctic circle, a huge giant on horseback, both horse and rider petrified while swimming through

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the water. Now, when we consider the fact that the Lekö maid, Torge's hat with the hole through it, the arrow standing erect on the island, and the horse with his rider, are all there exactly as they appeared on that fatal morning when the sun suddenly rose and petrified them, standing there, not as living, it is true, but as dead witnesses to what happened—I see no reason for rejecting this simple and plausible explanation of their origin, and accepting the absurd and pedantic theories of the scientists, who want to make prose of everything. The geologist comes to the scene and ruthlessly brushes away the stubborn facts of mythology, folk-lore, and history, and, assuming an air of learning, argues that this tunnel through Torge's Hat is merely the degradation of a large mass of mica. The trouble is that the small vein of poetry in the geologist has been degraded.

To those who desire the mathematized acquaintance of Torge's Hat, I may add, that it is a little more than 1,000 feet high; the hole through it is about 75 feet wide, and situated about 700 feet above the sea. Its southern opening resembles a huge Gothic church portal.

A faithful picture of Norway's coast in the latitude of the Arctic circle, even if it could be drawn, would not be accepted as sober reality by those who have not seen the original. Precipitous mountains are piled one above the other in every variety of form, with their hundreds of snow-capped peaks, among them the Seven Sisters; but they were once seven charming giant maidens, who, in their desperate effort to escape from undesirable lovers, were surprised and petrified by the rising sun, and so doomed to stand there forever.

We pass Alstahaug, where the inimitable Peter Dass, of Scotch descent (Dundas), the most remarkable genius of his time in Norway, was born in 1647, and where he spent his life preaching the Gospel and writing his "Trumpet of Nordland" and a whole series of immortal poems descriptive of nature and life in the far North. On our right we also pass Svartisen (the Black Ice), probably the largest and most interesting mass of snow and ice in Europe. It occupies the greater portion of the large peninsula between the Ranen and Salten fjords.

Hammerfest, the Most Northern City in the World, 70° 39′ North Latitude.

The Horseman and the Seven Sisters have faded out of sight, and we are now approaching the Lofoden Islands from the south; and the weather being favorable, the captain decides to take us across the far-famed Maelstrom, by which the four large Lofoden Islands are separated from the two smaller

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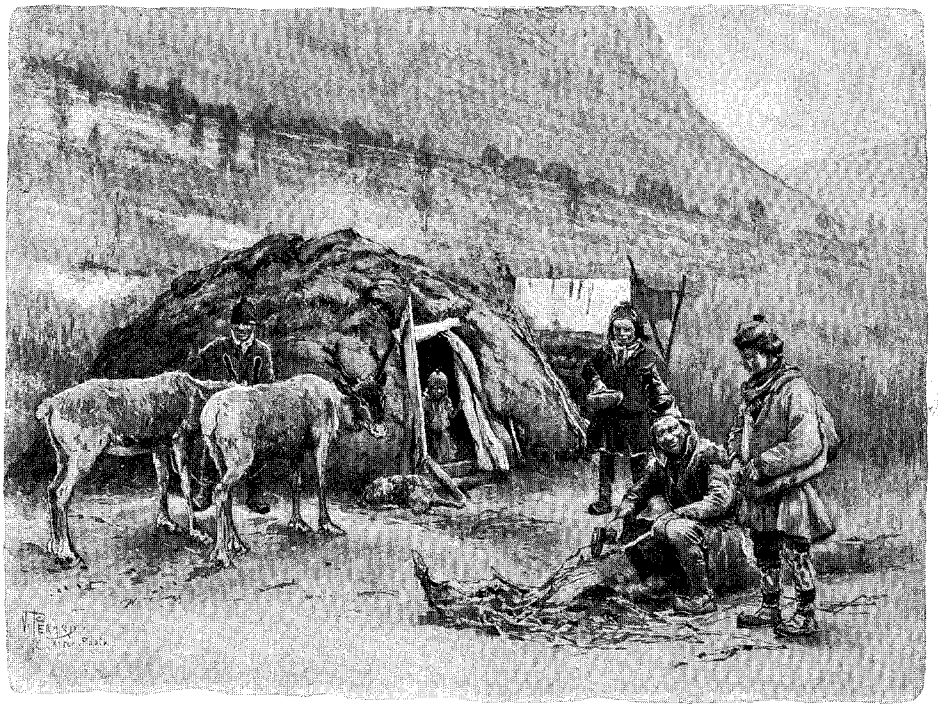

Hut of Mountain Lapps in Finmarken.

ones in the extreme south of the group, and in which lies the uninhabited island called Moskö en. The Maelstrom! I remembered all the thrilling tales told of this ugly whirlpool, and how vividly it was illustrated in the geography I studied as a child. I had just read a most graphic and blood-curdling description of it by Peter Dass, in his "Trumpet of Nordland." I was thinking of the countless whales that had been swallowed and digested by its vortex, and of the thousands of ships that had been entangled in its greedy current and ground fine as flour; but the captain assured us all that we need have no fear, and when we crossed it I was astonished to find it as calm and peaceful as an inland lake. The fact is, however, that the Maelstrom may at times be extremely dangerous, and a vessel caught there in a storm is irretrievably lost. The Cyclopædia tells us that the Maelstrom is an ordinary whirlpool caused by a tremendous current running in the opposite direction to the wind. It attributes it to the ebb and tide of the sea, and talks learnedly about its depth as being only twenty fathoms, while immediately outside of the strait, where the whirlpool is formed, the water suddenly becomes two hundred fathoms deep; and thus tide and gale and this Niagara-like plunge, all combined, are made to lash the water into a perfect fury.

Here, as elsewhere, the scientist utterly fails to grasp the simplicity and truth of ancient poetry. Maelstrom means "millstream" or "grinding stream." The tale is a long one, and it must suffice to give only the *finale*, which solves, in a most satisfactory manner, all the mysteries concerning this whirlpool. A man had secured within the gates of the lower regions a magic mill, that would grind out anything demanded of it. The last chapter of the long, beautiful folk-lore story tells how the owner decided to spend his declining years near the sea, where he could look out upon the grand Lofoden scenery. With his mill he ground out so much gold that he covered his house with sheets of this precious metal. The house glistened far out

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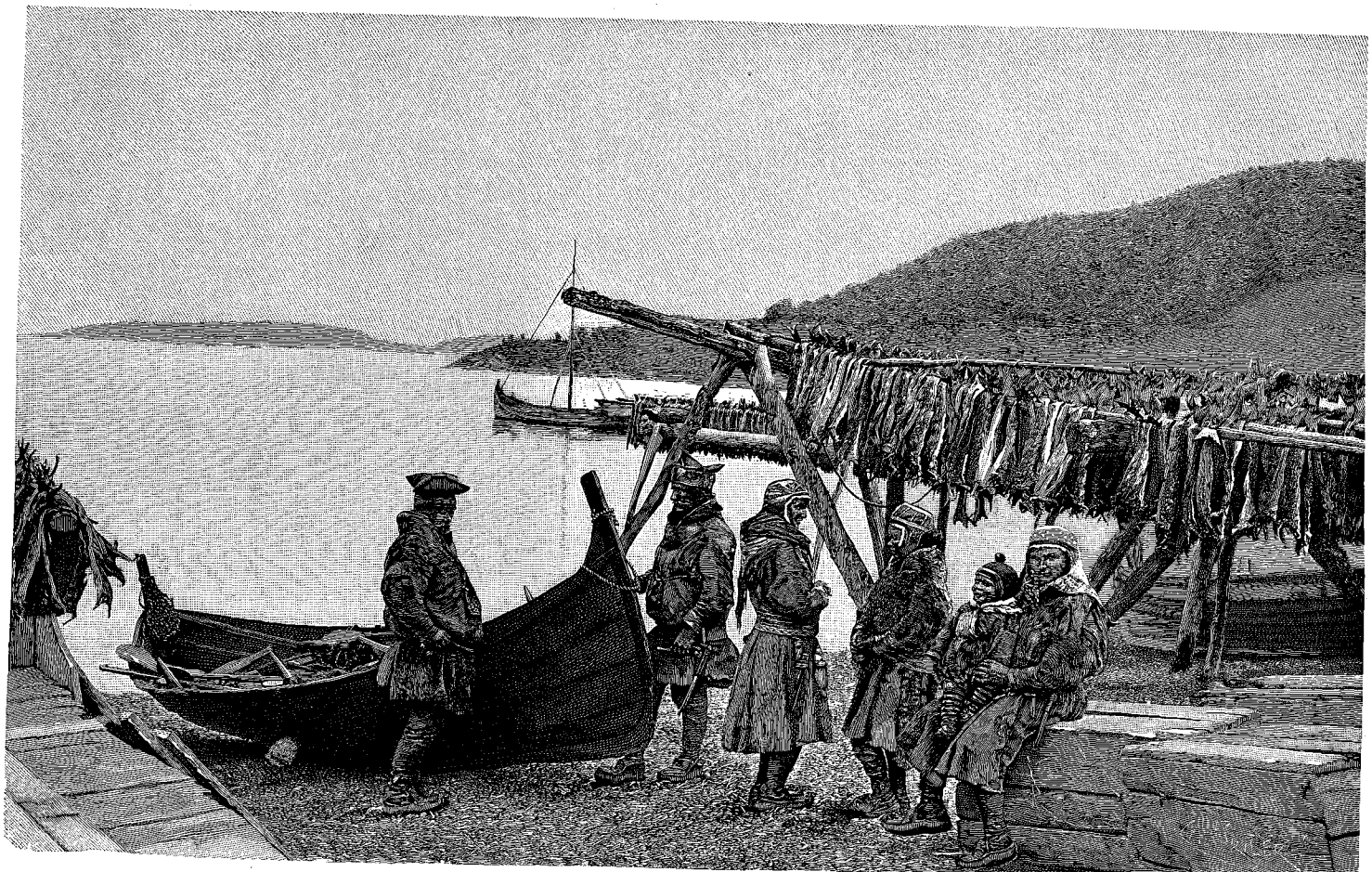

Sea Lapps and Codfish Flakes (Racks).

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upon the sea. All who sailed by had to go ashore and visit the nabob who dwelt in the house of gold, and the fame of the wonderful mill spread far and wide. Then there came a sea-captain, who was in the salt trade, and while he was being sumptuously entertained by the owner of the mill, it occurred to him that if he only had that mill he would not need to make any more voyages to distant lands over dangerous seas. The captain succeeded in purchasing the mill, and lost no time in getting it on board his ship. As soon as he had hoisted the sails again he placed the mill on the deck and told it to grind salt, and it at once began to grind both "fast and well." But the captain had neglected to secure from the previous owner the secret of making the mill stop grinding again. The ship was filled with salt and the crew were unable to shovel salt overboard as fast as it was ground. The result was that the ship, with all its contents, sank. This happened in the strait that has since become so famous, and there the ship stands on the bottom of the sea, the mill grinding salt with all its might to this very day. The awful Maelstrom is thus caused by the whirling millstone, and this further gives us the true reason why the sea is salt.

The four Lofoden Islands are unique in their strangely fantastic mountain formations. Like needles, the snow-capped peaks pierce the skies. During the greater part of the year snow fills the ravines far down the mountain-sides, which clasp their frosty arms around the valley and send down, like streams of tears along the weather-beaten cheeks of these northern Alps, innumerable foaming waterfalls and roaring cascades, falling in an endless variety of graceful shapes into the profound fjord below.

With their lofty jagged pinnacles, fantastic chasms, and rugged precipices, they present a picture of unutterable grandeur. As you look at them from the east side, they appear like an immense wall built by giant hands and crowned with towers and turrets. Summer tourists returning from this wonderland, where they saw the midnight sun in his radiant splendor, and witnessed the gorgeous blending of earth, sea, and sky into one harmonious picture, ask themselves whether it was real or only a dream.

It was my good fortune to see this majestic scenery tinted by the choicest hues of winter. The sun had gone to sleep below the horizon, and the heavens were ablaze with the restless waves of northern lights trembling and streaming upward from the whole polar region, and painting the lurid sky with all the colors of the rainbow. It made me think of the beginning, before the heaven and the earth were created, when the great Ginungagap abyss was without form and void, and the spirit of Fimbultyr, that god of the Eddas, who is from everlasting to everlasting, moved upon the face of the deep, until the ice-cold Elivagar rivers flowing out of Niflheim came in contact with the dazzling flames of Muspelheim and produced the chaotic Ymer.

I was reminded of the great Ragnarok, the Twilight of the Gods, when the wolf swallows the sun, and when Surt flings fire and flame over the world. I saw how the smoke wreathed up around the great ash Ygdrasil, how the high flames played against the heavens, and how earth, consumed, sank beneath the sea. I now comprehended why Norway had given the world so many masterpieces of poetry, music, and painting. It was no longer a surprise to me that the grandest of all mythologies had emanated from the imaginative childhood of the race that had its abode amid scenes like this. I found here the key to that simple and martial religion which inspired the old vikings and developed them into a vigorous Ygdrasil ash, extending long branches over all Europe. I found that religion which gave to the Norsemen that restless and unconquerable spirit, apt to take fire at the mere mention of subjection and restraint. I found that germ of liberty that was scattered in the soil of Normandy, where the Normans were the first to produce a French literature; that germ of liberty which afterward budded in England's Magna Charta, and which in course of time developed full-blown flowers in our

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American Declaration of Independence.

I gained a comprehension of the stupendous physical forces and phenomena which impressed themselves on the religion of the Norsemen, and of the mighty influence of this religion in moulding the viking age.

That age now belongs to the historic past. The old vikings of the Lofoden Islands have beat their swords into fish-hooks and their spears into fish-forks.

The thousands of fishermen engaged in catching cod here in the winter remind you most forcibly of the fleets of viking ships of which we read in the old sagas, and the form of the ships is still in a great measure preserved, being very like that viking ship which crossed the ocean and was exhibited at the World's Fair last summer.

At the various fishing-stations in the Lofoden Islands I saw numerous rows of fish-flakes, a kind of frames or racks upon which the dressed cod, united in pairs by the tails, are hung to dry in the open air. From thirty to forty million cod are caught each winter, supplying a large part of Europe with fish for Fridays and Lent, and furnishing cod-liver oil to consumers in every country on the globe. At Dr. Möller's sumptuous table, at Stamsund, a picturesque harbor in the heart of the Lofoden Islands, the bill of fare was very much the same as you might expect in London or in New York, with the promised addition of cod-tongues, cod-livers, and caviar made from cod-fish roes. Stewed cod-tongues have the flavor of oysters prepared in the same way, while the taste for the caviar and the cod-livers has to be acquired. I did not remain long enough to become passionately fond of either.

I travelled on with the polar star for my guide, and threaded my way through the many Lofoden fjords. The scene shifts constantly, the fjords now becoming wide as a lake, and now again narrow as the Hudson River. Lofty mountains with their varying forms rise on every side. In the rear of the fishing station Svolvær, the Svolvægjura lifts its lordly head far above its neighbors, and towering, like old Skrymer, over all, it defiantly refuses to hold communion with any living thing, save perhaps the eagle.

Our steamer proceeded on its way northward, and we continued to watch the Lofoden Islands as they painted their fantastic outlines on the sky. Leaving the Vestfjord and all its poetical romance, we enter the charming Raftsund. We borrow the yawl-boat from the captain, and row into Troldfjord (well named the fjord of trolls), a branch of Raftsund. All the marvellously grand scenery from base to peak, as well as the azure blue sky above, are reflected from the polished surface, as deep as it is lofty, in the calm, clear, sea-green water, perfect as in a mirror. Here, within about one thousand five hundred miles of that mysterious North Pole, of which the Norwegian explorer, Frithjof Nansen, is now in search, on the brow of the earth so to speak, we seem to be suspended in mid-air. There is no storm. The deep water of the fjord is silent and at rest. Not even the slightest breeze nor the flight of an eider-duck or sea-gull ruffles the glossy surface. There are no whales or porpoises about. As we glide along between the rocky walls of the mountains, which look as if they were only a stone's-throw distant, we perceive no sound save the occasional splashing of our unskilful oars. All else is still as the grave. We are frightened at our voices, which come back to us in cynical echoes. The naked mountains wear a sombre look, which would make us gloomy were it not for their overpowering grandeur. Would it were always so for the poor fishermen who gather in those Arctic waters! Alas, the fisherman's life is a very precarious one, as was so lamentably illustrated in the winter of 1893, when more than one hundred families lost their supporters. It is the billows of the great ocean that roll through these fjords, and sometimes the most terrific storms rage on these distant shores.

The traveller is cordially invited from the smooth-beaten tracks of southern Europe to the unique Arctic coast of old Norway. He may go there in midsummer, when Balder, the

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white god of the sun, reigns supreme, when the radiant dawn and glowing sunset blend into one purple blaze. But he should not omit to repeat his visit after Balder has been slain by his blind brother Hoder, when the wintry gloom sits brooding over Nordland and Finmarken, and Mephistopheles-like Loke weeps his arid tears over the desolation he has caused, and when the star-spangled heavens look down upon those Arctic Alps and fjords through a gauzy veil of shimmering northern lights.

A WORD ABOUT PAINTING.

By William A. Coffin.

TO those who note the talk of the studios and such indications of the direction of public taste as are shown in current comment on exhibitions, and to some extent in the purchase of pictures, it has been apparent, for the last four or five years at least, that the word "art" has come to be used very often in a sense embodying some sort of a vague desire to attribute to certain pictures something different from what is included in a recognition of technical excellence and a comprehensible expression of the artist's feeling for his subject. At one time it appears in the comment of a painter, who says: "I don't care how well drawn it is; what does that matter? There's no art in it." In another instance it is the amateur who, when it has been pointed out that there is neither good drawing, good color, nor truth to nature in a canvas in which he seems to find much to admire, replies in the strain of the studio visitor in a Du Maurier drawing in *Punch*: "I don't know anything about that, I'm sure, but look at the *picture*." In the division of the French artists into two factions and the designation by the party of new ideas of the "Old Salon" exhibition as *pompier;* in the hailing of each fresh eccentricity in painting as a sign of a new "movement;" in the general tendency, as it seems to me, to decry old ways and old things because they are old, and to run hither and thither acclaiming as a genius whosoever does something that bears the brand of novelty, no matter how grotesque and insufficient it may be judged by the standards of art that have prevailed in all the great schools for centuries; in the feverishness, in a word, that seems to characterize the civilization of our period and that the phrase of the moment denominates *fin de siècle*, we find evidence that sobriety is in a conflict with sensationalism, and that its firm, persuasive voice is half-drowned in the high-pitched cackle that fills the air on every side. There is no reason to fear that the standard of educated taste will ultimately be lowered by the ignorant likings of the *parvenu*. It is not the first time they have clashed, and the issue of such conflicts is never doubtful; but with the clamoring figure of sensationalism before us we may well inquire into some of the reasons for its presence.

To bring the subject to closer quarters, why is it that the recent vagaries in paint put forth by Claude Monet are paraded before us and talked about as if in them were expressed the last word in landscape painting, while the beautiful pictures by such a master as Harpignies, for instance, are scarcely noticed at all? Why is a piece of purple modelling by Besnard—whether it be a good piece of modelling or a bad, it's all one—thought by so many to far outshine the Baudrys and Delaunays that hang beside it on the walls? Why are Carrière's shadowy, fog-enveloped figures rated wonderful, and the stanch, virile works of Aimé Morot voted commonplace? Why do we find so often what is no more than a clever sketch

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accorded honor that a work of solid merit without the specious dash does not receive?

The reasons are not far to seek. The public, in the first place, asks no better than to be guided intelligently through the confusing assemblages of works of all degrees of value that surround it. It is attracted by sensationalism for the simple reason that it calls more loudly than the rest, and it finds, unfortunately, too few counsellors to point out that art is indeed long; that the only works of any school that have stood the test of posterity's judgment are those in which the artist has put much more than the depiction of a passing fancy or a pretty note that caught his eye, and that the best in the world's art is that in which the artist's thought, whether interpreted by the marvellous technical cleverness of Velasquez, or by the conscientious, all-embracing methods of Holbein, is sincerely expressed, and stamped in every line with the conviction that this, and nothing else, is the truth.

In the second place, many artists do not take the public seriously enough. They find it warped in its views by pernicious teachings and confused by the conflicting opinions of self-satisfied critics, and instead of trusting to sincere intention and unaffected technical expression to win admiration, in many cases try to attract it by pyrotechnical displays in color schemes or some novel device in composition. There is always some solemn fool nearby to cry, "Wonderful," and a host of *quidnuncs* to take it up. Fashion is no more than one man's repeating what another man says, and the public has a new lesson to learn every day. Let us take such a picture as "La Bénédiction," by Dagnan-Bouveret, and compare it with one of our latter-day "notes," or Bastien's portrait of his mother with some of the examples of portrait painting by suggestion—"A Lady in Pink," or "A Portrait in Gray," as the titles read—that dot the walls of the exhibitions, and we shall see what a difference there is between genuine artistic achievement and the semblance of it. Let us look at one of Monet's white plaster skies divided in rectangular sections by four or five brush-like poplar trees, or his series of a haystack painted at twelve different hours of the day, and then at Corot's "Biblis" or Rousseau's "Le Givre," and it will be plain what a false conception of what art is has made its way into some of the painting of the present time. How far it may be affecting the work of our own painters and the taste of the American art public is worth a moment's consideration.

At the Chicago Exhibition no intelligent observer could fail to be struck by the individuality of the work of American painters. There was a certain amount that was conventional and a good deal that was not technically very strong, but in every gallery there was evidence that in choice of subject, and the way taken to present the artist's thoughts or impressions, our painters are personal. This exhibition, good as it was, was not as good as it might have been if all the best pictures painted since 1876 could have been obtained, and room made to hang them. It showed, however, that American painting has a character of its own. It showed that there are strong men both among those at home and those abroad, and that the number of painters possessed of a technical equipment sufficient to do very creditable work is surprisingly large. In the annual exhibitions of the Society of American Artists, and to some extent in those of the National Academy of Design in New York, this skill in the *métier* is apparent. Considering the Chicago Exhibition and these exhibitions for the past four or five years together, there can be no room for doubt that American painting is quite equal to that of any other country in variety of motive and individual force.

We are not in a "transition state," as some observers think we are, holding that painting in the United States has not yet found its bearings, and that the artists are but gradually freeing themselves from some sort of hindering influences laid on them in Paris. Anybody who will try to name native painters of positive merit before 1876 will find only Gilbert Stuart in the first part of the century, Elliott later on, and William Hunt and a few others still later,

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whose pictures are all there is that will stand any sort of comparison with the work of Continental and British artists in the same period. The Retrospective Exhibition of American art at Chicago showed this conclusively enough, and if further proof need be sought, it will be sufficient to look in the museums, where examples of the work of men who had a reputation in their day are to be found, and it will be seen how little there is in the "American School," from its beginnings up to a comparatively short time ago, that deserves the name of painting at all. The fact is, that while there is an honorable record behind the painters of to-day, it is by no means a brilliant one, and without question of what is or is not "old-fashioned work," it may justly be asserted that American painting worthy of the name dates as clearly and cleanly from about 1876 as if the beginning were made at that time. Since then, when the Centennial Exhibition created in our people a wide-spread interest in everything pertaining to the fine arts, young men have been returning from study abroad bringing with them some of that atmosphere that is so necessary to progress, and gradually, as their numbers have increased and their influence has extended, the education of the people has advanced, so that in New York, at least, there is an art circle of importance, and considerable knowledge among the people in other places throughout the country as to what constitute the aims of art in civilization and right appreciation of the value of the achievements of the artists who are true to them.

But if some of our painters were to banish the word "art" from their vocabularies, and if the American people would also stop talking about it and try to find out what painting means, I am convinced that it would be of benefit to all concerned. I mean, of course, the word art in the sense in which I have referred to it in the beginning of this paper, as expressing some mysterious quality placed above those qualities that are definable, and which, when used as it is indiscriminately by those who do not know why a picture is good or bad, has, in some instances, when attributed to certain pictures, been the means of giving a bad painter the reputation of being a good one. The influence of such talk as I have in mind has been much more powerful in England than with us; but there is enough of it in the comment on our current exhibitions to show that the public is frequently invited to bestow its appreciation on such works as have a fancied meaning in them, to the neglect of others whose merits are passed over as being merely those that belong in the technical category.

The trouble is that in a picture where the technical processes approach perfection, and the painter has been able to express his thought in direct, unaffected language, the critic too often sees nothing but the skill of hand. When he sees a work by a man who has not fully mastered his trade, he is apt to give it undue praise for a meaning obscurely expressed, or expressed, as he thinks, with a fine disdain for recognized methods, and to conclude that a meaning is absent in the work of the more skilful painter simply because he (the critic) could only see superficially. In some such way it came about that the late George Fuller was held to be a great artist, and that some of the fumbling conceits of the British painter Watts have been termed masterpieces. In Browning's poem, "Fra Lippo Lippi," the painter-monk, when he escaped from the durance imposed on him by his patron, Cosimo de Medici, is made to say something that is directly applicable to the question in hand:

> . . . "Now, is this sense, I ask
> A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
> So ill the eye can't stop there, must go further
> And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow does for white
> When what you put for yellow's simply black,
> And any sort of meaning looks intense
> When all beside itself means and looks naught."

"Put soul in the eyes—I don't think it's a question of drawing," says the critic who talks glibly of "art." And how pray? we may well ask him, except by trying to make the eyes more and more like the eyes in nature. If that isn't purely a technical task, what is it? It is incontestable that all lasting celebrity in painting has come to such works as

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have received it from artists, that all works in the world's art that endure obtain recognition of their merit from the artists' fellows, either their contemporaries or those who followed, that, in other words, the collective judgment of artists settles questions of art just as the collective judgment of scientists settles those in science. Sometimes art dealers have been able to make a reputation for work that does not deserve it —coupling the landscapes of Michel, a third-rate man, with those of such masters as Corot, Rousseau, and Daubigny, is a case in point—and sometimes an assiduous "cult" on the part of a coterie of critics and amateurs has been successful in exalting the work of a man who in reality deserved no distinction; but posterity invariably riddles such reputations. The Titians, Velasquezes, Holbeins, and Rembrandts hold their high place in the world's art because, first of all, they are unassailable from the technical point of view.

Now if such miscomprehension of what are the true aims of painting were confined to those outside of the professional guild, there would be little danger of its affecting the work of the native school harmfully, but there is evidence, I think, that the insidious "art" has taken some hold on the painters themselves. We are accustomed to hear of the great importance of Delacroix and his followers in modern art, and their influence has indeed been very great. It may be said to have revolutionized art traditions at the time, and with the advent of the Romanticists we entered upon a new phase, a movement that reached every part of the western world where art flourishes, and that produced in the "Fontainebleau Group" and their contemporaries, Corot and Daubigny, one of the most admirable schools of art we have yet seen. At the same time, the powerful influence of M. Ingres must not be overlooked. He combated the principles of David, and among his first admirers and followers were Delacroix and Géricault; but later on, when the division of the reformers into the Classicists and the Romanticists took place, M. Ingres, whose love for form made him less esteemed than formerly by the colorists, remained the leader of the draughtsmen only. We should never have had Baudry and Delaunay if it had not been for the strong influence of M. Ingres's teachings on the French school, and it is questionable whether we should have had Millet. It must not be forgotten that Millet went through a systematic course of Academic training, and in all of his work there is a most pronounced feeling for form.

The key of the whole situation is in this—without good drawing and construction there can be no good painting. Drawing is the backbone; and if it is neglected, no matter what other qualities may be present, painting becomes colored mush. No amount of adornment of any but a perfect skeleton will produce anything but deformities; form, construction, line, are the foundations of all good work. I do not wish to be understood as saying that neglect of form is generally characteristic of American painting, for I know we have many accomplished draughtsmen; but I do mean that the tendency manifest in some quarters to rely too much on other qualities for a pleasing *ensemble* will lead in a measure to the suppression of the importance of form, and that a school of art that is wanting in this essential cannot rise to the highest point.

The influence of the methods of Monet is responsible for this tendency to a great extent. He is a painter of profound convictions, and one whose earlier work shows him as an artist of sterling merit; but his later work is formless to an extraordinary degree. It may be asked how the methods of a landscape painter can affect those of the figure painters; but in reply it is only necessary to point out that such influences are general and not particular in their effects, showing themselves in this case in the manner in which effects of light, as on the face and hands in a portrait, or on the flesh of the body where painting the nude is attempted, are made paramount to form.

Painting the figure again, as in portraits, is subjected to another influence not traceable to Monet, but equally baneful in its results, which consists in striving for mere picturesqueness of arrangement at the expense of con-

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scientious delineation of character. Whatever the sources may be, it is evident, both in this country and in France, that there is a tendency with some painters to be satisfied with an attractive "scheme," and to consider a pretty note of color as important a factor in the make-up of a picture as the character of objects expressed by line and mass. And owing to mistaken conceptions of what constitutes good painting, insufficient, sketchy performances are too often accepted as complete. To carry them further, it is said, would be to destroy the charm already secured. If this is not a confession of weakness it is a cloak to conceal it.

I believe that the average of technical ability, while not so high with us as in France, is quite sufficient to enable American painters to surpass in the near future any other school in the production of works of the highest quality and true artistic interest. In distinctive expression of individual feeling and live investigating interest in the choice of subjects, none are ahead of them. With such a master as Mr. Sargent among the portrait painters; such sincere students of character and reality as Mr. Collins, Mr. Vinton, and Mr. Chase; draughtsmen of such strength and virility as Mr. Cox, of such refinement and elegance as Mr. Dewing; with a painter of such strong personality as Mr. Winslow Homer; with such men at home as Messrs. Brush, Tarbell, Mowbray, Henry Walker, Simmons, and Blashfield, and Messrs. Harrison, Gay, Hitchcock, Abbey, McEwen, Melchers, and others abroad, the American School is in no danger of deserving the reproach of weakness. We have shown since the local renaissance in 1876 less and less of the story-telling and literary sentiment that has destroyed the vigor of the English school, and a more general and increasing excellence in technical qualities. But, unlike France, where there are traditions, Government support, and an appreciation of art that seems to be innate in the Latin races, we have had but little precise knowledge infused in the art education that has been absorbed by the public at large. As in dramatic art a company of actors of the highest class would gradually fall below their standard if they were called upon to play for a long period to audiences who cared only for clownishness, so if there is not sympathetic appreciation of sincere work in painting, may we not expect to see that sort of work either lose its force in an unequal contest or disappear altogether? Must not the public endeavor to educate itself rightly and show itself equal to rebuking insincerity and shams by witholding its patronage, and supporting what is good by giving it? Let our amateurs by all means continue to buy pictures by Dagnan or Cazin, but not overlook the work of men at home quite worthy to be placed beside them, and if they want a portrait painted let them not give up having it painted at all because they cannot go to Europe for it, but apply to some painter at home whose work is a warrant of success. I do not for a moment advocate the selfish and inartistic policy of confining patronage to home artists only because they are home artists. On the contrary, we cannot do without the best works of Europe; but, so far, American collectors have not shown much discrimination in their purchases, and in many cases, as I believe, buy a picture not because they like it or understand it, but because it is by some noted artist of whom they have heard, or whose work they have seen in other collections. I know of no other way to account for the large number of poor pictures with good names on them owned in this country, and many are seen that are palpable forgeries. There are exceptions, of course, just as there are to the general proposition that the American public does not give to the best American art the support it deserves; but, as a rule, it is true that in buying foreign pictures name is as potent as merit, and that the main body of the buyers of American pictures are governed in their selections by considerations into which the question of educated taste enters but slightly.

Full appreciation of good art on the part of the public will come when the artists, by the excellence of their own work and commendation of good work by others, establish a standard by which

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the public may be guided, and when the public, by embracing the opportunities for instruction that the good work in our exhibitions affords, learn to distinguish between sincerity and affectation. Outside of a course of technical study no means of educating one's taste in painting is better than intimate acquaintance with a few pictures of the best class. Many amateurs never really *know* the pictures they own. They are hung up to decorate the walls of a room, and get only passing glances. They are bowing acquaintances merely, not friends. Of course, a museum where good works are permanently on exhibition and readily accessible is a necessity in a community that wishes to make progress in art education. It would be impossible for a man who appreciated the sincerity and simple beauty of the little picture by Van der Meer de Delft in the Metropolitan Museum—a woman standing near a window—to tolerate the cheapness of much of what passes for genre painting today; and if he had once felt impressed with the nobility of aspect of Vandyke's portrait of one of the Stuart princes in the same gallery, he could never put up with the modern "official portrait." Character as it is expressed in these two pictures—I take them as examples because they are at hand—will make its presence felt as truthful, if it has been well studied by the painter, and character, it may be said here, is a distinguishing quality in all good painting. And in any picture, no matter what the subject, or what the size, or what the color scheme may be, unity and harmony of *ensemble* are to be looked for, and if they are absent the picture may well be passed by. Portrait, nude, genre picture, historical composition, landscape, or still life, every kind of painting to be good must bear on its face the evidence that the painter has learned how to see before attempting to give his thought to the world; and, be the subject what it may, every painter whose picture is worth looking at twice has had something to say, and, while employing the means of expression approved by the masters of his art, has said it with some individual force that makes it a creation of his own.

"WITH THE GODS."

(Rondel suggested by a bas-relief of Aurora.)

By J. West Roosevelt.

SOMEWHERE in Dreamland they are hiding,
The Gods who dwelt on earth so long;
Now in the home of Art and Song
In their old majesty abiding.

Through mists of Doubt his chariot guiding,
The God of Light speeds swift and strong.
Somewhere in Dreamland they are hiding,
The Gods who dwelt on earth so long.

O'er sun-kissed waves are Nereids riding;
In shadowy groves the Dryads throng.
Above this world of pain and wrong
Bright figures through the clouds are gliding—
Somewhere in Dreamland they are hiding.

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ON PIRATICAL SEAS.

A MERCHANT'S VOYAGES TO THE WEST INDIES IN 1805.

By Peter A. Grotjan.

V.

ON THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

I MUST now endeavor concisely to relate a circumstance the consequences of which were very afflicting to me, and brought me to the brink of the grave. An American vessel, belonging to Philadelphia and commanded by Captain Ballenger, had been captured on the coast of Africa by a British man-of-war, and, as she contained a cargo of slaves, had been sent, contrary to the laws of the United States, as a prize to Kingston for adjudication, and the investigation was then pending. I had understood from Captain Ballenger that the supercargo and mate had in vain persuaded him to swear to some spurious papers in order to save the vessel, and that his peremptory refusal had caused a bitter animosity against him. In order, therefore, to revenge themselves and get him out of the way, they secretly informed the government, on oath, that Captain Ballenger was one of the Hermione men; that is to say, one of the American seamen on board the British frigate Hermione when, ten years before, she had been taken by the British crew in a mutiny in which they murdered all the officers. The American seamen then on board, to the number of about forty or fifty, who were there as prisoners taken from captured merchant vessels, were accused of having assisted in the mutiny, and had been hunted up all over the world for the length of ten years. Any American, therefore, accused in any part of the world where there were British authorities, was put in chains, sent to England, recognized and sworn to by such of the British crew as had remained neutral during the mutiny and were fed and paid by government to assist recognition; after which the unfortunate man was hung without further ceremony. It was positively asserted at Kingston at that time, that already more men, both English and American, had been hung than the original crew of the Hermione consisted of. I myself saw three men hanging on Gallows Island, off Port Royal. This short digression I have deemed necessary in order to make clear the magnitude of the accusation.

One morning, when I had stepped into the counting-house of a merchant with whom Captain Ballenger was acquainted, I observed three suspicious men, at short intervals from each other, making inquiries after the captain, and I learned that they were police officers in search of him. I determined at once to hunt him up, give him warning, and if possible prevent the calamity which threatened him. I learned that he had that morning gone to a board-yard about a mile and a half from the city, on private business. To this place I proceeded at a rapid pace, and at midday in June, when the rays of the sun were nearly perpendicular. There I found him and communicated to him all that I had seen and heard, and he appeared to be much agitated. I told him that it was not my purpose to inquire whether he had ever been on board the Hermione or not; or if he had been, whether he had participated in the mutiny or not; my object was to devise means for his safety. He was greatly moved, but assured me, in the most solemn manner, that he had never had any concern with that vessel, and that the accusation was a fabrication of the supercargo and mate in revenge, as before related, and for the purpose of getting rid of him. We stood in a distant and private part of the yard, exposed to the heat of the day, but my mind was so much engaged that nearly three hours passed imperceptibly away in consultation. It was ultimately re-

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solved upon that he should remain at the board-yard or its neighborhood until ten or eleven o'clock in the evening, and then proceed to my lodgings and my room to spend the night. In the meantime, I would return home and privately consult with Mr. Kraft, Captain Hathaway, and Captain Christy, the latter being then in Kingston. With Mr. Kraft I would arrange the means to procure him a temporary shelter at the plantation of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Cole, a retired spot about two miles from town, where he would be conveyed at early daybreak. With Captains Hathaway and Christy I would consult on the most effective means to spirit him away from the island on board of some departing American vessel. This agreed upon, I departed on my return.

I had not been long on the road, when I began to feel the consequences of my fatigue, exposure, and agitation of mind. I felt a slight pain in the back of my head, a dry heat without perspiration, and a lassitude and pain in my limbs. When I reached home and told my host how I felt, he recommended a glass of hot punch and retiring immediately to bed. I observed that I would do the former, but could not do the latter, as I had still some business to attend to. I strove hard against the growing malady, and succeeded in keeping up until I had had an interview with my friends, who promised to execute the arrangements made relative to Captain Ballenger. From the rapidly increasing symptoms, I felt convinced that I had that day contracted the yellow fever in the natural way, from exposure, heat, and over-exertion. Still I was not alarmed. I had no sooner retired and assumed a horizontal position than I began to vomit at short intervals, and my first care was to send for an eminent physician. Accordingly Dr. Macglarthy, a Scotch gentleman, took me in hand. Although I felt much distressed that evening, I remained perfectly sensible, and well remember the arrival of Captain Ballenger between eleven and twelve o'clock, and his great uneasiness at remaining in my room until daybreak. His fear of taking the yellow fever was so great that for a time he hesitated between that disorder and the gallows. However, his better sense prevailed, and he stayed until daybreak, when Mr. Kraft, according to arrangements, took him away.

From that day until some weeks after I was not in a condition to be informed of what became of him, and only learned the proceedings when I was deemed to be out of danger. The attendance of my excellent doctor was unremitting, and he visited me five times a day up to the day of the crisis of my disorder, which was to determine my fate. His skill was great, and his delicacy in no way inferior. When I was so ill that I thought I could not possibly survive without some prompt relief, I informed Dr. Macglarthy that I was not afraid to die, and that the knowledge of my fate would therefore not hasten my departure. I entreated him, therefore, if he had no hope of my recovery to acquaint me with the fact. I stated to him that I had property both in Cuba and in the United States, and that I ought, while yet able, to arrange these worldly affairs. He listened to me with much emotion, and was in silent contemplation for a considerable time. He at length said, "Sir, it is not possible for me now to comply with your request; but of one thing you may rest assured, that in case of the worst I will give you such notice as will leave you time to make your dispositions." This was all that passed on the subject, but from thenceforward I examined his countenance whenever I was able to do so, expecting the result of his promise. In this manner about a week elapsed, during which I had been frequently delirious, when during one night I had the most horrible feelings and sensations that I ever experienced, and my nurse subsequently said that from hour to hour she did not expect me to live for many minutes. It is remarkable that my senses and recollections during the period were perfectly alive, but troubled with an acute distress and fantastic appearances. Whether my eyes were open or shut, I saw the room full of the most frightful visages glaring at me as the central object. Toward morning I fell asleep, and when I awoke found myself in the first perspiration during my illness, and

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the doctor sitting alongside of my bed feeling my pulse. I was so weak that I could scarcely speak or give an answer to his question how I had spent the night. It appeared, however, that he had examined the nurse previous to my waking and was well informed of what had passed. I thought he looked less grave than usual, though I felt apparently much worse than ever. Hitherto nothing had remained on my stomach, nor had I had any evacuation except by artificial means. He asked whether I felt an appetite for anything in particular, and I responded that I should like to taste a glass of Rhenish wine, if the article could be obtained. It was immediately brought, and about half a wineglassful did not alone taste grateful, but remained with me undisturbed. The doctor remained with me the greater part of the morning, and with much sympathy and tenderness announced to me that he did not think it necessary this time that I should make my last will. The crisis of my disorder had taken place the preceding night and the result was favorable. From that day I began very slowly to recover, but it was more than two weeks afterward before I felt strong enough to walk.

During this state of my confinement I was again visited by my friends, and then learned the fate of Captain Ballenger. He reached the country-seat of Mrs. Cole in safety and unsuspected early on the morning of my illness. There he remained perfectly secluded for three or four days, notwithstanding a proclamation had been issued by the Governor, Sir Eyre Coote, offering a reward of one hundred pounds for his arrest, and issuing strict orders to the Fort at Port Royal that no vessel or boat should be permitted to put to sea without having undergone a strict search. Notwithstanding all this severity and caution, my friends succeeded in making him escape in safety. They waited for the clearing of an American vessel, the captain of which was in the secret, and made the following arrangement: The captain, after arriving at Port Royal in the afternoon and having been duly searched, should put to sea at sundown, and his course being easterly he would, in a couple of hours, find himself again opposite Kingston, with the strip of land forming the harbor and called the Palisadoes between his vessel and the city. There he should hover about under easy sail, showing lights, but not so near the shore as to create suspicion. In the meantime preparations had been made by my friends on shore. A light clinker-built boat was in readiness, stowed away among the mangrove and laurel bushes on the sea side of the Palisadoes, nearly in a line with Mr. Kraft's house in Kingston. On the evening appointed, Captain Ballenger having been transported from Mrs. Cole's to Mr. Kraft's house, was from there, in the disguise of a black man, conveyed in Mr. Kraft's common boat in company with Mr. Kraft only, whom Ballenger rowed across the harbor to his hut on the Palisadoes. This circumstance could not have given the slightest suspicion, even if they had been watched, as Mr. Kraft frequently went ten times a day to the Palisadoes on business of his own. At the hut they were waited for by Hathaway, Christy, and another American captain, who had preceded them by another route. They immediately crossed the Palisadoes, which in this place is scarcely one-quarter of a mile broad, embarked in their little pilot-boat, and had the good fortune to discover the ship in waiting. Captain Ballenger arrived safely in the United States, and I have often seen him since in Philadelphia and received his warm acknowledgments for the part I acted in this dramatic romance of real life.

I have before mentioned that I had contracted a friendship with Captain Brown, of the British Navy. During my recovery he spent much of his time in my room, and his attention was particularly engaged in my description of my adventures at Baracoa, especially that part in which the two British frigates passed the harbor and fired at the town. It having been for years my particular pleasure, when at sea, to make draughts of the shores we passed and to take bearings and distances, and when on shore to investigate the location of harbors and forts, with no

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other possible object but information and amusement, I showed him, in our various nautical conversations, among other draughts and descriptions, a rude draught, but minute description, of the port of Baracoa, which he wished me to give him. This I declined because I did not want to break my collection, but having much leisure, offered to give him a copy of it. This I made and addressed it to Captain Brown, of the British Navy. It filled one sheet of fool's-cap paper in my own handwriting. You may perhaps wonder that I am so particular in minutely describing a circumstance of apparent insignificance—so much so that it is likely I myself should never afterward have remembered the fact, if by the fatalities and freaks of fortune this very paper had not placed me in the most difficult and alarming position I ever experienced in the course of my life, the particulars of which will soon be narrated.

When I at length began to gather some strength, some of my friends proposed to accompany me by water to Port Royal for the benefit of the fresh and invigorating air, and Captain Brown volunteered his services to support me to the wharf by offering me his arm. We had proceeded about a quarter of a mile and were in sight of the place to choose a boat for embarkation, when, as usual, we were surrounded by a number of watermen each praising his boat and each trying to obtain the job. While this was going on, my eye suddenly lit on a smart mulatto man, in whom I instantly recognized the runaway cook who had robbed me. Weak as I was, I sprang forward to catch him; but our recognition had been simultaneous, and before I could seize him, he sprang backward and bolted. I hallooed, "Seize that thief and I will reward you!" and my gallant Captain Brown was the first who pursued him with great energy. The fellow, however, gained on him every moment, and, as the last resort, Brown two or three times stooped to pick up stones, which he flung after him without effect. This was the first and last glimpse I ever had of this knave after his second desertion and robbery.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE HANDS OF PIRATES.

We shortly afterward prepared to leave Kingston, but as Captain Hathaway and myself had unfinished business in Cuba, we endeavored to find a chance, first to cross over to Santiago de Cuba and from there proceed to the United States. This proved more difficult than I imagined, since the intercourse between the two islands was cut off in consequence of the hostilities which existed between England and Spain. The British Government, however, winked at the illicit traffic which was carried on between Cuba and Jamaica, because it was profitable, but suffered all the risk to fall on the opposite parties. Adventurers residing at Santiago, Havana, and other Cuban ports, would laden a small schooner with profitable articles for the Kingston market, and ostensibly clearing their vessel for some Danish market, would enter Kingston in distress and be permitted to sell their cargo. On their return, they were always prepared with false papers in order to pass the Morro Castle; for the rest, there was a private understanding between them and the custom-house officers.

These adventurers, however, were subject to another interruption, which they did not always escape. Another set of adventurers, but always Spaniards, poor, bold, and wicked, and generally consisting of dilapidated privateersmen as officers and the refuse of piratical seamen as crew, would make application to the governor for license to guard the coast and harbors against illicit traders. If they obtained such permission they would fit up the long-boat of a ship, place a small carronade at her bow, man her with a crew of from ten to twenty persons armed at all points, and go forth in pursuit of prey. These licensed armed boats went generally by the name of picaroons, and it was notorious that they did not confine themselves to the limits of their commission; and if they could not fall in with illegal traders, would rob and plunder other vessels, and sometimes do even worse for fear of detection.

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We found an opportunity to take passage on board a small schooner from St. Barts, bound for Santiago, which had touched at Kingston for water. This was all we knew of the character of the vessel. But even if we had known otherwise, it would have been a matter of indifference, since we, as American citizens and having no concern in either vessel or cargo, had an undoubted right to avail ourselves of the opportunity of a passage. While I was preparing my trunk and books and clothes, I recollected that I had lent the second volume of Ossian's Poems to Captain Brown, which I obtained in a few minutes by stepping into his room, and packed in my trunk without further examination.

After taking leave of our numerous friends, especially the Kraft family, Captain Christy placed in my hands a lady's gold watch and a gold neck-chain, requesting me to deliver them to some lady at Santiago whose address he gave me. Having no time to lock them up I placed them in my pocket. We at length got under way, Captain Hathaway, a French gentleman, and myself being cabin passengers, and about fourteen men, of doubtful appearance as to station in life or occupation, chiefly Frenchmen and Spaniards, had their accommodations in the hull of the schooner.

When within about forty miles of Santiago, and just in sight of the high mountains, our captain descried a small object at the distance of about ten miles, which he made out to be an armed boat, such as I have described before. After some observations he ascertained that it made directly for us, and convinced himself that it was a Spanish picaroon. He instantly turned about ship and stood back again. It appeared that this little vessel brought with her a breeze from the north, which had not yet reached us, and consequently gained sufficiently for us to ascertain her character with the naked eye. The steerage passengers seemed greatly alarmed, but the captain kept of good cheer, observing that the breeze which they brought along would strike us before they could come within three miles of us, and that then we should soon be out of sight. His prediction proved to be correct, for as soon as we took the breeze we began to lengthen the distance between us, until about 3 P.M., when the boat became invisible to the naked eye. During this chase and flight the courage of the alarmed passengers was so greatly reanimated that they behaved themselves in the most preposterous manner, jumping and capering on deck, swearing at and defying the pirate or picaroon with clenched fists and indecent postures of the body. But, alas! this mirth was not of long duration, and their subsequent fear was equal to their extravagant joy. About 3 P.M. the wind died away and left us a dead calm, while the breeze a few miles to the north of us still continued, and soon after our indefatigable pursuers hove in sight again, and we found that they must ultimately come up with us.

I asked the captain respecting the quality of the boat in pursuit of us, and he informed me that she was a picaroon, who, no doubt, would rob and plunder us — which I could not discredit, as I did not know at that time that the Spanish Government granted licenses as before described. Under these circumstances I asked him whether he would submit or resist. On this subject he was dubious, entertaining still a hope to escape. Captain Hathaway and myself offered him our services, provided he had any arms and ammunition on board, stating that we mustered twenty and they but fourteen persons, and that if we made a determined show they would not risk boarding us. On examining his armament, however, we found that there were but three muskets on board, not in the best condition, and not sufficient powder to charge them more than a dozen times. Besides, no reliance could be placed in the courage of the fourteen steerage passengers, recently so brave, but now crestfallen and desponding. Under all these circumstances we advised the captain to submit at the proper time, be guided by circumstances, and make the best of a bad bargain.

The hour of our trial was now fast approaching, for when within half a mile of us, they fired their pivot-gun,

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as a signal for us to heave to. Our captain, still faintly hoping that a sudden breeze might yet enable him to escape, disobeyed the signal, the boat in the meantime laboring hard with twelve oars. When within a quarter of a mile of us, another shot was directly fired at us, and the captain hauled in sail. We were then all on deck, and although not armed, made a show of twenty men. The armed boat did not approach nearer than speaking distance, when the commander got amidships, and hailed us through the speaking-trumpet, ordering the captain and two hands to lower the boat and come on board with his papers; commanding in the meantime that everybody on board except the mate and helmsman retire below deck. No sooner were these orders received than the valiant fourteen sheltered themselves below in quick time. I told Captain Hathaway that I was determined to remain on deck, let the consequence be what it would, in order that I might observe their further proceedings and thus be enabled to act according to circumstances. He agreed to do the same, and we seated ourselves in the most conspicuous part, namely, on the top of the companion slide, each smoking a cigar.

In the meantime the captain had got the boat ready and was on his way to the armed vessel. While this was passing, the captain of the privateer, observing that all had not gone below as directed, jumped up, snatched a loaded musket, and deliberately fired it at us. I saw the captain fall, but it was but for a moment. The whistling of the ball, which passed very near him, made him dodge and lose his balance, but he was instantly again at my side. I kept my eyes fixed upon the person who fired, and observed that when he saw that neither of us was hurt, he stooped down to pick up another musket, when his arm was arrested by an officer who drew his attention to the arrival of our boat. This saved us from the repetition of a shot. We could plainly see that on the arrival of our captain and two men, they were immediately put in irons and kept prisoners in the stern of the armed boat. Our boat then, without loss of time, was manned by six men and an officer, all armed to the teeth, who on arrival simultaneously jumped on board, with drawn swords in their hands, a carabine on their backs, two large pistols at their belts, and a double-edged knife which they carried in a sheath in a pantaloon pocket on the right thigh. They divided themselves as follows: two at the stern, near the helmsman, two amidships, and two at the bow, the officers communicating with and taking the orders of the commander of the armed boat. We kept our seat, and were no further molested, but our actions probably closely watched. The hatches of the hold, with all the steerage passengers, were bolted, and the cabin locked, which latter contained only the French passenger, who was probably the owner of the cargo.

While these preparations were making it got dark, and a favorable breeze had sprung up after sundown. We steered again in the direction of Cuba, but as we outsailed the boat, and the few remaining men in her, being probably very tired from a whole day's rowing, and the commander being afraid to let us sail without his close attendance, he ordered the boat to be taken in tow, and thus we proceeded during a fine night. It was very natural that Captain Hathaway and myself did not feel sleepy after having witnessed such stirring scenes, and not knowing what was yet to come. We, therefore, after everything was still and under proper arrangement, gently left our seats and leisurely walked up and down the quarter-deck. I, at length, occasionally made some few commonplace observations to the officer in Spanish, which were civilly answered by him in tolerably good English. This was great encouragement for me, and seemingly without any notion than to pass away the still and tedious hours of the night, we by degrees got into an interesting conversation. I gave him a short account of who we were, and by what accident we became passengers on board the schooner, with whose captain, crew, and remaining passengers we were totally unacquainted. I took care, also, accidentally to mention that we were personally acquainted with the Governor of Santiago, the king's interpreter

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Ilrady, Mr. Casamayor and others, and that our friends expected us and knew we were coming by the first opportunity. He listened very attentively, asked various questions relative to the schooner and its genuine papers, which he said must be hidden somewhere on board. To all this I could of course give him no satisfactory answer. It appeared, notwithstanding, that this conversation had made a favorable impression on him, as his demeanor was more respectful and less suspicious than before. He said he had suspected that we two were stubborn Yankees for not going below when ordered on pain of being fired at, and added that he was the person who arrested the arm of the captain, when in the act of firing the second time, seeing no use in killing two unarmed men. We both thanked him kindly for this act of humanity, and a friendly and civil intercourse between us was the result.

We had thus conversed for some time, when we were suddenly disturbed by many loud voices and a violent surge of the sea at our stern, followed by a crash. The officer sprang on his feet, looked over the stern, and exclaimed that the privateer boat was missing. But the speaking-trumpet of its captain soon informed him that she had not gone to the bottom. The case was thus—the wind had freshened during the night, and while the boat was guided by the helmsman to keep in our wake, he, from drowsiness or some other cause, shifted his helm, which suddenly laid her broadside behind our stern, and had the tow-rope not that instant parted from the great resistance, the boat must inevitably have upset and the whole of them probably drowned. As it was they had shipped considerable water. We were ordered to lay to; and after they had fixed themselves again, the captain did not think it safe to try another tow, but ordered us to stand on under easy sail and not part company. Thus passed the night away, and when at the dawn of day, though far from shore, I examined the bearing of the mountains, I felt assured that we did not steer for Santiago, as pretended, but that our course would bring us at least thirty miles below it. This circumstance gave me considerable uneasiness, and I resolved if possible to get some information on the subject from my new friend. In this I was, however, mistaken. I asked him, carelessly, if we were bound for Santiago. He answered "To be sure." I then ventured to tell him that I was acquainted with the coast, and that I believed that our present course would bring us to the leeward of it. He seemed somewhat offended and merely answered, "You know nothing about it." I dropped the subject, knowing that I should soon have the mystery solved without him.

It was as I predicted. We entered at a small inlet, which led to smooth water, defended on the sea side by a ridge of rocks, and having on the land side a gently rising sand beach, and thus forming a secure but almost entirely hidden harbor. The place itself was an uninhabited wilderness, and well calculated for the perpetration of undetected rapine and murder. These reflections, however, did not trouble me much, being by that time convinced that this armed boat acted under some authority from government, and that the officers, however abandoned and rapacious, could be made amenable for their conduct, especially by Americans acquainted at Santiago. They went to this place under pretence of making a thorough search for false papers, but in reality to commit petty plunder of such money and articles as they might find in possession of passengers, who would from fear submit to their conduct. On our arrival we found the armed boat already at anchor, and we now expected the first visit from her commander. The cabin and hold had now been opened, and the immured prisoners permitted to come on deck, and help themselves as well as they could to the first meal since the preceding afternoon. I was rather anxious to observe what effect our disobedience might have on this ferocious marauder. His first visit was therefore very interesting to me. He at length made his appearance, and I must confess that the outward appearance of the man was very unprepossess-

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ing. He was tall and rawboned, armed like the rest, except that he carried no carabine, and had his sword in its sheath. His complexion was swarthy and his countenance fierce and stern. He bore no marks of distinction about him, no uniform, and his habiliments were coarse, soiled, and the worse for wear. He however appeared to take no particular notice of Captain Hathaway and myself, but went down in the cabin with our prize-master, where they had a long consultation. Having settled between themselves the subsequent mode of proceedings, he returned for a while on board his boat.

Shortly after this, orders were given for a personal search, ostensibly to discover the genuine ship's papers. Hitherto, and from the first moment we were boarded, I had put Captain Christy's watch and gold chain, entrusted to my care, in my watch-fob under my own watch, and also put the chain and seal out of sight; but as soon as I heard this order, I pulled out the chain and seal, and left them hang outside in the usual way. The proceeding of this examination and search was as follows: Two officers (or ruffians who called themselves such) occupied the cabin, and the passengers were called down singly and in turn to be searched by them. I was the third or fourth person ordered to go below, which I accordingly did. I found these two men standing at the far end of the cabin, and immediately halted. One of the men stepped toward me, but I stretched out my arm, and requested him to stand back for a moment. I then asked him to state to me explicitly the purpose for which I was to be searched. He answered, that it was to ascertain whether I had secreted about me the genuine papers of the vessel of which I was, or pretended to be, a passenger. I responded, if this was the case, it would give me pleasure to convince him that I had not. Suiting the action to the words, I pulled off my hat, and handed it to him for examination, and in rotation divested myself of shoes, stockings, neck-kerchief, and jacket; vest I wore none; until I was left in my pantaloons and shirt. I offered to take off the latter, but he waived his hand in token that he did not require it. I then took out my watch, wound the chain around my forefinger and placed what money I had in the flat of the same hand, and turned my pantaloon pockets inside out, except my watch-fob. I held these objects up to his view and said, in a decided tone: "You must be convinced now that I have no papers of any kind about me; the articles I hold in my hand are my own personal property, with which I do not intend to part without violence." They whispered with one another for a moment or two, and the spokesman said he was satisfied. I returned my valuables and dressed myself leisurely, and thus ended my search. On mounting the deck, I whispered to Hathaway, "Be bold and determined, and you will keep your own." I subsequently learned from some of the other passengers that all their personal property except their clothes had been detained under pretence that it would be returned to them on arrival at Santiago, and they had suffered themselves to be searched by these two men.

No concealed papers relative to the vessel having been discovered by this operation, orders were issued after dinner to have all the trunks and baggage of the passengers brought upon deck for examination, which was accordingly done, and I witnessed the examination of several trunks and bundles, and found that all written papers were abstracted, looked at, and indiscriminately put in a two-bushel bag, which one of the men held open for that purpose. I did not care how they ransacked my trunk of clothes and books, but I had with me a small and curiously iron-bound chest, made in Russia and brought with me from Europe, which had a double lock and was very safe. In this trunk I carried all valuable papers relative to my concerns. I was determined not to have these papers disturbed, or (what was worse) have them thrown into this two-bushel bag, among a multitude of other papers. When my turn came to have my trunks examined, I pointed them out, took the small one by the handle, and presented myself before the captain, with whom hitherto I had not exchanged one word. I informed him briefly that that trunk contained my appeal and other private papers, entirely uncon-

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nected with any of the concerns of the schooner. That I could not submit to have them disarranged, much less allow them to be mixed with the multitude of papers deposited in the large bag, for the purpose, as was stated, of having them examined in court after our arrival at Santiago. I therefore should refuse to open the trunk or deliver the keys, unless forced to do so by actual violence. I informed him that I did not want him to credit my assertion, but that I was willing to deliver up the trunk to his care before all the witnesses, keeping possession of the keys, and was willing, when called upon by the court at Santiago to open it in his presence and have it examined. I further stated that it contained papers and vouchers, not worth one cent to anybody, but the loss or want of which would prevent me from recovering $30,000 from the British Admiralty Court at Kingston, and that therefore I should hold him responsible for that amount, until the trunk and papers were again put in my possession. This speech had the desired effect; he accepted the charge of the trunk, and I kept the keys.

I now thought that my trials were ended, and that I could look on with indifference or amusement to the end of the proceeding. Fate, however, ordained it otherwise. My large trunk was now brought forward for examination and cheerfully opened by me. The same process as with other trunks was continued: the clothing was examined piece by piece, and several papers and bills, which for want of time I had put on the top of the clothes, but which were of no consequence to me, were first opened and then deposited in the bag. Next came my travelling library. The books were taken out one by one, opened, held by the cover and shaken. Among the first few books thus handled was the second volume of Ossian's Poems, which it will be remembered I had taken from the room of the British officer just before I departed. When this book was shaken, a sheet of fool's-cap paper folded in four dropped from it, which I instantly recognized as a minute description of the harbor of Baracoa, with my opinion that this harbor might easily be taken by a couple of British frigates. The dire consequences which would follow a discovery that I was the author of that writing, and had given it to a British captain of the Navy, rushed upon me like lightning, and never in my life did I make a greater effort to overcome my feelings than on this occasion. The captain eagerly snatched it up, opened it, and held it before the prize-master, asking him what were the contents of that paper. He could not read English, and therefore could not tell. Another officer and several of the passengers were appealed to, for the same purpose, but luckily for me none of them could read English, if they could read at all. The captain then asked me what paper it was; I carelessly answered him, it was a paper of no consequence, but it belonged to my affairs in Kingston, and had accidentally been placed in that book. Being unable to get any further information, he refolded it and placed it in the sack.

I followed the action with the keenest glance, in order, as nearly as possible, to ascertain the place or distance from the bottom of the bag where this paper was dropped. The rest of the examination, which lasted a couple of hours more, had no interest for me. Although I had escaped instant detection of apparently plotting against the safety of the Island of Cuba with the enemies of Spain, still this very paper would find its way to a Spanish court at a place where my handwriting was known, and it was therefore necessary to prevent such a result at all risk. I therefore closely watched the bag, which, after the examination was finished, was given in charge of the prize-master, who, after tying it with a string, deposited it in a corner of the cabin. My anxiety continued to be great, which I had to keep all to myself with an outward appearance of cheerfulness, for I did not even dare to venture to communicate my dilemma to Captain Hathaway, for fear of alarming him and thus creating suspicion. I did not relish the idea of being sentenced to the mines for half a dozen years, which would probably be the result of a discovery. I therefore plotted in silence, and reviewed several schemes to remove the paper or have it destroyed

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at all events. I came to the conclusion that if all other means failed, I might perhaps succeed in throwing the whole bag out of the cabin window during the night.

I had by this time become friendly, and almost intimate, with our prize-master, to whom I had made a few trifling presents the day before. On him, therefore, I determined to operate in the first place. The captain of the armed boat had returned to his post, and orders were given to get under way for Santiago. About nine o'clock in the evening I joined the prize-master on deck, and as he was fond of talking with me I opened the conversation on several indifferent subjects, and by degrees entered upon my troubles in Kingston, observing that I had made many payments there for which I had a claim against the underwriters in Philadelphia. I then lamented that six or seven of these vouchers had been thrown in the bag, and that, unless I received them back again, payment would be refused me, and in consequence I should be the loser of some hundreds of dollars without anyone being benefited, and I carelessly observed that I would willingly give a small compensation to have these vouchers returned to me. He reflected a while and said, it would take too long a time to find these vouchers, even if he consented to go down with me to look for them. Finding him not averse to favor me, I rejoined that, as my trunk had been the fourth or fifth which was examined, my papers could not be above five or six inches from the bottom, and that consequently it would not be difficult to find them; and if we did not succeed within a reasonable time I must take my chance of searching for them at Santiago. He observed that it was a pity I should be subjected to a probable loss of such an amount, or even part of it, and as he was well persuaded that the bag did not contain a single paper relative to the prize vessel, at least not the concealed papers they were in search of, he could have no objections to my looking for my vouchers. We accordingly went down into the cabin together, where we remained alone. By his permission I removed the bulk of the papers, until, as I thought, we came sufficiently near the depth where my paper had been dropped in. I then commenced my examination. For a considerable time I handled various papers, looked at some and rejected them, looked at others and sometimes pocketed them as some of the ones looked for; but in reality not knowing or caring what they contained, but solely for the purpose of making it appear that I was near the place where my papers were lodged. During the search my anxiety was so great that my mouth parched and my tongue got dry. It was the only chance I should probably ever have to recover this paper, and still it was indispensable that I should appear cool and collected. At length I got hold of the right paper; I knew it by the feeling of its shape before I saw it, and after glancing at it to make myself sure that I was not mistaken, I pocketed it without further observation. Not to create any possible suspicion, I continued the search for a few minutes longer, pocketed a couple of small papers more, and then pronounced myself satisfied, and after everything was rearranged we went again on deck.

Much had now been gained, but as long as the paper was in existence, I was not free from danger. The strict search which had been made for the ship's papers would have made it dangerous to tear up even a slip of paper with writing on it, which no doubt would have been seized, and the fragments preserved. It was therefore necessary to accomplish this in privacy; I went therefore in the starlight night, and while under sail, over the side of the ship, and stooped down in the chains, and there, unobserved by anyone on deck, gradually tore the paper into small pieces and committed them to the deep. I now felt relieved as from an incubus or a nightmare, but still my feelings remained so unsettled that, notwithstanding my fatigues, both of body and mind, and the want of sleep for two nights, I felt no inclination to go to rest. I again joined the prize-master, and after conversing with him a little longer, slipped a quarter Joe (a four-dollar gold piece) into his hands,

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telling him in the meantime that his indulgence would now enable me to recover upward of a hundred dollars from the underwriters.

Before daybreak we arrived outside the Morro Castle, at the mouth of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba; but as no vessel is permitted to enter during the night, we stood off and on till daylight. When we, in the course of the morning, reached the city, both vessels were anchored in the stream, and none of the passengers permitted to go on shore. I, however, succeeded in sending a note on shore, addressed to the American consul, requesting him to procure Hathaway's and my release without loss of time, and a few hours afterward he himself, my friend Maurice Rogers, accompanied by several of my friends, brought an order for us to land. A few days after, according to previous arrangements made, I was cited before the court to have my little iron-bound trunk opened and examined. I found alongside the judge the king's interpreter, Mr. Ilrady, who, after silently examining many of the papers, declared them all to be my private commercial papers and unconnected with any of the concerns of the prize schooner. The box and papers were consequently locked up and placed again in my possession. Thus ended one of the most extraordinary adventures I ever met with.

The time had now arrived when Captain Hathaway and myself parted company. Notwithstanding our late misfortunes at Kingston, we settled all our accounts and transactions in the most friendly manner, and I had the gratification of receiving his acknowledgment for the important assistance I had rendered him. He collected considerable sums due to him on account of sales of Russia duck and sheetings, converted the funds into doubloons, and took passage for Rhode Island. I remained at Santiago to await the arrival of Captain Grafton, with whom I intended to return. He arrived in January, 1807, and nothing further of any importance occurred at Santiago, until I ultimately embarked for the last time for Philadelphia. Our voyage was unattended by any accidents, and we arrived safely on April 23, 1807.

THE END.

TO IGNORANCE.

By Edith M. Thomas.

HAIL, mother of the young world's poesy,
  Surveying earth and heaven with widening eyes
That saw sweet Daphne in the laurel tree,
  And Ariadne in the starry skies,
Old Sylvan leaning on his oaken staff,
  The Lares smiling through the firelight gleams.
A child among thy children thou didst laugh,
  Or sigh, or tremble—telling thy strange dreams.

Come back, dear nurse of those benignant days,
  There's still a place that thou mayst call thy own,
In human hearts: for ofttimes science strays,
  And oft the sage misleading paths has shown.
This knows the poet; therefore is he free,
  As bird or field-flower—and will follow thee!

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AT "TULLY'S HEAD."

By Austin Dobson.

THE "Tully's Head" stood on the north side of Pall Mall. In those days what is now the Via Sacra of Clubland was little more than an unpaved roadway from St. James's Palace to Carlton House—the latter of which occupied the existing open space between the foot of Regent Street and the Duke of York's Column. The precise position of Mr. Robert Dodsley's shop was next the passage leading into King Street, at present known as Pall Mall Place, or, in other words, about half-way between the Old Smyrna Coffee-house of Swift and Prior (the site of Messrs. Harrison's) and the Old Star and Garter Tavern which preceded the more recent hostelry of that name. Judged by a latter-day standard, it is probable that the "Tully's Head" was not very impressive externally. Indeed, a bookseller's in the Georgian era must have been something widely different from the attractive-looking resort to which we are accustomed in this age of plate-glass and many-colored cloth bindings. Viewed through the bulged and clumsily framed greenish panes, the homely calf and sheep covers looked homelier still; while the elaborate developments of modern book-illustration were but faintly foreshadowed by very rudimentary and appropriately entitled "wooden cuts," and by old-fashioned "coppers," often, for economy, crowding many "figures" on one plate of metal. But if, at the period here concerned, you could have peeped under the slanting sun-blind of the "Tully's Head" (the shop, be it remembered, was not on that "sweet shady side of Pall Mall," afterward so melodiously sung by Captain Charles Morris of the Life Guards), you would at once have found yourself on familiar ground. You would discover the little window to be piled with pamphlets on those burning questions, the Naturalization of the Jews, the State of the Corn Trade, and the "Case" of the notorious Elizabeth Canning. You would be confronted by the latest numbers of Mr. Dodsley's new periodical, *The World*, one of which would doubtless be opened still at the passage inviting the contributions of "the Generous and the Fair" for that bankrupt Belisarius, Baron Neuhoff, otherwise Theodore of Corsica, who, with his realm for his only assets, was, at this particular moment of time, languishing as a debtor in the King's Bench Prison. And you could not fail to be attracted by the very prominent notification that on Thursdays, when *The World* was published, the editor, "Mr. Adam Fitz Adam," could be "spoke with" at the "Tully's Head."

If, moved thereto either by charity or curiosity, you proceeded to enter the dim shop, you would in all probability be greeted, not by Mr. Fitz Adam's "fetch" or "double," Edward Moore of the "Fables for the Female Sex" and "The Gamester," but by Mr. Dodsley himself—a sober-clad, quiet-voiced personage, with a courteous though somewhat over-deferential manner—who, if you looked like a book-buyer, would proceed to exhibit invitingly his latest novelties in the Belles-Lettres. Here, for example (most fitly issued from the "Tully's Head"), is Melmoth's "Letters of Cicero," a very elegant and excellent Performance, greatly commended by the Learned. Here again, in the dramatic way, are Mr. Young's tragedy of "The Brothers," and the "Earl of Essex" of Lord Chesterfield's protégé, the bricklayer poet, Henry Jones—both of them recently produced, one at Drury Lane, the other at Covent Garden. Of these "curious Pieces," Mr. Dodsley—himself an acted playwright—speaks with an appreciable note of authority. Or, if you care for poetry (and again a slight intonation reminds you that you are speaking to the author of "A Muse in Livery"), here is a very pretty copy of verses in the manner of Mr. Gray. The writer prefers to remain anonymous; but Mr. Dodsley may tell you (though it should go no farther) that he

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is a gentleman of Baliol College, Oxford. Mr. Samuel Johnson, who was in the "Tully's Head" but yesterday with Dr. Bathurst, was so pleased with one of the stanzas that he is going to quote it in his great "Dictionary," upon the second volume of which he is at present engaged, and for which work, by the way, subscriptions can still be received in this very shop. The lines are about a girl spinning. But Mr. Dodsley will show you them *in loco*, as the scholars say. They are these, at foot of page 6:

"Verse softens Toil, however rude the Sound;
She feels no biting Pang the while she sings;
Nor, as she turns the giddy Wheel around,
Revolves the sad Vicissitude of things." *

If he cannot tempt you with the Rev. Richard Gifford's "Contemplation," he will display to you another work he has just received from the binder, to wit, Mr. Gray's Poems with Mr. Bentley's designs, which latter are thought, by the Connoisseurs, to be extremely fine. Mr. Gray, indeed, goes so far as to say that "the verses are only subordinate and explanatory to the drawings"—but that (between ourselves) is Mr. Gray's way. Meanwhile, by Mr. Gray's express desire, Mr. Dodsley has just despatched two copies of the volume to Dr. Wharton, at Durham. If you are wise, you will secure a third, at the modest outlay of half a guinea. And perhaps, on second thoughts, it will be well to let Mr. Dodsley put a copy of "Contemplation" with the packet. 'Tis but a shilling, stitched, with a fine device of Tully on the title-page, and 'twill certainly be heard of again!

In the first months of 1753, when the publications referred to in the foregoing paragraph were issued, Robert Dodsley had been long domiciled at the "Tully's Head." Born in 1703, at or near Mansfield, in Robin Hood's country, where his father kept a small school, he began life as a stocking-weaver, a trade so little to his taste that he changed it for that of a footman. In this capacity he was certainly at one time, for he himself in after-life admitted it to Johnson, in the service of the well-known *bon-vivant*, Charles Dartiquenave, the short cut to whose unmanageable name was Dartineuf, further abbreviated by his familiars into the "Darty" of Pope's couplet:

"Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pie."

From the service of this genial epicure, Dodsley passed into the establishment of the Honorable Mrs. Lowther, where he began to develop his literary talents by birthday odes, verses on weddings, and so forth — ingenuities which had the good fortune to please those for whom they were intended, and at whose expense they were probably printed. But his first definite production in verse—and one in which he certainly observes that cardinal condition of success, the selecting of a subject within his capacity and experience—was a poem entitled "Servitude." Defoe is said to have prefaced and postscripted this modest effort, which was published by T. Worrall, in September, 1729, as a sixpenny pamphlet. The body of the book, which is described as "written by a Footman," consists of a series of rhyming paragraphs on Carefulness, Obedience, Neatness, etc., of all of which the laudable ambition is "to excite Bad Servants to their Duty." It is certainly a very different performance from Swift's famous "Directions." "We sarvints should see all, and say nothing," says Winifred Jenkins; and Mrs. Lowther's poet, under the chapter of "Discretion," is as insistent as Lord Chesterfield himself on the importance, in the Servants' Hall, of the "*volto sciolto*" and "*pensieri stretti*:"

"Your Master's House his Closet ought to be,
Where all are Secrets that you hear or see,"

he says, adding, with undeniable but superfluous truth—

"For he who indiscreetly babbles small Things
May be suspected of the same in all Things."

Three years elapsed before Dodsley again addressed the public. This time

* Johnson duly quoted the above stanza, but not textually, in vol. ii. of the Dictionary under the word "Wheel." He also repeated it orally to Boswell in Scotland, thereby sadly puzzling that gentleman's editors, until in 1887, its source was definitely traced by Dr. Birkbeck Hill (Boswell's "Life of Johnson," vol. v., 117, 118).

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it was as the author of a volume of occasional verses entitled "A Muse in Livery; or, the Footman's Miscellany." It was prefaced by a goodly subscription list, which, in addition to a fair show of duchesses and countesses, included the names of Sir Robert Walpole, and of Steele's and Congreve's Aspasia, the Lady Elizabeth Hastings; and it was further furnished with an emblematic frontispiece engraved by Fourdrinier, which should have been worth the entire price of the volume. This represents a young man in a classic tunic who, besides being alone in a barren landscape, is manifestly in lamentable case. His right hand is chained by Poverty to Misery, Folly, and Ignorance; while he hopelessly extends his left, winged by Desire, toward Knowledge, Virtue, and Happiness. Fate has further handicapped him by fettering his right foot to a box or block very legibly labelled "Despair."

> "In vain DESIRE oft wings my Soul,
> And mounts my Thoughts on high;
> DESPAIR still clogs, and keeps me down,
> Where I must grovelling lie."

So sings the poet himself in a rhymed "Effigies Authoris: or, The Mind of the Frontispiece." As for the contents of the volume, they are no worse—nay, they are rather better—than the average of contemporary "Verses on Various Occasions." There is the usual Ode, Pastoral and Fable; the usual Tale, more or less *risquée*, in the manner of Prior or Gay, the usual imitation of Cowley, and the usual Epistles. Of these last the most interesting is a letter entitled "The Footman," the compensation for whose menial calling is to be found in the privilege of listening to the "polite conversation" at dinner:

> "I hear, and mark the courtly Phrases,
> And all the Elegance that passes;
> Disputes maintain'd without Digression,
> With ready Wit, and fine Expression,
> The laws of true Politeness stated,
> And what Good-breeding is, debated."

With Despair tugging at his leg, Mr. Dodsley may perhaps be forgiven for declining to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth concerning the amiable Persons of Quality who were kind enough to patronize his little work. Unless, however, his experiences in the Lowther household were very exceptional, this description of contemporary "Polite Conversation" (it may be whispered) is greatly at variance with the encounters of Lady Smart and Lord Sparkish, of Miss Notable and Tom Neverout, as they are represented in that famous record of Swift of which Mr. Saintsbury has recently revived the interest. But if he is over-indulgent to his superiors, he is correspondingly severe upon his equals. Swearing, small-beer, obscenity, and scandal about their Masters and Mistresses, make up, he affirms, the chief resources of his "Brother Skips." "For my Part," says this ideal domestic, speaking of the last-named enormity,

> "For my Part, as I hate the Practice,
> And see in them how base and black 'tis,
> In some bye Place I therefore creep,
> And sit me down, and feign to sleep;
> And could I with old *Morpheus* bargain,
> 'Twou'd save my Ears much Noise and Jargon."

Toward the close of the book he asks, incidentally, whether future ages will join his name with that of Prior. The question is put to nobody in particular, but Posterity, it is to be feared, has long since answered in the negative.

In the meantime, Mr. Dodsley's contemporaries were more easily satisfied. They received "A Muse in Livery" so kindly that Osborn and Nourse were enabled to bring out a second edition in the same year (1732) as the first, to the title-page of which the writer, omitting his former sub-title, added the supplementary information that he was "Footman to a Person of Quality at *Whitehall*." In his next literary effort there is a greater congruity. That a gentleman's gentleman should versify is unexpected; but, looking to the recognized importance of the eighteenth-century lackey as a playhouse critic, it is not so remarkable that he should write for the stage. Whether surveying the house from that coign of vantage, the upper gallery, or keeping his mistress's place in the boxes, Mrs. Lowther's servant must have enjoyed peculiar advantages. He turned them to account by composing, upon a hint taken from

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Thomas Randolph, a little one-scene satire called the "Toy Shop." Dramatically it is weak, as the interest lies chiefly in the satirico-didactic observations which one person (the toy-man himself) makes upon his wares; and it is not difficult to conjecture the course he would take in moralizing upon (say) a lady's mirror, or a pair of spectacles. But it is neatly and fluently written; and the author had the temerity to submit it in manuscript to the great Mr. Pope. What was more, he had the good fortune to please that potentate, who acknowledged it very graciously. "I like it," he said, "as far as my judgment goes." He doubted, and doubted justly, whether it had action enough for the boards, but he recommended it notwithstanding to Rich of Covent Garden, where it was played. With its success, Dodsley's career "below stairs" came definitely to an end. He had saved something; Pope lent him one hundred pounds, and other friends came forward so liberally that, having quenched his last flambeau in Mrs. Lowther's employ, he opened the "Tully's Head" as a bookseller's shop.

This was in 1735; and he could scarcely have chosen a more favorable moment. Before the year was out, died Jacob Tonson the Younger, to be followed only a few months later by Jacob Tonson the Elder—the famous old Jacob of Dryden and the Kit-Cats. Early in 1736, too, died another survivor of the Augustan Worthies, Bernard Lintot. In each of these cases relatives of the same surname continued the business, but the old prestige was gone. And if the moment was favorable, so was the locality selected. No one of the other booksellers, either notable or notorious, was very near to Pall Mall. Edmund Curll, of disreputable memory, at the "Pope's Head" in Rose Street, Covent Garden, was closest. Of the rest, Andrew Millar was in the Strand, Dodd by Temple Bar, Lawton Gilliver of the "Homer's Head"—

> "Vendit hunc Librum Gilliverus
> Cujus insigne est Homerus—"

in Fleet Street, Cooper at the "Globe" in Paternoster Row, Wilford at the Chapter House, Roberts in Warwick Lane, Thomas Osborn (not yet knocked down by Johnson) in Gray's Inn. As far as can be judged, their new rival of the "Tully's Head" must have opened his campaign as a publisher with considerable vigor. In the first month of 1736, he issued a memorial ode by John Lockman, later known as the "herring poet," following it up shortly afterward by a reprint of Sackville's old tragedy of "Gorboduc." Poetry and the drama, as may be gathered from these items, were his chief attraction. He did not indeed put forth the effusions of Queen Caroline's thresher minstrel, Stephen Duck, to whom "A Muse in Livery" had contained an effusive tribute, and with whom he might be supposed to be in especial sympathy; but he received subscriptions for the "Works" of Richard Savage, and he issued the "Leonidas" of Glover. Pope also entrusted him with two of his wonderful imitations of Horace, and made over to him the sole property in his sophisticated letters. Nor was Dodsley's own pen idle. Early in 1737, he produced at Drury Lane a "dramatick tale" called "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," in which Mrs. Pritchard acted the heroine, and Cibber the monarch. The little piece was cleverly constructed, and it found so much favor that the author followed it up with a sequel, "Sir John Cockle at Court" (Sir John being the Miller be-Knighted), which again had the advantage of a famous heroine, Mrs. Clive. These successes, and Pope's patronage, were commemorated by Curll in snarling couplets.

> "'Tis kind, indeed, a Livery Muse to aid
> Who scribbles farces to augment his trade;
> Where you, and Spence, and Glover drive the nail,
> The devil's in it if the plot should fail."

(The "you" is of course Pope, to whom the lines of which they are part were addressed.)

Of Spence we shall hear further. But Dodsley was to make another friend as eminent, if not yet as famous, as Pope. In 1738 came to him from Edward Cave, of the "Gentleman's," the then-unknown Samuel Johnson, bringing, for anonymous publication, the

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manuscript of "London," the nervous merit of which Dodsley at once perceived. He bought it for £10, and produced it on the same day as Cooper issued the earlier of the two Dialogues which now form the epilogue to Pope's "Satires." This was in May; in July Dodsley himself published the second Dialogue. With the veiled attacks upon the court which these contained, is indirectly connected what, in Dodsley's uneventful life, almost ranks as a capital occurrence. While the irritation in high places was still simmering against the audacious censor who had not scrupled to write,

"All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens and Gods of Kings,
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
Like the last Gazette or the last Address;"

and to suggest that Queen Caroline had *not* sent her dying blessing to her eldest son—an unexpected opportunity presented itself for vicarious retributive action. A meaner quarry than Pope entered the scene in the person of Paul Whitehead, whose satire of "Manners" Dodsley issued in February, 1739. Upon the strength of a passage reflecting on Bishop Sherlock, "Manners" was voted scandalous by the House of Lords, before whom the author and publisher were promptly summoned. Whitehead, who, as Johnson says, "hung loose upon society," at once absconded, but Dodsley's shop and family made his surrender a matter of necessity. He was ordered into custody in a sponging-house in the now-demolished Butcher Row. But, in politics, the criminals of one party are luckily the martyrs of the other; and vigorous efforts were made by Pope's friends and the Leicester House Opposition for his release — Marchmont, "Granville the polite," Lyttelton, Pulteney, and Chesterfield all crowding the Strand in their carriages to bail him. After a week's confinement, and the payment of some £70 in fees, he was released upon the petition of one of the libelled personages, the Earl of Essex. He himself always regarded the proceedings as a caution to Pope; and it is certain that Pope made no further excursions into political satire. "Ridicule," he wrote (with the foresight of after-thought), "was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual."

Five years later, Dodsley stood by Pope's death-bed; and the only other works which, in the interval, he published for his patron, were a second volume of his letters, and an octavo edition of the "Dunciad." But by this time the reputation of the "Tully's Head" was well established; and its proprietor began to measure himself strenuously against his older rivals. In January, 1741, he started, in opposition to the *Gentleman's*, a threepenny quarto serial entitled the *Publick Register; or, the Weekly Magazine*, which, unfortunately, expired at its twenty-fourth number, owing, in part, to the hostility with which it was received by the other established journals. In 1748, he projected, but not by himself, a second periodical, the *Museum*, which had a brilliant list of contributors, including such varied names as those of Spence and Horace Walpole, Lowth, Akenside, and the two Wartons. The *Museum* deserved, and obtained a longer run than its predecessor. It was succeeded by the *Preceptor*, a kind of early *Popular Educator*, for which Johnson wrote the preface, and otherwise assisted. For this reason, presumably, Boswell terms it "one of the most valuable books for the improvement of the young that has appeared in any language;" but it is, nevertheless, an excellent idea well executed. Besides these, Dodsley produced two collections, one of "Old Plays," 1744; and the other, the well-known volumes of miscellany "Poems by several Hands," 1748–58. Many of the pieces included in these latter are now become classic; but those who wish to read "The Spleen" of Matthew Green, the "Eclogues" of Lady Mary, or the "Man of Taste" of Bramston, cannot do better than invest a few shillings in Dodsley's Anthology, adding thereto Pearch's continuation. But (and this is only fitting), it is as a publisher of poetry that Dodsley is most attractive. His name is to be found on the title-pages of Young and Akenside; and it was

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from the "Tully's Head" that came forth both "Irene," and the "Vanity of Human Wishes." More remarkable, however, than either Johnson's play or satire, was a short poem which, in February, 1751, Walpole placed suddenly in Dodsley's hands for press. It was to be struck off post haste, so as to anticipate the yawning and piratical pages of the *Magazine of Magazines*. Thus it came about that, with the modesty of a master-piece, the "Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard" was first given to a grateful world. It was "given" in another sense to its grateful publisher, since the unnamed author, Mr. Thomas Gray, from a sense of delicacy upon which it is easy to insist too much, declined to receive any money for his labors.

It is time, however, to turn once more from the works that Dodsley published to those that he himself produced. A convenient bridge to these latter, is the once-famous "Œconomy of Human Life," with which his name was long associated as "only-begetter," whereas he is now known, as a matter of fact, to have been no more than "putter-forth." This volume, a collection of moral precepts in Biblical phraseology, of which Horace Walpole had helped to set the fashion in his "Lessons for the Day," was attributed, on its publication in 1750, to Lord Chesterfield—a device which at that date (witness the success of Goldsmith's subsequent "History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son"), was often employed to promote the success of an anonymous work. The difference in this case was that the book seems to have been attributed to its real author, for it has been for some time established that it was written by Chesterfield, and as such has nothing to do with Dodsley's life, although it long held a prominent place there. His own undisputed works at this date consisted of another little play, "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," which was represented at Drury Lane in 1741; a series of love songs entitled "Colin's Kisses," which show that even a plain-sailing Pall Mall bookseller may arrive at a very adequate conception of what Lien Chi Altangi denominates "perpetual anastomosis;" and an attempted new development of pantomime called "Rex et Pontifex." Another of his efforts was a vast didactic poem in blank verse on "Public Virtue," a subject which (as its author ruefully confessed to Johnson) failed to excite any appreciable Publick Interest. It consequently remains in the depressed condition of a fragment or book entitled "Agriculture," which Walpole professed to have read. Dodsley also collected his dramatic pieces under the title of "Trifles," dedicating them, with needless particularity, to "To-Morrow." But his most interesting production, to speak paradoxically, is again one which, like the "Œconomy of Human Life," is only "attributed" to him. It is another of the many eighteenth-century imitations of the *Ars Poetica*, and is entitled the "Art of Preaching." Whoever wrote it, if Dodsley did not, was certainly a creditable Popesque versifier. One of the offending lines in "Manners" had been—

> "But *Henley's* Shop, and *Sherlock's* are the same."

Perhaps the following was intended by the prisoner of the "Butcher Row" as an *amende honorable:*

> "It much concerns a Preacher first to learn
> The Genius of his Audience, and their Turn.
> Amongst the Citizens be grave and slow;
> Before the Nobles let fine Periods flow;
> The *Temple* Church asks *Sherlock's* Sense and Skill;
> Beyond the Tow'r—no matter—what you will."

But if Dodsley's authorship of the "Art of Preaching" is not above suspicion, there is no mystery about his connection with the collection of weekly essays already incidentally mentioned at the beginning of this paper. Not only was *The World*, during its career of four years, published continuously from the "Tully's Head," but it is admitted that Dodsley himself suggested its title. As a periodical it has the merit of a specific character. It was a distinctly different publication, both from its contemporaries, and from the society journals with which, in this day,

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it would, from its name, be associated. Unlike these latter, it dealt with society in the abstract; unlike the *Adventurer* and its allies and predecessors, it entirely eschewed, in addressing its public, the hortatory or didactic method. Raillery and irony were its chosen weapons, and it employed them almost exclusively. Its chief defect is, that, excluding subjects which were too weighty for its light artillery, and shutting the door to fiction and criticism proper, its themes have a certain lack of variety. But it is, on the whole, a remarkably well-sustained production — not the least of its merits being that, to quote a now rather hackneyed expression, it was in reality "written by Gentlemen for gentlemen." Its editor, Moore, was a man of taste and ability; and his chief contributors, Lord Chesterfield, Richard Owen Cambridge, Horace Walpole, Soame Jenyns, Lord Orrery, Lord Hailes, and the other assistants enlisted by the friendly advocacy of Lord Lyttelton, whatever may be charged against their literary ability, could certainly not be accused of ignorance of polite society. *The World* might well furnish material for an essay to itself; but it is only necessary to add here that, in its pages Lord Chesterfield published the pair of papers on Johnson's Dictionary which provoked Johnson's memorable retort; and that Dodsley himself wrote another—a little study of Criticism considered as a contagious disorder — in which he respectably, if not overpoweringly, vindicates his claim "to converse with the Wits."

Both in its first, and in its reprinted form *The World* was exceedingly successful; and although critics like Dr. Nathan Drake deplore its lack of moral purpose, time has done something to enhance its modern value as a picture of manners. Before its race was well run, Dodsley lost his wife, an event of which we know little more than is conveyed by a sentence in Boswell, stating the fact, and referring to his sorrow. In 1758, he published anonymously an "Ode to Melpomene." The popularity of this was considerable; and as long as he preserved silence as to the authorship, it was regarded as the work of a young and promising poet. But his greatest success in this year, and indeed the greatest success of his life, was the tragedy of "Cleone" which he produced at Covent Garden. His plot was based upon the legend of St. Genevieve—a subject which Pope had already essayed and abandoned. Nevertheless when Dodsley, several years before its production, showed him his first draft, he encouraged him to extend it from three to five acts. Lord Chesterfield, to whom it was subsequently dedicated, was also of those who recommended Dodsley to complete his plan. "Cleone" is a skilful, but a very tragic tragedy. Johnson, who looked upon the bookseller as his patron (and it was, in reality, to Dodsley that he owed the first suggestion of the "Dictionary") seems to have regarded it with mixed feelings. When it was read to him by Langton (an ordeal which he detested), he said he feared it had "more blood than brains," and he spoke of it disrespectfully as a "slaughter-house." Yet he honestly admired its pathos. "If Otway had written it," he said, "no other of his pieces would have been remembered." On the other hand, Garrick, either because it contained no part in which he could outshine Mrs. Cibber, or because he was mistaken as to its acting qualities — a mistake he was unfortunate enough to make with some of the leading pieces of his day—not only refused it when offered to him, but refused it in terms of the frankest possible dislike. In his opinion it was "a cruel, bloody, and unnatural play."

Had he confined himself to this, his character as a critic would have been safer. He was, however, not only unwise enough to prophesy the failure of the piece openly at the Bedford Coffee-house, but he did his best to bring about that result by arranging to appear himself as *Marplot* in "The Busy Body" on the very evening of its production. When, in consequence of this step, the friends of "Cleone" postponed its first night, Garrick, in turn, postponed "The Busy Body." He seems, in short, to have behaved extremely ill. But he had probably an antipathy to the author, as well as to the play. "David and Doddy have had a new quarrel,"

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said Johnson, a remark which implies that they were in the habit of disagreeing. In the end "Cleone" was brought out with complete success, a result to which the leading lady, the blue-eyed and beautiful George Ann Bellamy, not a little contributed. We may borrow again from Johnson. "'Cleone,'" he told Langton, "was well acted by all the characters, but Bellamy left nothing to be desired. I went the first night and supported it as well as I might, for Doddy, you know, is my patron, and I would not desert him. The play was very well received. Doddy, after the danger was over, went every night to the stage-side and cried at the distress of poor *Cleone*." Report adds that on the same occasion Johnson's unqualified approval of Mrs. Bellamy's charming talents was announced from the pit in the form of a sonorous "I will write a copy of verses on her myself," while "Doddy's" tears must have become historical, since they appeared years after in the last poem of Churchill, "The Journey." After bidding the Muses woo Gray modestly, and "doze" with Glover, and "bleat and bray and coo" with Mason, he goes on:

> "Let them with DODSLEY wail Cleone's woes,
> Whilst He, fine feeling creature, all in tears,
> Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping Peers,"

a stroke aimed in all likelihood at Dodsley's fast friends, Lyttelton and Chesterfield. But Dodsley could afford to laugh as well as cry, for Garrick's rival *Marplot* did not succeed, while "Cleone" ran triumphantly for sixteen nights; and according to Shenstone, who supplied the Epilogue, after a first sale in book form of two thousand copies, passed rapidly into its fourth edition. Earlier in the year in which "Cleone" was produced, Dodsley had accompanied Spence on a tour through England and Scotland, spending a week on the way with Shenstone in his Shropshire home. In the same year he established, under the editorship of Burke —whose "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" he had previously issued— the still existent *Annual Register*, with the success of which he revenged the failure of his first periodical enterprise. In 1759, after publishing Johnson's "Rasselas" and Goldsmith's "Polite Learning," Dodsley retired from business in favor of his younger brother James, who had for some years been associated with him, and (having prepared for posterity by sitting to Reynolds, whose picture of him was admirably engraved by Ravenet) devoted his energies to the preparation, upon the model of Croxall, of the once well-known "Select Fables," now vital chiefly by their inclusion, in part, in one of the rarest of the early illustrated volumes of Thomas Bewick. Shenstone lent him some aid in this costly and unremunerative work, which he followed up by a volume of "Fugitive Pieces on Various Subjects," containing, among other things, contributions by Burke. Shortly afterward Shenstone died; and Dodsley's last production was an edition of his friend's literary remains, a task which includes a "character" and a minute account of the "Arcadian Groves rural," the valleys, "prospects," winding waters, and Gothic seats with poetical inscriptions, which went to make up that object-lesson in "landskip gardening," and rival of Spence's Byfleet, the Leasowes at Hales Owen. In 1764 Dodsley himself died of gout at Durham, while on a visit to Spence. Spence buried his friend in the Abbey Churchyard, under a fitting epitaph. As it makes no secret of his humble origin and lack of learned education, it may perhaps be assumed to speak the truth when it lays stress upon his "integrity of heart" and "purity of manners and conversation." Johnson referred to him in terms of the warmest affection; Walpole with patronizing but genuine *bonhomie;* while Shenstone commended his simplicity, his benevolence, his humanity, and his true politeness. That some anecdotes of him disclose a certain petulance and others a vein of sentimentality, however, cannot be denied. These are small things to set against the combined testimony of witnesses so diverse as those quoted. As will be gathered from the preceding account, his life is really little more than the record of the books he published; but if any biography may fairly resem-

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ble a catalogue, it should certainly be that of a publisher. His reputation as an author is not now very high; and indeed, when allowance is made for the adventitious interest which attached to his first efforts, little remains to him but the merits of facility and industry. He himself doubted Johnson's comparison of "Cleone" with the masterpieces of Otway; and we can no longer verify that comparison where alone it could be verified effectively, since both Dodsley and the author of "Venice Preserv'd," if they are not absolutely forgotten, have long ceased to be acted. As a verse-man, he fails to follow Prior; but he vindicated, in a tolerable epigram, the fame of Prior against the sneer of Gilbert Burnet, while in the little song beginning "One kind kiss before we part" he has the infinitesimal distinction of recalling, by its first line, the "Ae fond kiss and then we sever" of Burns; although he figures in the collections of Chalmers and Anderson, he is more eminent in his business than in his literary capacity. The man who nowadays should produce the works of the leading poets, philosophers, fine gentlemen (if there were any), historians, and critics, and at the same time acquire their esteem and affection, would certainly be entitled to rank as a remarkable personage. Such, in his own time, was the privilege of Robert Dodsley. Besides reprinting old plays and establishing the *Annual Register*, he published for Pope and Gray, for Johnson and Burke, for Warton and Spence, for Walpole and Chesterfield; and none of them spoke ill of him. This is something—enough, it may be, to justify the dedication of these brief pages to his memory.

IN APRIL.

By Mary Elizabeth Blake.

In the windy April,
When the world's aglow
With crocus bell and daffodil,
And primroses do blow
Across the dawning meadow
In spray of green and gold,—
Every nook in all the land
Its secret joy doth hold.
Brightly and lightly
Drifting swallows fly;
Yet my heart is lonesome,
—Who knows why!

In the windy April
Spent is winter's pain;
Cheery, piping Robin
Struts the fields again;
Ears are glad for hearing,
Eyes are glad for sight
Of all the bonny green things
Climbing to the light;
Gay day is gray day,
Rainy day or dry;
Still my heart is lonesome,
—Who knows why!

In the windy April
Dear is Hope's unrest,
Throbbing in the frozen ground,
In the frozen breast.
Clouds fair as sunshine
Flash and fade away;
Silver is the night-time,
Golden is the day;
Best time and blest time
Of the year is nigh.
Still my heart is lonesome—
—God knows why!

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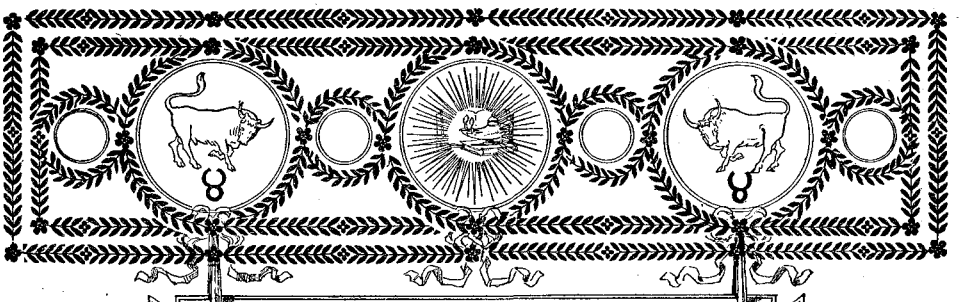

THE POINT OF VIEW

My cousin Anthony, who once made a book, and relieves his mind pretty regularly in the periodical press, was saying, the other day, that he had been taken regularly to task by two dames of his acquaintance because he did not dwell oftener in his literary deliverances upon the incident of love. Love, they told him—and he said they were both matrons who had lived long enough in the world to know—was the best thing in life, and there was nothing that people liked better to read about. They insisted that it was a professional blunder on his part not to write love-stories and not to work more of the tender passion into his business generally. Anthony said that he promised to amend, but he admitted that he had small hopes of doing so, for he never had been able to make love-literature and it was late in life for him to begin. He insisted that the love that was of real value in the world wasn't interesting, and that the love that was interesting wasn't always admirable. Love that happened to a person like the measles or fits, and was really no particular credit to itself or its victims, was the sort that got most into books and was made much of; whereas the kind that was attained to by the endeavor of true souls, and that had wear in it, and that made things go right instead of tangling them up, was too much like duty to make satisfactory reading for people of sentiment. If he ever did write a love-story he believed he would have no women in it at all, unless, possibly, just one to make the necessary trouble. Not but that women did their full share of all the loving that was done, and did it to admiration, but because to portray a man's love for a man would give the sentiment of love, he thought, in its simplest and most lucid form, uncomplicated by the incident of sex. When a man loved a man you knew what you had; but when he was in love with a woman the diagnosis was full of perplexities, and how much of his seizure was passion, how much hysteria, and how much sincere affection, were subtleties too fine for mere laymen to struggle with.

I do not think that Anthony will ever write acceptably on love, and it is probably a wise instinct that steers him clear of that department of literature. Indeed, I do not think he fully understands the subject. And yet there is something to be said for his suggestion that the more admirable species of love and the worthiest to dwell upon, is not that which one falls into willy-nilly, but which is resolutely given out of the heart. The love into which volition enters is true love, quite as genuine as the involuntary emotion which figures in love at first sight. Faithfulness is surely about the best quality that love can possess, and the very idea of faithfulness implies volition. The popular mind recognizes the element of volition in love. It expects people to love persons whom they ought to love or whom they have undertaken to love. If a man has a lovable wife and does not love her, it does not pity him as an unfortunate; it blames him as a poor stick. It is right. If the man is in love with his wife, he is in luck to be sure, and he ought to be thankful; but if not, it is no excuse for his not loving her. He ought to be able to love her if he chooses, and if she will let him he ought to choose. That is the *vox populi* in the matter, but perhaps in this case it is not divine, for certainly the love-story writers are not out of breath with trying to echo it. They are almost too prone to treat the master passion as a wind that

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bloweth where it listeth and nowhere else, and some of them have even been known to coddle married persons in their stories who run up against extra-parietal affinities and are wrecked in the resulting tumult. But, of course, the exigencies of story-making are imperative, and the demand for stories with love in them being urgent and steady, the people who supply it must be suffered to write them as they can, even though it may revolt some thrifty souls to see misery misbuilt out of the materials of happiness.

We have all heard, and some of us have seen, much of the audacity of American newspapers in the publication of matters essentially private, and there has been noticeable at the same time a distinct, perhaps a progressive, demoralization of the public taste as to privacy and its opposite. How far the former is the cause or the effect of the latter, I should not like to try to decide. Probably there has been interacting influence from paper to public, until neither ventures to stand up against the other. The reporter who persists in impudent questions after he has been requested to forbear, does not get kicked down the steps; the editor who sends him does not get black-balled in the clubs, or frozen out if unhappily in, or otherwise socially punished. On the other hand, the journal which is requested by an intending hostess to send a reporter to her dressmaker and her caterer for an account of her dress and a list of her viands, does not despatch an agent with the advertising rates, and does not even announce the fact of the request. Either "party" to the disagreeable business could properly follow the course indicated, but neither does. It is useless, though I find it sometimes assuaging, to swear at the newspapers, and declare that they could abate the nuisance if they would. Undoubtedly they could. The old maxim that it takes two to make a quarrel, suggests an obvious but impracticable remedy for a number of social abuses. The newspapers are not under the control of one mind, any more than are their readers; and it is as much a counsel of perfection to say that no newspaper should seek profit from the excessive prurient curiosity of its readers, as it is to say that no reader should be curious in that degree or kind. Both propositions are sound, but neither is likely to have much effect. About all one can hope for is that the number among editors and readers, with the self-respect to put them in practice, shall increase.

Meanwhile there is a melancholy interest in noting that other peoples are not exempt from the scourge, and though comparisons in such matters are very uncertain, it looks as if some of them were worse sufferers—or offenders—than we. The other day some admirers, more or less sincere, of Turguénief, unveiled a monument to his memory in one of the provincial cities of France. Thereupon a reporter of Paris—*la ville lumière*—hastened to *interviewer* the former intimates of the Russian romancer. He struck Alphonse Daudet and Émile Zola, and the "indiscretions" of these gentlemen (as reported) revealed a standard of propriety and reticence which is certainly lower than prevails in any group of men of like occupation in our own very free country—to say nothing of the details as to the persons interviewed and as to himself which the reporter supplied. The Parisian reader was told, in language far from elegant, the intimate features of the little club of "Hissed Writers," made up of Turguénief, Flaubert, the brothers de Goncourt, Daudet, and Zola; how Turguénief invited them to high-priced restaurants and forced them to pay for their own dinners; how Daudet, having drunk sparingly of costly wines from consideration for his supposed host's purse, when he found that he was to pay for them, recalled them and drained the bottles; how, when Zola fumbled in his deepest pocket, raking together his last sous for his part of the *addition*, his host ridiculed him for disclosing the fact that he wore no *bretelles*. Then the reader was given an account of Turguénief's peasant appetite in cheese, and of the disagreeable effect of Flaubert's temper on his digestion, and of the Russian's turpitude in after years in expressing a low opinion of Daudet's talent, and of Daudet's reluctant but very bitter scorn of Turguénief, and was referred to the journals of the de Goncourts for further particulars—which, I regret to say, will be found to be even more disagreeable and less decently reserved.

Despite all which, it remains true that these writers are among the most gifted of our generation, and that two, at least, of

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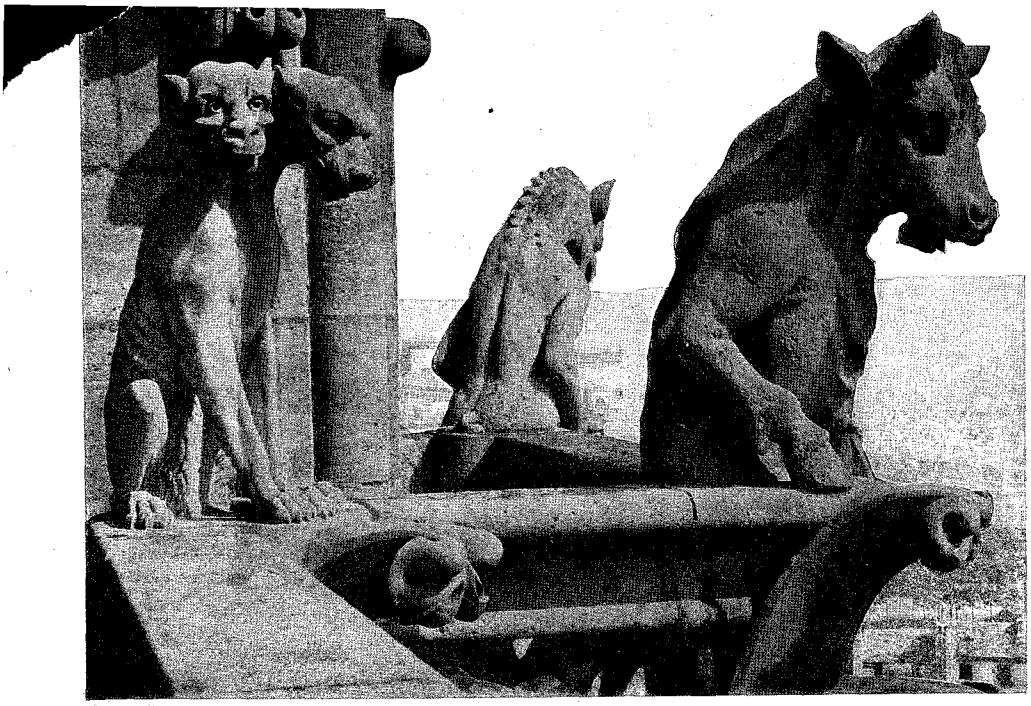

original arrangement and style of the interior, the cathedral rose with a unity that was little short of miraculous in so vast a building. The north door and façade were, indeed, only begun in 1257, by the care of Jehan de Chelles, and it was not till 1351 that Ravy and Jean le Bouteiller had finished the glass and decoration of the choir; but by 1223 the great entrance was done, and by St. Louis the towers were completed. They were originally meant to support two spires, but when once their long light arches had been crowned by the square cornices carved upon their summits, they seemed so to take hold upon the vacant air that nothing could be added to impair their symmetry, and with a rare forbearance they were left perfect and unfinished. And now in the massive unity of the whole and in the beauty of its details each man might read as in a book the motives, the daily occupations, the beginning and ending of his life. Upon the Porte du Jugement were the Vices and the Virtues; the knight spurring on his restive horse, the coward flying from a hare, the monk leaving his cloister; Hope, with a banner, looking up to heaven; Valor in chain-mail, sword in hand; kings and the great ones of the earth going down quick into hell. So, too, upon the Porte de la Vierge the very calendar of the workman's tasks is sculptured, each month with its appropriate toil. Upon the Porte Sainte-Anne had worked the devil Biscornette, paid by a workman's soul and unable to touch the centre panel through which passed the blessed sacrament. On the Porte Rouge is the statue that has the greatest historical interest of them all, for here, with his wife Marguerite de Provence, is carved the figure of St. Louis, which is supposed to be the only authentic contemporary statue of the Royal Crusader with one exception.

But as the walls rose higher the fancy of the artist and his workmen became more and more unfettered. As the line is reached from which the gargoyles first begin to peer and strain out of the stone, the carving is no more restricted to subjects allegorical, whether human or divine; strange beasts from earth and sea and sky stretch open-mouthed from every cor-

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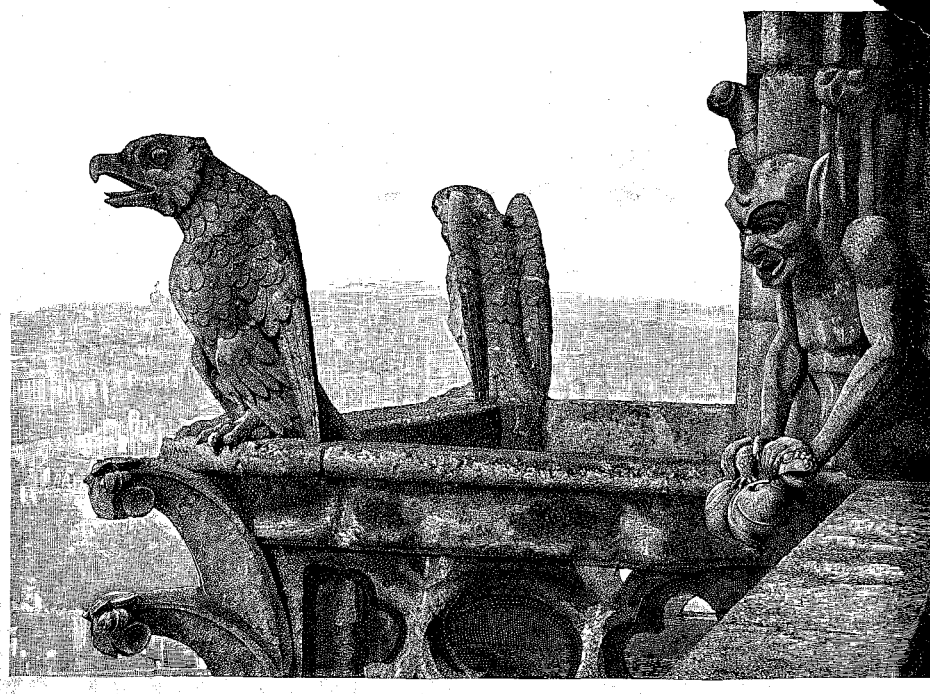
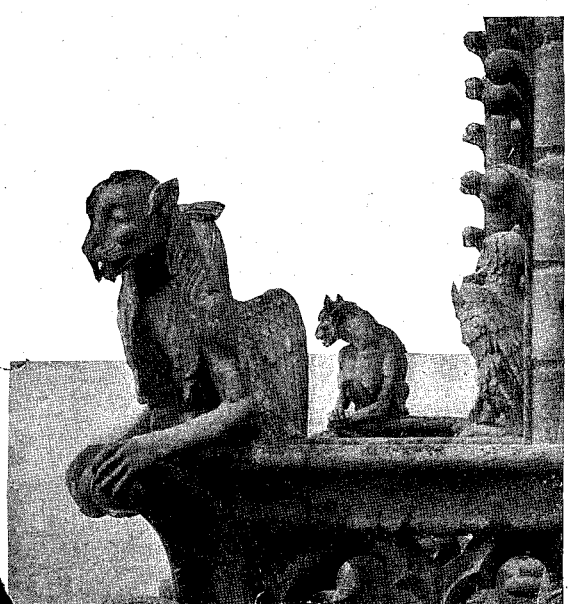


ner. Yet Notre Dame is not so rich in gargoyles, technically so called—that is, ornamental spouts for carrying off rain-water. Many churches in the Dauphiné, the roofs of Toul and Chartres, have many more. The few of such old carvings that have been left are among the finest examples of the grotesque art of the Middle Ages. It is by the kindness of one of the few contemporaries of Viollet le Duc the elder that I am enabled to reproduce some of these among the sculptures from Notre Dame.

M. Boeswiswald's sketches, one result of his long experience in the great trust of caring for the historic monuments of France, give many striking examples of the kind of spontaneous and unbridled art which we have seen resulted in the building of the cathedrals. Upon the walls of the Sainte-Chapelle, for instance, the water-spouts are all alive: griffins, hydras, winged hounds, and scaly lizards start from roof and buttress, as though in the first moment of their flight and struggle they were petrified to stillness and made against their wills to serve as useful parts in some great scheme far past their comprehension. Others there are with some strange touch of the infernal in their aspect and expression, or some yet more horrible imagination of the lost human soul; carvings which the simple faith that saw them first explained as the fiends and ministers of hell who circled round the temple at its building, striving to hinder its comple-



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them have given us pages of such profound and tender and delicate sentiment, that if they are remembered by these, as I think they will be, their memory will be very sweet. Clearly, the complexity of human nature does not proceed in a diminishing ratio as time goes on.

In a city where the sound of īther and nīther was still so unwonted as to make a sharp impression on whatsoever ear it reached, an advocate of distinguished cunning in extorting grace for the graceless caught up this refinement and set it into an orthoëpy otherwise altogether hap-hazard and rude. It became to him such a bravery as the diamond ring worn over a shabby glove or against a chapped and grimy knuckle. He strained himself to exhibit it, framing sentences with the clear design of fetching īthers and nīthers into them, and pronouncing these words—after an instant's falter—with a special emphasis. Not rarely, but habitually, he treated the jurors whom he was trying to captivate to locutions as bad as this: "The witness īther seen what he said he seen, or he had a most remarkable imagination; īther one or the other. It couldn't be nīther. I believe myself he has saw every single, identical fact he says he did, and has nīther prevaricated nor perverted." (Lest a devastating sectional controversy spring out of the instance, let it be understood that, though the advocate lived when he acquired his prized accomplishment in a city of the West, he has latterly practised it exclusively in a city of the East, and he has enjoyed the same sort, and a like measure, of esteem in īther locality.)

Judging by the kind of emotions displayed in much of the public discussion on points in pronunciation, we may safely guess that in his heart, sooner or later, the advocate erected his īther and nīther into a sacred standard, and set to trying the breeding and refinement of the people about him by that test in preference to any other. We may safely guess also that he found a certain number of people about him, consciously or unconsciously, submissive to the standard; so extremely so some of them, perhaps, that, as they sat abashed before him, they made awkward attempts to say īther and nīther themselves. At any rate, it is in the direction of these surmises that the ordinary practice in pronunciation seems to run. One set of people cherishes an undue pride in its own, and by force of such pride drives another set into undue humiliation in its own.

Of course no one would contend that one pronunciation is precisely as good as another, and that by taking thought thereto nothing worth while is to be gained. Still it is true that even "the best usage," to which in all the discussions so elaborate a deference is paid, is best mainly by convention. The only rational perfection in pronunciation is an exact correspondence between sounds and the printed symbols of them. But does "the best usage" strive for that much more consciously or conscientiously than any other usage? That it does in the main come nearer to that than other usages come, is an accident; the accident of birth and life in conditions that favor delicacy of the vocal organs and a nice employment of them. And what accident favors, accident may also obstruct. The educated speech of New York, for example, has to contend with the same constraints of city noise and raw east wind which the uneducated speech contends with. And as for the quality of the uneducated speech: persons coming to New York from Indiana—the most uncouth of regions one might believe, if one took too seriously all the disparagements put upon it by the New York press—have found the uneducated speech here less conservative of the several parts of the word than the like speech is there. There it does not make the sacrifice of the *r* perfectly complete, and it shows the final consonant at least a little courtesy. The vowels it may flatten severely, but it seldom suppresses them. In short, under whatever usage, the vocal organs tend, like rivers, to follow the line of least resistance; and, under any, some words are scotched or smothered that, under another, are uttered with entire integrity.

The human propensity to hold in especial grace one's own possessions and performances has to be in some measure accorded to. But it is safer when exercised with a little imagination. You shall learn very little of men's hearts through orthoëpy, and so very little of their essential refinement; and not much more of their intellectual powers and acquirements. To consent that

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some usage shall be the best, and co[illegible]n thereto as far as we can without too manifest a self-constraint, may be very important. But with uniformity carried no farther than at present it is, and with chance playing through the whole affair in the most tricksy manner, for any of us to vaunt his own as a sure mark of good breeding is to take it altogether too seriously.

ALLUDING, in one of his addresses a year or two ago, to the great need of educated men with patriotism in American public life, President Cleveland went on to say: "If it be true, as is often claimed, that the scholar in politics is generally a failure, it may well be due to the fact that during his formative period, when lasting impressions are easily received, his intellect alone has been cultivated at the expense of wholesome and well-regulated sentiment."

Mr. Cleveland, we can well believe, meant to speak of political sentiment in the highest sense — patriotism, public spirit, sense of public duty. But what is most commonly claimed is that a lack of acquaintance with "practical" politics is what stands in the scholar's way — a lack of knowledge of methods rather than ends; and as to these the question is how to work wholesome "practical" sentiment into the budding scholar in politics while his formative period still endures. The son of a father who goes to primaries, peddles tickets on election-day, and does a man's work in the ward, takes to those duties with natural aptitude, provided he stays at home long enough to feel his father's example. The common-school children for the most part do this, and are under the paternal influence. It is not held that they neglect politics when they grow up. But a great many college-bred men leave home while they are still children, and spend their early formative period away. It is the boys who go to boarding-schools who are remiss; the boys whose education is most expensive and elaborate. How is it at Concord, or Southboro? at Andover, Exeter, or East Hampton? at Quincy, or at Groton? Is there one of these academies where the duties of citizenship are instilled deeply enough into the minds of the boys to leave impressions that will outlast four years at college?

We are not doing so now, but we may come to it. In Mr. Stevenson's story of "The Wrecker," he described an imaginary school in one of the Northwestern States where American youth were prepared for the activities of a speculative career. The new-comer upon entering was supplied with a sum of partly imaginary money, which it was his purpose to increase according to the rules and methods of Wall Street. The passage seemed the most artificial and fictitious in Mr. Stevenson's tale, but, before the serial was finished, a newspaper paragraph told how a Boston school had started a bank in its upper story, with real stock quotations and commercial paper, where the school children could learn by actual experiment and practice how banking business was done.

There will be difficulties about teaching practical politics in schools; but what are difficulties for, but to be overcome? The instruction should be both didactic and experimental. Students should be able to take apart any state "machine," name each of the parts, giving its office and value, and put the whole together again. They should learn how to hold a caucus, how to pack the same, and what remedies to employ when the caucus is discovered to be packed by the enemy. They should be thoroughly grounded also in the tactics of election-day, learning what may be done and what not. They should learn how to get out the vote, and all about printing and distributing ballots, and counting them after they have been cast. The practical application of this knowledge will interest the lads, who will think it no hardship, for example, to have school suspended for one day in November, in order that they may practise riding about in hacks to bring in imaginary voters to a fictitious poll. The most difficult accomplishment of all—the distribution of patronage where it would do most good—can hardly be learned in school except in theory; and perhaps the simpler and better way would be to neglect it altogether and teach civil service reform instead. Tests of proficiency might be found in games or problems of politics, analogous to the *Kriegspiel* of the German army; while the usefulness of the whole system could be tested within one or two decades by its fruits in real life.

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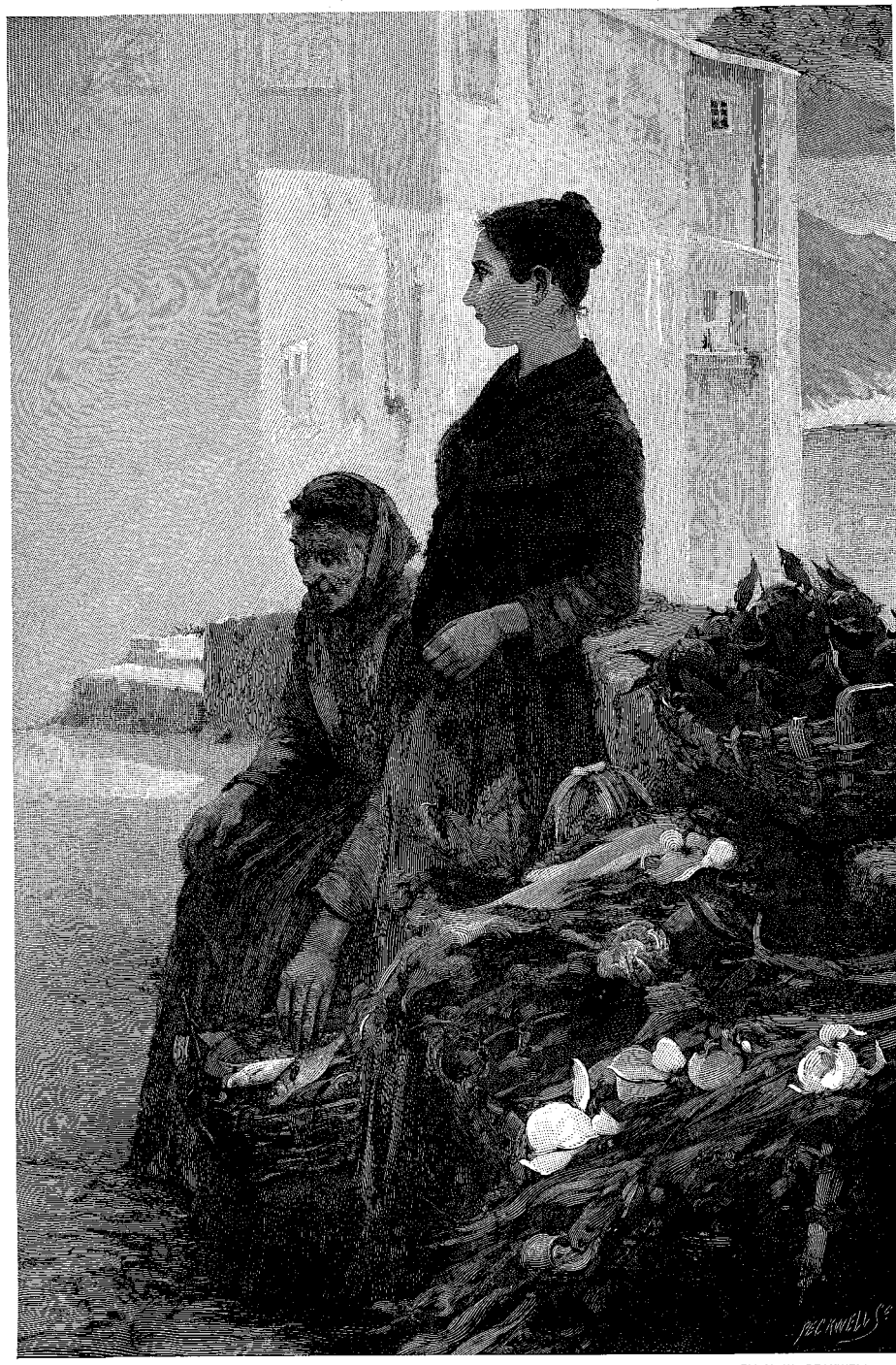

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

JULES MUENIER'S

A CORNER IN A MARKET.

[*Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting.* *See p.* 587.]

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